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THE PORT FOLIO.

THE PORT FOLIO,

NEW SERIES,

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

VOL III.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
CowPER



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TO

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Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
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COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 3, 1807.

[No. 1.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For the Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE essayists of the last century have given us the exercise of the *eyes*, the *cane*, and the *fan*, down even to the manual of the *snuff-box*, with a minuteness which leaves little more to be said on those subjects. But, at the present day, the *cis-Atlantick beau-monde* have little use for information of that kind; and I hope to be pardoned for an attempt to offer rules for a practice which, if once systematised, might supersede the necessity of canes, fans, snuff-boxes, and even eyes themselves.

In saluting ladies with whom they have been for a long time acquainted, gentlemen are often indulged with a *shake of the hand*: and it is absolutely necessary that both sexes should be able to impart and distinguish their several degrees of dislike or esteem, by a single *manual touch*.

Under this impression, I have ventured to offer the following regulations for shaking hands between gentlemen and ladies.

When a lady feels a sincere esteem for the gentleman she is saluting, and is willing to give him an undisguised welcome, she is expected to clasp his hand so as at least to confine *all* his fingers; and to continue a gentle pressure *ad libitum*—but not a less time than *one second and three-fifths*: a

slight inflection of the arm, while the pressure continues, so as to *seem* to invite a nearer approach, may not be improper—This is called the *shake cordial*.

If a lady feel, or *fancy* that she feels for an individual of the other sex, that sort of *semi-Platonick* love, founded more on artificial sentiment than any real emotion of the heart, she may just raise her arm from her side and move it in a half passive manner, till it forms an angle of forty-five degrees with the line of its hanging position: the hand is here caught by the gentleman—slightly pressed by the fingers, and dropped with a bow—A blush, if *convenient* for the fair one, will not be at all amiss. Among the ladies attached to this mode of salutation, it has the name of *squeeze sentimental*; but is generally, and with much more propriety, denominated the *touch prudish*. The *movement* itself, as well as the feeling which gives birth to it, is extremely difficult to describe.

Many ladies will vouchsafe neither of these favours; and for them the *pat civil* will answer extremely well. In performing this, the lady curtsies close to the gentleman she is saluting, and slightly brushes the tip of her fingers across his hand, which must be devoutly extended to meet the favour: no squeeze is here allowed.

The *touch indifferent* is a lower degree of the *pat civil*; and needs no peculiar description.

There are several other movements which it may be well to distinguish from those belonging to the *legitimate* exercise of the hand: as, the *wheeling spat*, the *French twist*, and *John Bull's grip*; but the unfrequency of these renders any description unnecessary.

If circumstances should render necessary a *slight* on the part of the gentleman, he may meet the *shake cordial* with his hand spread for the *pat civil*: this will make the fair one colour highly, and look extremely blank; but the experiment may be dangerous. If he perceives that the *touch prudish* is intended, he may grasp the lady's hand almost to a *grip*: she will blush outrageously; and, especially if she have a pretty lip, will *fout* for several minutes. The same method may be taken with the *pat civil*; but with this precaution, that the proper instant for squeezing the hand must be attentively noticed. By this means the *curtsy* will be completely spoiled, and a passionate and laughable *fluster* will often be the consequence.

During my last visit in town, I called on Lavinia. This young lady I had long known and esteemed as a girl of an amiable character, a frank and friendly heart. I was hardly announced, when she met me with "the warm right hand of friendship;" and accompanied the *shake cordial* with an assurance of unfeigned welcome. We had scarcely seated ourselves, when Sophia called for an evening visit.—Sophia was an old acquaintance too: and I had not seen her for ten months. She met me with a languid, heartless smile, just dignified the *touch prudish*, and seated herself in silence. Sophia was past the frozen era of twenty-five, passionately fond of sentimental novels, and withal a most outrageous prude. The next morning I visited Mrs. Starch: with this lady I had been acquainted from my childhood, and had the honour of claiming a distant relation to her family. When I entered her apartment, she smiled, but it was the smile of etiquette: she rose, but adjusted her train as she rose—curt-sying directly *at me*, she honoured me

with the *pat civil*, swept back to her seat, and was *vastly* glad to see me.

I cannot conclude without remarking, that from several ladies of my acquaintance I usually meet the left hand. Concerning this irregularity in friendly greeting, I beg leave to ask a question or two.—Is it accidental? Does a shake from the left hand argue greater esteem on the part of the lady, than one from the right? Is it *tonish*? Or is it merely an *outré* trick to express dislike?

W.

For the Port Folio.

PHILOLOGY.

[The following article merits attention not only from the intrinsic importance of the subject, but because the ingenious author appears to be an implicit believer of Dr. Johnson's critical creed, respecting a topick where the great lexicographer appears scarcely fallible. On the subject of the system of orthographical uniformity which our author defends, and the fantastick innovations whose usage he deprecates, he evinces much correctness of thinking. On two points only are we skeptical. The propriety of *prefixing* the note of interrogation to an interrogative sentence, and the employment of a *capital*, whenever a noun occurs in typography. The first custom is extremely familiar among the printers and scholars of Spain, and the beautiful Madrid edition of Don Quixote, one of the most magnificent books in the world, contains plenary evidence of the deliberate and systematical employment of duplicate interrogatories. The second peculiarity we find in the page of My Lord SHAFTESBURY, and we recollect to have read in the writings of some grammarian of the *eighteenth century*, that, formerly, many *noble* authors affected to distinguish every noun substantive by a capital. It is certain, however, that for a period of considerable duration, not merely noblemen, but commoners, indulged themselves in this habit. We remember that the late Dr. Nesbit, Principal of Carlisle College, who was a very profound and accurate, as well as elegant scholar, invariably designated nouns in this manner, even in a familiar epistle to a friend. But, if the theory of very recent and ingenious philologists be admitted, the argument which our ingenious correspondent urges is not conclusive, in that section of his essay, where, with more of the brilliancy of metaphor than of the radiance of reason, he

says, "Nouns ought to be considered as *Primary Planets* round which the other *Parts of Speech* merely revolve, as *Secondary*, and should be capitalised to show their *Preeminence*." All this is very fine. But the better opinion seems to be that this is a fallacy, and that the verb, and even certain *particles*, are equal, in glory, to the noun itself. If our memory be not a deceiver, the ingenious, though often fanciful, authour of *Hermes*, contends for the sovereignty of the verb. Now, if these opinions be admitted, and every verb, conjunction, and substantive, be alike indicated by a capital, not only a printer's, but an ordinary gazer's eye, would be offended by the appearance of such a multitude of tall fellows overtopping the ignoble crowd of adjectives, adverbs, and prepositions. However, we have no violent antipathy to the use of capitals, as regulated by *My Lord Shaftesbury*, or any other noble authour; and if it be the wish, or the whim, of our printers, to employ them in the *Port Folio*, we will not militate against their inclination. But no argument, either specious or solid, shall ever influence us to multiply the sign of interrogation. We disdain all kinds of *crookedness* in life, and we think it a deformity in literature. Of the various marks in typography, the note of interrogation is the least sightly. Indeed it is ugly as an urchin. The common argument in its favour, like that in defence of the prodigal use of italicks, which many squander with idle profusion, is, by no means, either cogent or convincing. It is said that the interrogation at the beginning of a sentence, warns the reader of the nature of that sentence, and regulates the tone of his voice accordingly, as it is likewise affirmed, that italicizing marks the emphasis, and aids the energy and elegance of every reciter. But the fact is fully confirmed by experience, that no assistance is thus afforded either to the ingenious or the dull reader. The first, endowed with taste, judgment, and sensibility, wants not such a vulgar auxiliary; and the second, with his turbid perceptions, can never perceive its use.]

ON UNIFORMITY OF ORTHOGRAPHY.

Great effects from little causes spring.

The most Learned and Ingenious have employed their Time, their Talents, and their Pens, in the Improvement of the English Language; and their Success has been rapid, producing many important and useful Changes. But, I am of Opinion, that every Innovation is not an Improvement; and this, I think, is as clear in Orthography, as it is in Politicks. -

As a Crowd of minor Lexicographers succeeded *Johnson*, each following his own Whim or Caprice, plundering that "Pioneer of Literature," but adulterating his refined Gold with the Alloy of vulgar Custom or conceited Alteration, many improper and injurious Liberties have been taken with Orthography; and the King's English has been literally murdered.

Notwithstanding the Pains and Care of *Dr. Johnson*, to disentangle arrange, and fix, the Orthography of our Language, we are (even at this late day) so enlightened, and so overwhelmed, with Projectors and their Schemes (this Rage is, I hope, beginning to assuage), as to be involved in orthographical Chaos. To many, who are accustomed to write and spell daily, this Assertion may appear bold; but it is true: and I would advise those who wish to be scrupulously correct in the small, but important, Accomplishment of Spelling, to lay aside this Tribe of petty Innovators, and consult the King, nay, the Emperour of Lexicographers, *Johnson*. ; But why should he know better than others? Because he was profoundly learned, made Words his special Study, "sailed round the World of the English Language," and received from those who best knew how and where to bestow it, merited Applause.

Walker has indeed, pretty nearly followed *Johnson's* Orthography; but he is not uniform, yielding too frequently, and too implicitly, to the Suggestions and Practices of the unlettered Multitude, whose Errours he rather promulges than corrects. In the beginning of his Dictionary, he observes, "It has been a Custom within these twenty Years, to omit the *k* at the end of Words when preceded by *c*. This has introduced a Novelty into the Language, which is that of ending a Word with an unusual Letter, and is not only a Blemish on the Face of it, but may possibly produce some Irregularity in future Formatives; for mimicking must be written with the *k*, though to mimic is without it." "This Omission of *k* is, however, too general to be

"counteracted, even by the Authority of JOHNSON. But it is to be hoped "it will be confined to Words from "the learned Languages." But to preserve a correct and uniform Orthography, the Progress of this Custom, this Innovation, this Irregularity, fraught with the predatory Spirit that pervades every Fiend of Revolution, *must* be checked. And may I not hope that all Preceptors and Printers will unite their Efforts for the Attainment of this desirable Object. Indeed, unless something be done, those capricious Mutations will, it is to be feared, tend so to disguise the Language, that Etymology will be unable to recognise her Relations. A potent Effort was made in the Publication of THE LIFE OF LORENZO DE' MEDICI, to counteract the growing Evil of a barbarous Orthography, and since the Issuing of that elegant Work, the correct Johnsonian Orthography has been gaining Strength: It is adopted in *The United States' Gazette*, and in *The Boston Repertory*. The Friends of the correct old School have therefore the Pleasure to observe it gaining Currency.

By the same Rule of Custom and Innovation which omits the *u* in Honour, Superiour, Inferiour, Ardour, Emperour, Governour, and the *k* in Publick, Critick, Scientifick, and Musick, we might continue so to clip Words and omit Letters, as ultimately to render written Language almost wholly stenographical, thus: howevr kunsëtëd kritiks altr, pursu the skēm lād down in Jonsons dixinary, xsept u no um to b rite; thats in korektin sum palpabel erur or mistāk.

The Reason for spelling the words Honour, Superiour, &c. with the *u*, is not that we derive them from the Latin, Emperor, Error; but that we derive them from the French, Empereur, Erreur; and the French derived them in the first instance from the Latin.

Another Innovation against which I would contend, is that adopted by Writers and Printers, of putting a capital Letter to proper Names only. Formerly Printers used to put a capi-

tal Letter to every Substantive; but, of later Days, our Penetration has discovered that it looks *prettier* for common Nouns to be written with small Letters; and, therefore, the Honour of Capitals is confined to proper Names, although typographical Perspicuity is thereby sacrificed. Nouns ought to be considered as Primary Planets, round which the other Parts of Speech merely revolve as Secondary, and should be *capitalled* to show their Preeminence.

And I think it would it be a useful Improvement (and I am not singular in the Opinion) to employ an *inverted Comma* instead of an *Apostrophe*, to mark the possessive Case. The Apostrophe should be used only to point out an Elision, which very often occurs in Poetry. This Distinction would be clear, and would be of Advantage to Foreigners learning the Language.

Language is liable to change from Commigrations, Conquests, Commerce, and from the Esteem the Learned have for a particular Language, from which they transplant Words. CAMDEN remarks, "That though he would not say the *English* Language was as sacred as the *Hebrew*, or as learned as the *Greek*; "yet it was as *fluent* as the *Latin*, as "courteous as the *Spanish*, as *courtlike* "as the *French*, and as *amorous* as the "Italian: so that being beautified and "enriched out of other Tongues, "partly by enfranchising and enden- "izing foreign Words, and partly "by implanting new ones with artful "Composition, our Tongue is as co- "pious, pithy, and significative as any "other." Possessing such an excellent Character; let us strive to bound its Liability to change. Let us endeavour to establish a correct and uniform Orthography, according to the *approved Standard* fixed by the learned and indefatigable JOHNSON; and let us dignify every Noun, as it ought to be, with a capital Letter.

The extensive Liberty of the People and the Press, in England and the United States, is productive of some Disadvantage to Literature: for what-

ever Whim or Caprice dictate, may be printed on paying the Expense; therefore the World is inundated with Books which serve no other good Purpose than that of furnishing Employment to Paper-makers, Printers, and Book-binders. But were Authours constrained to submit their Works to the Inquisition of a Tribunal established for the express Business of preventing any Book's Issuing from the Press, not consonant to the Manners and Morals of the Community, or not of intrinsick Worth and Merit, without its Stamp, a Criterion might be established, a Standard to preserve the Johnsonian Orthography, and the Language, from the Mutations daily produced by unlettered and capricious Innovators.

In the year 1711, SWIFT wrote a Letter to the Earl of Oxford, proposing a Plan to correct, improve, and ascertain the English Language. He says that "Nothing would be of greater Use towards the Improvement of Knowledge and Politeness, than some effectual Method for that Purpose." "Our Language is extremely imperfect; its daily Improvements are by no means in Proportion to its daily Corruptions; Pretenders to polish and refine it, have chiefly multiplied Abuses and Absurdities." "I have never known this great Town [London], without one or more *Dunces* of figure who had Credit enough to give rise to some new Word, and propagate it in most Conversations; though it had neither Humour nor Significance—while the Men of Wit and Learning, instead of early obviating such Corruptions, were too often seduced to imitate and comply with them." "Another Cause which hath contributed not a little to the Maiming of our Language, is a foolish Opinion advanced of late Years, that we ought to spell exactly as we speak, which besides the obvious Inconvenience of utterly destroying our Etymology, would be a Thing we should never see an End of. Not only the several Towns and Counties of England have a different Way of

Pronouncing; but, even in London, they clip their Words after one manner about the Court, another in the City, and a third in the Suburbs. All which reduced to writing, would confound Orthography. Yet many People are so fond of this Conceit, that it is sometimes a difficult Matter to read modern Books and Pamphlets; where Words are so curtailed and varied from their original Spelling, that whoever hath been used to plain English, will hardly know them by Sight." "If the Choice had been left to me, I would rather have trusted the Refinement of our Language as far as it relateth to Sound, to the Women, than of illiterate Court-fops, half-witted Poets, and University Boys. For it is plain that Women in their Manner of corrupting Words, do naturally discard the Consonants as we do Vowels." "More than once, where some of both Sexes were in Company, I have persuaded two or three of each to take a Pen, and write down a Number of Letters joined together just as it came into their Heads; and upon reading this Gibberish, we have found that which the Men had writ, by the frequent encountering of rough Consonants, to sound like *High-Dutch*; and the other, by the Women, like *Italian*, abounding in Vowels and Liquids." "What I have most at heart is, that some Method should be thought on for ascertaining and fixing our Language forever. For I am of Opinion that it is better a Language should not be wholly perfect, than that it should be perpetually changing; and we must give over at one Time or other, or at length infallibly change for the Worse."

SWIFT seems to have wished to write for Fame: for he expresses his Apprehensions that on Account of the Changes wrought and working on the Language, the Writings of his Time would be unintelligible in the Lapsc of a few Years. He excelled in Originality of Thought and Purity of Style: and it must be highly pleasing to him, if he can look down from his

exalted abode, and witness the Avidity and Pleasure with which his Works are still read.

Among the many Superiorities we possess over the Old World, is Uniformity of Pronunciation. Let us add to this uniform and correct Orthography, of which JOHNSON is the best Authority; for WALKER, as observed before, is not uniform, he spells *Errour*, *Gouverneur*, (and I believe some more) with the *u*, but Emperor *without* it, while BAILEY, PERRY, and YOUNG spell the Word *Emperour*. It is therefore correct and safe to follow JOHNSON; but it must be his correct quarto or folio Edition, and not any spurious one, foisted upon the Publick with pretended Improvements. WALKER may be admitted as a Standard for Pronunciation, but not for Orthography.

S.

For the Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The Characters of La Bruyere were not only popular in their own day, but they have survived the ordeal of time, which has usually condemned the productions of the local satirist to an early oblivion. Though the personages, who gave a zest to his ridicule, are generally forgotten, yet much of the delicate satire of La Bruyere may be still directed against the follies, and the fopperies of the world. Men are still fond of singularity, still bending to the powerful; arrogant, and assuming to the unhappy;—each one is eager for distinction, each one delights to be the hero of his little theatre of action. La Bruyere wrote against these foibles with the pen of a gentleman, as well as a scholar. In the Aphorisms of the philosopher, and the masterly Sketches of the limner, we discover sense and erudition, and traits of originality, and sometimes the sparklings of wit and irony.

Of the biography of La Bruyere, we can gather little. M. Suard has drawn up a sketch of his life, with strictures on his writings; he is only able, however, to inform us, that he lived in the bustle of a court, that he wrote, and

died. None of those incidents, those peculiarities, so interesting in the life of a man of letters, and so illustrative of his character, have been handed to the world. Was there then no Boswell in the court of Louis XIV?

M. Suard, (or rather I should say "Citoyen Suard," as the sans-culottes of the revolution were wont to style him,) observes that were he to point out a passage, which might display at once the superiour talent of La Bruyere, and a happy specimen of contrast in writing, he should select the following apostrophe:

"Not the troubles, Zenobia, which distract your empire, nor the war that you have waged against a powerful nation, since the death of the King, your husband, have diminished your splendour and profusion. On the borders of the Euphrates, you are raising a magnificent palace; the spot you have chosen is delightful, its air mild and salubrious, and its western frontier is shaded by a consecrated grove. The Gods of Syria themselves, (who sometimes visit the earth), could not have chosen a more beautiful region. The surrounding country, is now peopled with your workmen, who are busily employed, some in hewing timber, some in carving Liban wood, brass, and porphyry, while the air groans with vast engines, which flatter those who travel to Arabia, that, when they return, this palace will be completed in all that grandeur and magnificence, with which you could wish to adorn it.

"Spare nothing, mighty Queen! Be lavish of your gold, and employ the most skilful workmen. Let the Phidias and the Zeuxes of your age, exhaust all their ingenuity in decorating your walls. Trace out gardens, so extensive, so enchanting, that they shall seem to be the production of no mortal hands. Drain your treasures, and devote your utmost industry to this incomparable work; and when you have done, Zenobia, and have given it the last touches; some one of those peasants, who live upon the sandy plains of Palmyra, grown rich by the tolls of your rivers, shall buy this im-

perial residence, with his ready money, to improve it, and render it more worthy of himself and his fortune."

I do not find that any commentator has informed us, who is particularly referred to in the character of Zenobia; but if I may be allowed to conjecture, I would point towards *Anne of Austria*, mother of Louis XIV. The war which she maintained after the death of her husband, was that against Spain, which had been began by Richelieu; and the troubles which distracted her kingdom, were produced by the restless, rebellious, spirit of the great Condé. The situation of the Queen regent had some resemblance to that of the ancient Zenobia; and at one time when the successes of the prince had become alarming, and the throne tottered on its basis, La Bruyere might be justified in apprehending, that the glory and magnificence of Anne were going rapidly to decay.

This contrast in composition partakes much of the epigrammatick, and the characters of La Bruyere abound with it. He sometimes pursues a delicate strain of irony, as far as the close, when by an unexpected turn, he displays the force of his arms: thus he seems, as it were, to deceive the enemy with a false movement, until, by a skilful manœuvre, in writing, he is able to present a bold, impregnable front. Such a manner of bringing forward his forces is also exhibited in a pair of portraits, which I shall sketch freely into English.

"Menippus has a florid complexion, and a full fat face. His look is confident, his step firm and determined; he converses with assurance, makes others repeat their observations, and seldom flatters what they say to him. He displays a large handkerchief, and uses it with much noise: he spits far, sneezes loud, sleeps in broad day as well as at night, and snores in company. At dinner or in the street, he occupies more room than any one else, and takes the middle when he walks with his equals; if he stops, they stop also: if he goes on, they follow;—every one seems to copy him. He interrupts you, and corrects you while

you are speaking: but you do not interrupt him; no, you are to listen to him as long as he can talk, you are to be of his opinion, you must believe the news he has brought. Does he sit down, observe how he sinks into the elbow-chair, crosses one leg over the other, knits his eye-brows, and draws his hat over his face that he may be alone, or afterwards raise it, and display his forehead. His temper is impatient and revengeful, manners lively, but haughty and supercilious; he is a great laughèr, a great libertine, affects to be mysterious in the secrets of the day, and believes himself a man of fine parts.—He is rich."

"Telephon has hollow eyes, a blushing complexion, a lean form, and a meagre countenance. He sleeps little, he is absent and meditative, and with much sense, has the look of a stupid fellow. When you speak of his affairs, he is evasive, and sometimes tells a fib. In the street, he seems afraid to raise his eyes on those who are passing, and walks so softly, that you would imagine he did not dare to tread the earth; he will wrap himself in his cloak, and easily glide through the greatest crowd, without being observed. In company, he puts himself behind the one who is speaking, gathers what is said only by stealth, and withdraws if any one regards him with attention. If you beg him to be seated, he places himself on the edge of the chair; if you hold a conversation with him, he speaks in a low voice, and pronounces indistinctly. Open, however, on the affairs of the nation, he will tell you that he is offended with mankind, and has a poor opinion of the government. In a reply he only moves his lips; he coughs behind his hat, or if he cannot avoid it, he does it unobserved; it costs no one a compliment. Telephon is never at the clubs of the learned and polite; he forgets to display his knowledge, or if he sometimes attempts, it is without success; he perceives how tedious he is to his hearers, and he relates briefly and dryly: he cannot interest them, he cannot raise a smile of approbation. But on his own part,

he is attentive, courteous, and flattering; he laughs at what others say, applauds and joins their opinion, and flies to render them the smallest service.—He is poor.”

The first chapter of La Bruyere's work abounds with many of the precepts and *canons* of literature, and light and sportive criticism. The ensuing comparison between Corneille and Racine displays much taste and discrimination, while the antitheses are no where so dazzling as to be painful.

“No one can rival Corneille in those passages, which display the real extent of his powers, for his style is then original and inimitable; but he did not always do justice to himself. His first pieces are dry and laboured; they raised no hopes that he would afterwards have risen so high, as his latest productions surprise us that he could again have fallen so low. In some of his best pieces, there are unpardonable offences against morality, a declamatory style, which retards and debilitates the progress of the action, and a carelessness in expression and versification, which are unaccountable in so great a writer. That for which he was most eminent, was a superiority of genius, to which he was indebted for instances of more perfect poetry, than are found in any language: for the management of his plot, which he often conducted against the rules of the ancients; and, in short, for his catastrophes. For he was not always guided by the taste, the extreme simplicity of the Grecian stage: on the contrary, he was fond of loading the scene with incidents, but which he generally carried through with success; admirable above all for the variety of his designs, and the little resemblance that is discovered in the great number of poems which he formed. It is evident that those of Racine have more similarity, and tend more to one point. But Racine is equal; he supports himself, he is every where the same, whether in the design and management of his piece, which are just, regular, founded in good sense and nature; or in his versification, which

is correct and copious, elegant, flowing, and affluent in its rhymes. He scrupulously copied the simplicity and nakedness of the ancient theatre, and in short he had every thing which is great and commanding, as Corneille possessed all which is touching and pathetick. Where can there be more delicacy, than is diffused throughout the *Cid*, *Polyeuctus*, and the *Horaces*? Where more grandeur than in *Mithridates*, *Porus*, and *Burrhus*?

“The *Orestes* and the *Phædra* of Racine, as the *Œdipus* and the *Horaces* of Corneille, are proofs that both these poets were intimately acquainted with the passions, which the ancient tragick writers were so fond of exciting on the stage. If, however, I may be allowed to compare them, and to distinguish the peculiar excellences of each, I would say that Corneille raises his sentiments and characters above human nature, Racine conforms to it; the one paints man as he ought to be, the other exhibits him as he is. In the first, there is more of what we admire, and what we ought to imitate; in the second, more of what we recognise in the world, and experience in ourselves. The former elevates, amazes, subdues, and instructs: the latter is pleasing, moving, pathetick, and penetrative. What ever is most beautiful, whatever is most noble and lordly in reason, is wielded by the first; and by the second, whatever is soft and conciliating in passion. The one abounds with maxims, precepts, and rules of life: the other is full of taste and sentiment. The pieces of Corneille rather seize the attention, those of Racine are more softening and attractive. Corneille is rather ideal and speculative, Racine has more reality, more of the world. The one seems to have imitated Sophocles, the other owes more to Euripides.”

M. Suard has given but a limited sphere to the design of La Bruyere, when he observes that his Characters exhibit only the courtier, the lawyer, the financier, and the citizen of the age of Louis XIV. La Bruyere himself says that his plan was to paint the manners

of men in every age; and surely the follies which he has laughed at, were never confined to a court of France. But even where the satire appears local, the shaft may, perhaps, be still directed against those foibles and weaknesses of our nature, which "*shoot up in every soil, the product of all climes.*" For instance, in the following sarcasm on the Parisian ladies of his time, he exposes that want of delicacy in the female world, which made an ill-natured poet exclaim, that every woman is at heart a rake.

"Every body knows that large Causeway, which stretches along the borders of the Seine, on the side where it enters Paris, after receiving the waters of the Marne; it is there that the men bathe, during the sultry heats of the dog-days: there they are seen to throw themselves into the water, and rise out of it; it is an amusement. Before this season the ladies of Paris do not visit the place, and when it is over, they are seen there no longer."

Will Mr. Oldschool pardon me, for encroaching so long upon the miscellaneous department of his paper?—I have endeavoured to copy two or three of the beauties of La Bruyere, into the English "*school*;" like the copies of exquisite miniatures, however, they have not the grace and contour of the original painting. Indeed, few writers, and surely few translators, have caught that simplicity, that terseness, and chastity of ornament, which give a lustre to the writings of La Bruyere.

M.

TACITUS.

"There yet remains to us," says Quintilian, "a man who enhances the glory of our age, and is worthy to be remembered by posterity; whose name will be dear to them, although now I do not mention it. He has many admirers, but no imitators; for his love of liberty has injured him, though he has obliterated many things he had written. But you may discern his highly exalted spirit and his bold opinions, even in those which remain. He is indeed a truly philosophical historian."

"His Roman voice in base degenerate days,
Spoke to imperial pride in freedom's praise;
And with indignant hate, severely warm,
Showed to gigantic guilt his ghastly form."

HAYLEY.

In the first christian century, and in the reign of Nero, Tacitus was born of an honourable family. His father was a knight; and the governor of Belgick Gaul; and himself passed through the gradation of civil offices, till, under the reign of Nerva, he was appointed consul. His works are a remnant of the Roman history, of which twenty-seven years were completed by him, extending from the sixty-ninth to the ninety-sixth year of Christ, but of which only the first, and part of the second year, have reached posterity. He had written complete annals of Tiberius, Caius, Claudius, and Nero; the whole of those of Caius, and the beginning of those of Claudius, are lost. Of thirty books, we have only sixteen of this work, and five of his history.

We are, however, in possession of two inestimable compositions of Tacitus; the one, a treatise on the manners of the ancient Germans; the other, a life of Agricola, whose daughter he had married; and who had been governor of our island in the time of Domitian. Gibbon says of Britain, that "it submitted to the Roman yoke after a war of forty years, undertaken by Claudius the most stupid, maintained by Nero the most dissolute, and terminated by Domitian, the most timid of all the emperours." Before we consider the writings of Tacitus, it may be proper to recur to the times in which he lived. His infancy was passed amidst the horrors of the reign of Nero; he lived during the atrocities of Galba, the drunkenness of Vitellius, and the robberies of Otho; but having respired somewhat a purer air under Vespasian and Titus, was obliged, in his manhood, to sustain the hypocritical tyranny of Domitian.

Perhaps he may be said to have lived at a time, when the condition of the human race was more unhappy than at any other in the annals of the world. During fourscore years, excepting only the short and doubtful respite of Vespasian's reign, Rome, says Mr. Gibbon, groaned beneath an unremitting tyranny, which exterminated the ancient families of the republic, and was fatal to almost every virtue and every talent; that arose in that unhappy period.

Tacitus was constrained to bend the loftiness of his soul, and to relax the firmness of his principles, not to the debasement of a courtier, but to the compliance of a subject who dared not to complain. Incapable of deserving the friendship of Domitian, he could not but deserve his hatred. His disgust he was obliged to conceal, and in secret to lament the massacre of innocent citizens, and the wounds of his much-loved country. Prevented from giving vent to his feelings, Tacitus, in the delightful retreat which literature always affords to the virtuous, in their disappointments, poured forth a torrent of complaint and indigna-

tion, which alone could tend to console him. This is what renders him so interesting and so animated a writer. When he inveighs, he does not declaim. A man seriously and deeply affected cannot do so. He paints, in colours most vivid, and most true, all that slavery has to disgust, all that despotism and cruelty possess to terrify.

The hopes and the successes of vice, the depression of innocence, and the abasement of virtue, all that he had seen, and all that he had suffered—he describes in such a manner, that his readers are rendered spectators, and almost fellow-sufferers with himself. Tacitus has been sometimes called a general calumniator. But did not he who has so feelingly traced the last moments of Germanicus, and who has left so unqualified a panegyrick on Agricola, discern virtue where it existed, and bestow upon it a splendid and a willing encomium? Tacitus was an orator of great eminence. He delivered a funeral oration on the death of Virginius, whom he succeeded in the consulship; and, together with the younger Pliny, who was his bosom friend, he conducted the famous cause of the Africans against Marcus Priscus, accused, as proconsul, of having received bribes in his office. He was sentenced to pay three hundred thousand sesterces, as a penalty, and to be banished from Italy.

Tacitus deservedly holds a very high rank amongst the historians of Greece and Rome. His summary view of those disastrous times, is an awful picture of civil commotion and the wild distraction of a frantick people. All legitimate government, and of course all liberty, were at an end, when the prætorian bands, the armies of Germany, and the legions of Syria, assumed the right of electing emperours without the authority of the senate.

Tacitus probably survived his friend Pliny, and died in the reign of Trajan. Although they differed in politicks, they were the ornaments of their age, men of distinguished talents, encouragers of literature, and patrons of virtue. Tacitus had read mankind as well as books. He had all the powers that constitute a fine genius; he had a thorough knowledge of all the modes of government then known in the world, was versed in all civil affairs, and intimately acquainted with the policy of statesmen. What a picture does he give of Tiberius! how are his art and treachery developed! and how much does the narration evince the propriety of a maxim, not always admitted, that truth only should be spoken of the dead! What painter can so well portray the destruction of the legions under Varus? How is the light contrasted with the shade, when he exhibits the portrait of Germanicus; his death in Syria; and the appear-

ance of Agrippina at the port of Brundisium, when he quits the ship, leading her children, and sustaining the urn of her deceased and murdered husband!

In the lively description of the historian, Messalina, dying, becomes almost an object of compassion. His annals have been called an Historical Picture-Gallery; and those who have denominated him a misanthrope, had they recollected that he had “fallen on evil times,” ought rather to have distinguished him as the anatomist of the human heart.

His life of Agricola is a perfect model of biography; a mode of writing cultivated in the time of the old republick, but entirely disused under the emperours. This general, having carried his victorious arms from the south of Britain to the Grampian Hills, was recalled by Domitian through envy of his fame, and lived for a few years, the remainder of his life, in the calm delights of a peaceful retirement. The historian has written the life of his father-in-law, in language celebrated for its purity and elegance; and this performance has always been distinguished for the many excellent instructions and important truths, which it contains.

The style of the Annals, the work of his old age, consists of stately periods and much pomp of expression; that of the History is more subdued and temperate, sparing of words and replete with sentiment. Tacitus has been reproached with falling into the error, mentioned by Horace, of becoming obscure by attempting to be concise. He admits many Gracisms into his language; and in imitation of the manner introduced by Seneca, is sometimes florid and poetical. His treatise on the manners of the Germans, is a composition justly admired for the fidelity and exactness with which it is executed; and here the objections to his diction do not seem to have a place. His general language has been censured as being rather laboured than lofty, and his figures rather bold than just. It is, however, confessed, that his faults arise not from a want of power, but of moderation; not from a deficiency of genius, but of judgment; that when he chooses to descend from his exaltation, there is no author among the Romans who writes with greater purity.

If a certain obscurity or affectation be found to deform his style, and render it a dangerous model for the imitation of youth, exhibiting rather a misapplication than a display of talents; yet such is the dignity, and such the justness of his sentiments, such the profoundness of his understanding and apparent goodness of his heart, as to render him at least the equal of any historian of any country.

Mrs. C. Smith, in the following poem, has very charmingly combined the agreeable and the useful. Whichever exhibits the triumph of industry, ingenuity, and perseverance, must be sure to captivate the attention of all, but yawning readers. Such a poem as this, is bark and steel to the mind. It is a powerful corroborant of the nerves of exertion and a stronger stimulus than all the opium of the Brunonians.

TO THE MULBERRY TREE,

on reading the oriental aphorism, "by patience and labour the mulberry leaf becomes sattin."

Hither, in half-blown garlands drest,
Advances the reluctant Spring;
And, shrinking, feels her tender breast
Chill'd by Winter's snowy wing:
Nor wilt thou, alien as thou art, display
Or leaf, or swelling bud, to meet the varying
day.

Yet, when the mother of the rose,
Bright June, leads on the glowing hours;
And from her hand luxuriant throws
Her lovely group of Summer flowers;
Forth from thy brown and unclad branches
shoot

Serrated leaves and rudiments of fruit.
And soon the boughs umbrageous spread
A shelter from Autumnal rays,
While gay beneath thy shadowy head,
His gambols happy childhood plays;
Eager, with crimson fingers to amass
Thy ruby fruit, that strews the turfy grass.

But where, festoon'd with purple vines,
More freely grows thy graceful form;
And skreen'd by towering Appenines,
Thy foliage feeds the spinning worm:
PATIENCE and INDUSTRY protect thy shade,
And see, by future looms, their care repaid.

They mark the threads, half viewless wind,
That form the shining, light, cocoon,
Now tinted as the orange rind,
Or paler than the pearly moon;
Then at their summons, in the task engage,
Light, active youth, and tremulous old age.

The task that bids thy tresses green
A thousand varied hues assume;
There, coloured like the sky serene,
And mocking here the rose's bloom;
And now in lucid volumes lightly roll'd,
Where purple clouds are starr'd with mimic
gold.

But not because thy veined leaves,
Do to the grey-wing'd moth supply
The nutriment whence Patience weaves
The monarch's velvet canopy;
Through his high dome a splendid radiance
throws,
And binds the jewel'd circlet on his brows.

And not, that thus transformed thy boughs
Now as a cestus clasp the fair,
Now in her changeful vestment flows,
And fillets now her plaited hair.
I praise thee, but that I behold in thee
THE TRIUMPH OF UNWEARIED INDUSTRY.

'Tis, that laborious millions owe
To thee the source of simple food,
In eastern climes; or where the Po
Reflects thee from his classick flood;
While useless Indolence may blush to view
What PATIENCE, INDUSTRY and ART can
do.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

A man, says the inimitable ADDISON, would neither choose to be a hermit nor a buffoon. Human nature is not so miserable as that we should be always melancholy; nor so happy as that we should be always merry. In a word, a man should not live as if there was no God in the world, nor, at the same time, as if there were no men in it.

GOLDSMITH, who is not much below him as a genuine English Classicist, expresses himself often with the same felicity: Every situation in life brings its own peculiar pleasures; every morning wakes us to a repetition of toil, but the evening repays it with vacant hilarity.

The same writer, speaking of the pretended poverty of Burchell, and the neglect of his parasites, displays his admirable antitheses, but not with the affectation of Seneca: "Their former raptures at his wit, are now converted into sarcasms at his folly. He is poor, and perhaps deserves poverty; for he has neither the ambition to be independent, nor the skill to be useful."

We are not to judge of the feelings of others by what we might feel if in their place. However dark the habitation of the mole to our eyes, yet the animal itself finds the apartment sufficiently lightsome.

A Walpole-wit observes that the late-invented method of making iron-bound boots and shoes, is actually putting mankind upon a footing with horses.

A country curate being asked by the parish squire what was meant by the phrase, "*de mortuis nil nisi bonum*," answered, there remains nothing of the dead but their bones.

SONNET, BY ANNA SEWARD.

The future, and its gifts, alone we prize,

Few joys the present brings, and those
alloy'd;

Th' expected fulness leaves an aching void;
But Hope stands by, and lifts her sunny
eyes

That gild the days to come.—Shè still relies
The phantom Happiness not thus shall
glide

Always from life. Alas!—yet ill betide
Austere Experience, when she coldly
tries

In distant roses to discern the thorn!

Ah! is it wise to anticipate our pain?

Arriv'd, it then is soon enough to mourn.
Nor call the dear Consoler false and vain,
When yet again, shining through April
tears,

Those fair enlight'ning eyes beam on ad-
vancing years.

In an eloquent pamphlet, written in the
decline of his life, BURKE gallantly defends
himself against the charge of political in-
constancy. The argument is irresistible, and
the language of one sentence shall speak for
itself.

He has been charged with passing from
extreme to extreme; but he has always kept
himself in a medium. This charge is not
wonderful. It is in the nature of things, that
they, who are in the centre of a circle, should
appear directly opposed to those who view
them from any part of the circumference.
In that middle point, however, he will still
remain, though he may hear people, who
themselves run beyond *Aurora* and the *Ganges*,
cry out, that he is at the *extremity of the West*.

GIBBON thus describes a literary gladi-
ator.

He was a master of science, of language,
and, above all, of dispute; and his acute and
flexible logic could support, with equal ad-
dress, and, perhaps, with equal indifference,
the adverse sides of every possible question.

Cumberland, on his voyage to Spain in the *Milford*
frigate, was present at a naval combat with a French
vessel, the commander of which made a most gallant
resistance, but was at length killed, and his crew
were obliged to acknowledge the superiority of Bri-
tish bravery and skill. Our author wrote a song on
the occasion; and though we believe it is the first
effort of his muse in nautical poetry, it has uncom-
mon merit. The introduction we give in the au-
thour's own words.

In the course of this day I wrote a song,
for my amusement, descriptive of this action,
and adapted it to the tune of

Whilst here at Deal we're lying boys,
With the noble Commodore.

Our crew were very musically inclined,
and we had some passably good singers
among them, which suggested to me the
idea of writing this sea-song; we frequent-
ly sung it in Lisbon, in lusty chorus, but
their delicacy would not allow them to let it

be once heard, till their prisoners were re-
moved: and this was the answer made to
me by a common seaman, when I asked
why they would not sing it during the voyage;
an objection which had escaped me, but
which I felt the full force of when stated to
me by him.

The song was as follows, and the cir-
cumstances under which it was written must
be my apology for inserting it.

'Twas up the wind, three leagues, or more,
We spied a lofty sail;
Set your top-gallant sails, my boys,
And closely hug the gale.

Nine knots the nimble *Milford* ran,
Thus, thus the master cried,
Hull up we brought the chase in view
And soon were side by side.

Douse your Dutch ensign, up *Saint George*!
To quarters now all hands,
With lighted match beside his gun
Each British hero stands.

Give fire, our gallant captain cries,
'Tis done, the cannons roar;
Stand clear, Mounseers, digest these pills,
And soon we'll give you more.

Our chain-shot whistles in the wind,
Our grape descends like hail,
Hurrah my souls, three cheering shouts,
French hearts begin to quail.

Rak'd fore and aft, her shattered hull
Lets in the briny flood;
Her decks are carnaged with the slain,
Her scuppers stream with blood.

Her French Jack shivers in the wind;
Its lilies all look pale;
Down it must come, it must come down,
For Britons will prevail.

And see, 'tis done: she strikes, she yields:
Down haughty flag of France:
Now board her boys, and on her staff
The English cross advance.

There, there triumphantly it flies,
It conquers and it saves;
So gaily toss the cann about,
For Britons rule the waves.

A man of liberal curiosity turns all nature
into a magnificent theatre, replete with ob-
jects of wonder and surprise; and filled up
chiefly for his happiness and entertainment:
he industriously examines all things, from
the minutest insect to the most finished ani-
mal; and, when his limited organs can no
longer make the disquisition, he sends out
his imagination upon new inquiries.

There is no animal whose frame is more
sensibly affected by the air than man. It is
true he can endure a greater variety of cli-
mates than the lower orders generally are

able to do ; but it is rather by the means which he has discovered of obviating their effects, than by the apparent strength of his constitution. Most other animals can bear cold or hunger better, endure greater fatigues in proportion, and are satisfied with shorter repose. The variations of the climate, therefore, would probably affect them less.

The following paragraph is extracted from a British Critique on a new opera, called "*The Travellers*." It may afford a hint to American actors and actresses.

"That species of turgid style and affected sentiment, which modern play-writers have unhappily mistaken for fine writing, abounds in every part of the dialogue, and the most fulsome and disgusting compliments to the British nation, are put into the mouths of almost all the characters, Chinese, Turkish, Italian, Irish, and English, as they successively appear. This indirect way of flattering ourselves, has something in it so offensive to good taste, and so inconsistent with national dignity, that it ought to be strongly and publicly discountenanced."

The following acute and ingenious remarks were made many years ago by Soame Jenyns, at the expense of his countrymen. His satire, at once just and elegant, applies with more force to this country than to England.

"There is in every country a certain characteristic of taste, which, during the same period of time, affects all arts, sciences and professions in a similar manner, though perhaps not easy to be expressed: that which prevails with us at present is, an affectation of something superiour to nature and truth; of all that excites our admiration rather than of what satisfies our judgment. The very same extravagances runs through all our literature, manners, and diversions, to the utter neglect of all true beauty, simplicity, and usefulness: thus our literature is disgraced with bombast and barbarism; our politicks soar into visionary speculation, and our religion dwindles into grimace, whining, cant, and hypocrisy."

GLEE, BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

Not inserted in his works, on a golden cup with embossed figures, dedicated to the god of mirth by the Harmonick Club.

Mirth, be thy mingled pleasure mine—
The joys of musick, love, and wine!
While high thy votive cup I hold,
And trace the forms that breathe in gold.

Beneath this vine, lo! Bacchus laid,
And Venus twines the ivy braid,
While each light Grace with zone unbound
Weaves the dance the bower around.

Here, with gay song and sportive lyre,
Wing'd Cupid leads the Italian choir.

Where the crush'd grape from every vein
Dyes their feet with purple stain.

CHORUS.

I hear the god's ecstasick notes,
Each sense in sweet delirium floats;
Pledge the cup, the chorus join,
And echo—musick, love, and wine.

Soame Jenyns thus poignantly describes the utter inability of the common herd to think for themselves, much less to form a constitution for others.

If one who has constantly paid his court to reason from his childhood, has had a liberal education and continual leisure, and examined every thing with coolness, care, and impartiality, yet misses of his aim, and bewilders himself in mazes, or is entangled in absurdities, how can it be expected, that the common herd of mankind, without preparation, without thirst of knowledge, without command of their time, immersed in business, pleasures, or passions, and driven forcibly along by the torrent of example, should ever strike out a complete rule of conduct, or system of opinion, without some better guidance, than that of their own sagacity.

It is whispered, we know not with what foundation, that Mrs. Radcliffe, the authour of some of the best romances which have appeared either in England or on the continent, has been for sometime deprived of her reason and confined in a private mad-house. This melancholy event is ascribed by some to the brutality of a jealous husband, and by others, to too much intensity of mental occupation. We hope that the whole story is destitute of foundation, and that the ingenious lady, who is the subject of this report, is sequestered from the world by her own choice, and that if her fine imagination be heated, it is not in the furnace of affliction. Taking, however, the rumour to be true, some scholar of sensibility, has thus bewailed the WRECK OF REASON.

Would your imagination stray;
To scenes of horror make its way;
Would it from sorrow take its flight;
From scenes of pleasure, to affright;
Would it, reluctant, slowly creep,
And o'er the wreck of reason weep;
—Hither come, ye blithe and gay;
Come, and throw your mirth away.
Weeping beauty, hither hie,
And o'er the ruin breathe a sigh;
Come and see, ye giddy vain,
A sadder sight than "crazy Jane."

The tender heart, the lib'ral mind,
The soul by sentiment refin'd,
The modest mein, the graceful air,
Are gone, and all is ruin there:
The matchless whole, divinely grac'd,
Is chang'd into chaotick waste;
The timid mind, with terror fated,
Starts at the phantoms it created.

—See the maniac's ghastly stare!
See her loose dishevelled hair!
See her widely rolling eyes,
Distorted form, and piercing cries!
See she trembles, writhes and groans,
And fills the air with piteous moans!

—O RADCLIFFE! this at last thy fate,
To sink to such a dreadful state! —
See she shudders, starts, and raves
Of grinning ghosts and gaping graves,
Of antique arms, and haunted halls,
Of tott'ring turrets, mould'ring walls.
The fulgent cross, the monkish cowl,
The raven's flap, the boding owl,
The warning knell, the mystick roll,
With horror strike her frenzied soul.
The murky vault's terrifick gloom,
The echoes from the dismal tomb,
The quiv'ring pail, the crimson'd knife,
All gory with the blood of life,
The secret cell, the glimmering light,
The putrid corse, the flitting sprite,
The pendant chain, the magick chest,
With terour fill her frantick breast.

No more she'll pen the fairy dream,
The awful, yet the pleasing theme:
No more portray, with matchless art,
To frighten, yet delight the heart;
Genius in her has left the throne,
And madness now usurps alone.
Let frozen souls precise and nice,
Call her the native child of vice;
Let torpid spirits, dry and stale,
Affect to startle and bewail;
A patent reason all may bring,
They in her *moral* find a *sting*—
E'en savage minds to feeling dead,
And icy hearts by *virtue* led,
When pitying death relieves her woe,
And lays the hapless victim low,
Might come, and on the maniac's bier,
Sked pensive pity's softest tear.

There is a legal presumption against men *quando se nimis purgant*; and if a charge of ambition is not refuted by an affected humility, certainly the character of fraud and perfidy is still less to be washed away by indications of meanness. Fraud and prevarication are servile vices. They sometimes grow out of the necessities, always out of the habits, of slavish and degenerate spirits: and, on the theatre of the world, it is not by assuming the mask of a Davus or a Geta, that an actor will obtain credit for manly simplicity and a liberal openness of proceeding. It is an erect countenance; it is a firm adherence to principle; it is a power of resisting false shame and frivolous fear, that assert our good faith and honour, and assure to us the confidence of mankind.

In the following concise character of Cardinal Wolsey, HUME is not sparing of the figure antithesis, but, it must be confessed, he employs it much in the taste of the classic historians:

Insatiable in his acquisitions, but still more magnificent in his expense: of extensive capacity, but still more unbounded enterprise: ambitious of power, but still more desirous of glory: insinuating, engaging,

persuasive; and, by turns, lofty, elevated, and commanding: haughty to his equals, but affable to his dependants; oppressive to the people, but liberal to his friends; more generous than grateful; less moved by injuries than contempt; he was framed to take the ascendant in every intercourse with others, but exerted this superiority of nature with such ostentation as exposed him to envy, and made every one willing to recal the original inferiority, or rather meanness, of his fortune.

SONNET, BY ANNA SEWARD.

When life's realities the soul perceives
Vain, dull, perchance corrosive, if she
glows
With rising energy, and open throws
The golden gates of Genius, she achieves
His fairy clime delighted, and receives
In those gay paths, deck'd with the thorn-
less rose,
Blest compensation.—Lo! with alter'd
brows
Low'rs the false world, and the fine spirit
grieves:
No more young Hope tints with her light
and bloom
The darkening scene.—Then to ourselves
we say,
Come, bright Imagination, come! relume
Thy orient lamp; with recompensing ray
Shine on the mind, and pierce its gather-
ing gloom
With all the fires of intellectual day!

The genius displayed in the ensuing burlesque poem challenges for it a place in the Port Folio. We borrow this poetical joke from The Monthly Anthology, a work in no respect inferior to the best of the British Magazines.

To the Editors.

GENTLEMEN,

Several susceptible youths of your city have lately been employed in making woeful ballads to their mistress's eye-brow. It entered into my noddle to attempt something after their manner upon the interesting object of my tenderest attachments—DOLLY.

EPISTLE TO DOLLY.

From the dark gulf of comfortless despair
Oh suffer me, thou empress of my soul,
With trembling hand and gizzard* titillating,
And heart that beats in unison with yours,
Like some twin cherry, by sweet zephyr
mov'd,
Jostling in concert with its ruby brother,
To write to you, your sex's nonpareil.

Those gooseberry eyes with emerald light-
nings big,
Beaming sublime like barn-door in the morn,
Have burnt thy Neddy's heart just like, for-
sooth,
A crisp pork-chop upon a gridiron.
Oh, oh those pouting cherry lips of thine,
Where little cherubim and seraphim

* Lately discovered.

Dance sportive to thy throat's wild melody;
Oh Dolly Dumpling, Dolly Dümpling oh!
Deign, deign to squint one ray of love divine
Into my tender bosom, Greenlandiz'd
With cold disdain and Lapland iciness.
Paint to yourself my restless form laid prone
In sheets of linen or of cotton made,
There thinking on thy angel mein I toss in
pain,

Turning now on this and then on t'other side,
My throbbing heart the while with forceful
beat

Striving to break my ribs and 'scape to thee.
So have I often seen some hapless goose,
In farmer's yard by cruel coop pent in,
Reckless of life beat hard against the slits,
And strive in vain to gain the gabbling flock.

How pleasant sitting at my cottage door
To view at eve the sun's declining ray,
Soft sliding through the mountain's blushy
brow;

To hear the vacant laugh of honest steed,
The bee-hive's buzz, and courting pidgeon's
coo.

When toil is o'er, and stretch'd upon the
turf,

How sweet to view our little playful lambs
Bound like grasshoppers in a field of hay;
And when our pretty little brindle cow,
Before the wicker gate with meekest look,
Shall ask our pliant hands herteats to squeeze,
How will your Neddy and his Dolly dear,
With each a milking-pail and each a stool,
Express the streams of sweet nectareous dew,
That gods shall wish to be like I and you.

NEDDY NITRE.

MERRIMENT.

A very beautiful woman having the miniature picture of her *ugly* husband suspended on her breast, asked Mr. Moore, the elegant translator of Anacreon, whom he thought it like. "I think," said he, "it is like the *Saracen's Head on Snowhill*."

"I wish," said Rigby to Charles Fox, "that you would stand out of my light, or that you had a window in that great belly of yours"—"What," said Charles, "that you might lay an additional tax upon it, I suppose."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We wish for a *private* opportunity to express our opinion of the genius and wit of "CLIMENOLE," and to thank him for those *original* papers, with which, at different times, he has adorned this miscellany. The Editor earnestly hopes that Climenolet has not made a vow to have no more correspondence with The Port Folio.

One of our literary friends, and not the least favoured of the group, has remonstrated with the editor for publishing so many

extracts from British books, and the indignation of our correspondent is kindled into a perfect blaze when he adverts to the circumstance of our copying many of the letters of Cowper. In defence, the editor must urge, that, at the time, he could exhibit nothing more new, interesting, and elegant. The epistles of Cowper challenge a decided superiority over every other effort in that walk in the English language. Let us listen to the Edinburgh critics, and then the editor may be forgiven for obtaining and using a loan from the rich bank of foreign literature.

"Of these letters we may safely assert, that we have rarely met with any similar collection of superiour interest or beauty. Though the incidents to which they relate be of no publick magnitude or moment, and the remarks which they contain be not uniformly profound or original, yet there is something in the sweetness and facility of his diction, and more perhaps in the glimpses they afford of a pure and benevolent mind that diffuses a charm over the whole collection, and communicates an interest that cannot always be commanded by performances of greater dignity and pretension. This interest was promoted and assisted, no doubt, in a considerable degree, by that curiosity, which always seeks to penetrate into the privacy of celebrated men, and which had been almost intirely frustrated, in the instance of Cowper, till the appearance of these letters. Though his writings had long been extremely popular, the authour was scarcely known to the publick; and having lived in a state of intire seclusion from the world, there were no anecdotes of his conversation, his habits, or opinions, in circulation among his admirers. The publication of his correspondence has in a great measure supplied this deficiency."

We hope that the "Gleaner" will continue his labours. He displays various and extensive reading, and gazes very steadfastly through the spectacles of criticism at the fairest objects in literature.

"A White Friar," we fancy, looks at his bumper oftener than at his rosary. He is doubtless one of a convivial brotherhood, and makes more vows to Saint Bacchus than to Saint Francis. We have heard of *friars of orders grey*, who "themselves by denial oft mortify, with a *dainty bit of a warden pie*."

Their beads and cross they hold divine,
They pray with fervent zeal
To rosy Bacchus, god of wine,
Who does each joy reveal.
There absolution you'll receive,
Ye blue-eyed nuns, so fair,
And benedictions they will give
To banish every care.

"A pleasant Journey" is one of the most irksome rambles we ever took over the barren moor of stale description.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Port Folio.

The following lines were sent by a private hand, a short time since, but I know not whether you have received them.

Softly through the check'ring trees,
Cynthia pours her mellow light;
While the gently whisp'ring breeze
Wooes the genius of the night.

Spring-born May has spread her flow'rs,
Flora laughs in ev'ry grove;
Lightly dance the sportive hours,
And Nature's pulse beats high to love.

List! the ev'ning warbler's throat,
Yonder by the tinkling rill;
Sweet she trills her vesper note,
And Echo answers, "whip-poor-will!"

Come, my fair, enjoy the scene,
Down the green walk let us stray;
Duller souls may doze within,
Come, Lavinia, come away!

How sweet, at such an hour as this,
The zest of social bliss to prove,
To snatch, unblam'd, the melting kiss,
Warm from the conscious lip of love!
W.

For the Port Folio.

A sudden flaw of wind had alarmed Miss —, when on a sailing party: the following compliment, it is hoped, compensated her for the fright.

Æolus saw our sport begun,
And, starting in a twinkling,
Cry'd, " 'twould be most delicious fun
To give these sparks a sprinkling."

Just then the old mischievous wight,
Espied our lovely charge:
"Lord! hush!" he bawl'd in desp'rate
fright,
"There's VENUS in the barge!"

EPIGRAMS.

So fair I thought your face and mind
I wonder'd much that half mankind
Were not of wits bereav'd;
I've had you now three weeks to try
And wonder how the devil I
Could be so much deceiv'd.

SOUND LOGICK.

Said buxom Joan to husband Dick,
If man and wife one creature be,
To cuckold you 's a loving trick
Since you the pleasure share with me.
You're right, said Dick, and twig of tree
About her sides with vigour flew,
Since you the pleasure share with me
I'll kindly share the pain with you.

FOILED IN ESSENTIALS.

Unhappy me! said Nepo's wife;
Riches and virtue how to gain
Has been my study all my life,
Yet neither could I ere obtain.

EPITAPHS.

Here lies Randolph Peter, of Oriel, the Eater;
Who'er you are, tread softly, I intreat you,
For if he chance to wake, be sure, he'll eat you.

On Tom Lock, a Fisherman at East Bourne, Sussex,
who was a good cook, but addicted to drinking moonshine.

Ye men of East Bourne, and the neighbour-
ing shore,
Bewail your loss! Tom Lock—he is no more,
Where will you find a man of equal parts,
Vers'd in the boatman's and the kitchen arts!
Equally skilful, if at land or sea,
And to behold a perfect prodigy,
His neck distended to uncommon size,
His croaking voice, and then his swollen
eyes,
Were such true emblems of the life he led,
You'll not much wonder that he now lies
dead.

'Twas moonshine brought him to this fatal
end,
Not one dark night did e'er poor Tom be-
friend!
In vain for him did Sol his light display,
'Twas always moonshine either night or day.

In the church at Kendal, Westmoreland, written by
Dr. Watson, bishop of Landaff.

In memory of
SIR JOHN WILSON, KNT.

One of his Majesty's Justices of the Court of
Common Pleas.

Born at the Howe, Applethwaite, 6 Aug. 1741.
Died at Kendal, 18th of October, 1793.

He did not owe his Promotion

To the weight of

Great Connexions which he never courted;
Nor to the Influence of

Political Parties, which he never joined;

But to his Professional Merit,

And the unsolicited Patronage of the
Lord Chancellor Thurlow,

Who, in recommending to his Majesty

So profound a Lawyer,

And so good a Man,

Realized the hopes and expectations of

The whole Bar,

Gratified the general wishes of the Country,

And did honour to

His own Discernment and Integrity.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.] Philadelphia, Saturday, January 10, 1807.

[No. 2.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

ELOQUENCE OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

OF the biography of St. Chrysostom, the celebrated orator of the Greek church, Gibbon has given us a sketch, interesting for the vicissitudes of his life and the extraordinary splendour of his character. With his works he professes no acquaintance, being alarmed at the sight of thirteen folio volumes, filled with homilies, and satisfied to form his opinion of their excellence from those criticks, who have been most moderate in their commendations. "They (he says) unanimously attribute to the christian orator the free command of an elegant and copious language, the judgment to conceal the advantages which he derived from the knowledge of rhetoric and philosophy; an inexhaustible fund of metaphors and similitudes, of ideas and images, to vary and illustrate the most familiar topicks; the happy art of engaging the passions in the service of virtue, and of exposing the folly as well as the turpitude of vice, almost with the truth of a dramatick representation."

As a proof that this criticism is both moderate and just, we need only refer to the wonderful effects of an oratory which exalted an obscure and unambitious individual to a height of

power in the metropolis of the Eastern Empire equal, if not superiour, to that of the Emperour himself.

Having lately met with one of those volumes, and thinking that I perceive a mine of eloquence which justifies the appellation of "Chrysostom," (or "the golden mouth") given him by his contemporaries, and which might contribute, if successfully explored, to the literary wealth of the present age, I have ventured to offer you the following translation of a passage in his homily on patience:

—Remember then, my brethren! in the pressure of poverty, in the pain and languor of disease, in all your afflictions, remember the sufferings of Job, and blush for your complaints. But let me display to you all the terrors of a war in which all nature was combined against him. Ten children were torn from him! all in one dreadful moment; all in the flower of life; all in the bloom of virtue! and by no ordinary means, but by a death the most cruel, the least expected. Is there any whom such a flood of ruin would not overwhelm? Any heart of adamant which could resist it? There is none; not one. For if any one of these calamities would have been of itself intolerable, think what must have been his agony, against whom such a host of miseries was assembled!

Remember then, my brethren! when you have lost the cherished objects of your souls, a son, a daughter, remember that your refuge from despair is the example of Job. Look there for consolation. Remember his words in the midst of his anguish, they sanctify his memory with a splendour to which the lustre of a thousand diadems is pale. Behold the extent of his desolation. Behold this shipwreck of every remaining comfort, this last and bloody scene of a tragedy of horrors! You may have wept over the grave of one child, perhaps of another, or of another; but he, of all; he, in one moment the delighted father of a numerous offspring, is, in the next childless. Nor did they expire gradually and gently in their beds, nor did he sit by them, nor did he feel the last faint pressure of their hands, nor did he hear the dying whispers of affection. Even these sad soothings were denied him. Nor was any aggravation wanting which can add to the bitterness of grief. They died not only suddenly, but in their youth; not only in youth, but in innocence; unconscious of evil, unsuspicious of misfortune. In the sons and daughters of Job he had watched every bud of virtue as it opened, they shone in all the varieties of human excellence, they were worthy of all his love, and they were all beloved. If any one of these circumstances would have swelled the torrent of adversity, what must have been its fury, when they were all seen united, when they all rushed together against him? The enemy of the world had put forth all his strength, had attacked him with all the malignity of his nature, he had bereaved him of all his enjoyments, he had left him no hope but for death.

When we think how these things were borne, my brethren, we are lost in amazement! we behold a miracle of the Almighty! The storm had howled among his branches, had stripped him at once of all his fruit; it had passed over him and he stood a leafless trunk—but he stood. The angry waves of affliction had rolled upon him; but his bark still floated in a sea of sor-

row—All the foundations of his faith were undermined, but the tower was unshaken.

In the intervals of pain, when disease had suspended her tortures that the severer tortures of reflection might be inflicted, what must have been his feelings—His thoughts flew back to the children he had lost—sad recollection to a father! He remembered also their filial tenderness, their obedience, their endearing qualities which had increased the natural affection of a parent, and now aggravated his misfortune. Had they been vicious, the unworthiness of their lives would have been some consolation for their deaths: but the memory of their virtues showed him the inestimable value of blessings snatched from him forever. He remembered also that, alas! he had lost all—that not one was spared, that he had no earthly object of his love remaining. Had only one survived, how would he have cherished it? how sweet would have been such a comforter in his misery? But where now was a wretched father, deprived of all his children, to look for comfort? He remembered also the suddenness of their fate. The force of grief, as of joy, is strengthened by being unexpected. How often when death has seized upon his victim, after a few days illness, do we hear complaints of the cruelty of death? Yet he had beheld the destruction of his children, not in a few days, nor in a few hours, nor in one, but in a moment. In a moment the scene of their social festivity was made a den of slaughter—their habitation, their tomb! At this funeral pile, my brethren! behold a father! He searches among the ruins—he grasps a broken pillar of the building—it is wet with the blood of his children. With one trembling hand he removes a stone—the other shrinks from the mangled limb of a child. Their mutilated bodies are before him, the illusions of hope are vanished. There is neither life, nor form, nor feature remaining. In vain does he attempt to recognise their well-known lineaments, in vain to distinguish one from another. They are all alike, all lacerated with innume-

nable wounds; all crushed into a loathsome mass of deformity.

You are agitated, my brethren! I behold your tears. If you cannot bear those things, how would you have borne them? If your hearts can be thus melted by a cold recital of another's calamity; think what must have been the agony of the man who beheld it—of the father who endured it? Amidst the wailings of distress, do you hear the voice of upbraiding? Does he say “wherefore is this evil come upon me? Is this the reward of my benevolence? Have I opened my doors to the stranger? Have I distributed my wealth to the poor? Have I been a father to the fatherless? And is it therefore that I am naked and destitute? Have I instructed my children in wisdom? Have I led them in the paths of righteousness? Have I taught them to worship God? And is it therefore that he has destroyed them!”—No such murmurs escape him. He kisses the hand that chastises him. He bends with resignation to the will of Heaven—“The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!” Wonder not, my brethren, that he tore his hair—that he scattered the fragments of his garments to the winds—that he fell upon the earth—that he rolled in the dust. He was a father. Had he been unmoved, his fortitude would have been without merit—a cold and brutish philosophy would have disgraced the character of Job.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following tale was published, some months since, in the N. E. Republican. It is presumed that the circulation of that paper was not then so extensive as to have rendered the story uninteresting to the present readers of *The Port Folio*: it is, therefore, with some trivial alterations, offered for a place in your miscellany. A few of your friends will be pleased with its insertion, and none, perhaps, disoblige.

EMILY HAMMOND,

AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

To convey useful instruction without giving offence, is a task attended with peculiar difficulty. When our

faults are set before us, even though friendship itself assume the task of correction, the inherent pride of our hearts, feels wounded at the fancied reproof, and too often totally weakens every effort for reformation.

Well-drawn sketches of *real life*, however, furnish a mean of instruction which nothing but confirmed baseness of character can render ineffectual. When we see a course of vicious conduct succeeded by disgrace, misfortune, and repentance; and remark the honour, the happiness, and peace of mind which, even in this life, active Virtue confers on her votaries; we receive instruction without suspecting it. Imagination and Passion are interested, and leave an impression on the understanding, which formal advice and abstract reasoning could never have produced.

If the following “unvarnished little tale” shall speak Virtue’s call to one erring heart, or beguile a single hour from the dulness of *ennui*, or the pursuit of trifles; the relater will think his trouble amply repaid. To correct the passions, to soften and amend the heart, has been his object: applause is not expected, and apology will not be attempted.

In the early part of my life, I contracted an intimacy with a Mr. Drey, a young gentleman from the eastern part of Massachusetts. Youthful attachments are frequently less permanent than their early warmth would lead us to expect: new connexions are formed, and new interests arise, as our years increase; and leave to friendship little beyond an empty name. To Mr. Drey and myself, however, these remarks by no means apply. Although engaged in the most active of all employments, while my life presented little more than a scene of peaceable idleness, he welcomed my frequent visits to his family, with all the ardour of youthful friendship. When I felt the warm grasp of his hand, I forgot that I was growing grey, while “the joys of other times” rose to my memory in colours almost too vivid to permit the reflection that they were never to return!

Mr. Drey married when young. His lady was an accomplished woman, and in her disposition amiable in a high degree. Unlike too many of our fashionable wives, she found her chief happiness in increasing that of her husband: to lighten the pressure of his cares, and multiply the sources of his enjoyment, seemed less her duty than her delight: and in that affectionate interchange of kind offices arising from a reciprocal desire to please, my friends enjoyed a degree of domestic felicity which I shall look in vain to see excelled.

They had two children, one of whom died in early infancy; and on the other, a promising boy, was lavished all the fond attention which should have been divided among a more numerous family. He received an early education; and, at the age of seventeen, was placed in a course of professional study, under the care of a relation at Philadelphia.

Such was the family of Mr. Drey three years since: my friend now rests in his kindred earth; his amiable wife tenants the clay by his side; while their son, their only and darling child, "the child of many prayers," in whom centered all the fond hopes and expectations which the parental bosom alone can feel: this son, if yet alive, is a wanderer in foreign climes, friendless and destitute, and tortured with the "gnawings of that worm which never dies."

My readers will pardon this short characteristic sketch; it is a tribute due to the memory of my friends.

In the autumn of 1802, I received intelligence that Mr. Drey was dangerously ill. Wishing to see him, with as little delay as possible, I took a seat in the mail-stage, as offering the most certain and expeditious manner of travelling. The first day I rode quite alone: the carriage reached New-Haven about midnight; and after a few hours' repose, I was summoned to continue my journey toward Boston. As I entered the coach, I observed, by the light of the waiter's lantern, a young lady who had entered before me, and placed herself on

the back-seat. She was of a delicate form, and apparently in ill health: but the circumstance which most powerfully excited my feelings was, that she carried a very young infant, who appeared, like its unfriended protectress, to be ill prepared for the fatigues of such a journey. The coachman's customary inquiry, "all in?" was answered by a hoarse "yes" from the door, and I found myself on the road, with no other travelling companion than a woman, who seemed, at best, friendless, unprotected, and unknown.

The morning was cold and rainy. Drowsy through fatigue and want of rest, I drew my cloak around me, and fell into a kind of half slumber, from which, however, I was soon roused by a complaining cry from the infant which my fellow traveller carried: "Hush, poor little outcast! hush, my poor babe," cried she, in a voice of mournful tenderness, "The world has no pity for you! Oh, it is a cruel world!" She pressed her suffering little one to her bosom, and sobbed in anguish. Here was an appeal to my feelings too powerful to be resisted: in the impulse of the moment, I seated myself close by her side—"Young woman! you seem to be distressed—trust an old man: I can have no interest in deceiving you!"—"I am distressed!" she replied in a voice scarcely audible; "but I did not mean to complain."

"Have you travelled far?"

"From Philadelphia, sir."

"Painful! And you go farther still."

"To Boston—"

"Who are your friends in Boston?"

I inquired hastily. She burst into a passion of tears, and I felt I had asked too much. "I have no friends—no home!" she replied—"I expect no pity but from heaven, and I have forfeited even that. For myself, I could suffer in silence—I deserve to suffer; but my babe—oh, sir! my friendless little one has a better claim to compassion!"

"You have both a claim—and be mine the task to guard you! We are all the children of transgression, and if you have erred more than others,

your sufferings must have been in full proportion. You are distressed—I claim your reliance on my protection.”

There are times when prudence and compassion appear at variance, and when pity would seem to deserve the name of weakness. The unfeeling sensualist may sneer at my credulity; and that cold, timid selfishness which shelters itself under the sacred garb of prudence may “point its iron frown” at actions which it cannot imitate—little do I care. Be it mine to pity the faults and sooth the sorrows of a repentant fellow mortal; and if that Being whose highest attribute is mercy, should throw error in my way, may I ever be the victim of my heart, rather than the dupe of my head!

When we reached Boston, I procured attendance for my *protégé* at one of the inns, and went immediately to the house of a widow lady, with whom I had been intimately acquainted during a former residence in that town. Mrs. Barlow was a quaker, and possessed, in reality, that purity and simplicity of morals so generally apparent in people of her persuasion. To this woman I immediately related my adventure, and concluded with asking her assistance and protection for the unhappy stranger. The ladies, I am well aware, will frown at this: “A witless old cully! Could he not be satisfied with being a fool himself? I wish he had applied to me! I would have shown him the difference between—but let’s hear what his Mrs. Barlow said to him.” With the smile of angel benevolence on her face, she replied: “Friend J. thou art full of thy whims, but I know thy heart: bring the poor girl to me; I must not be behind thee in succouring the unfortunate.” I waited not for a repetition of this offer; and in a few minutes the “way-worn” sufferer was introduced to a protector of her own sex. Without waiting for any thing but a hasty refreshment, I borrowed Mrs. Barlow’s carriage; and in a few hours had the happiness of embracing my old friend. I found him in much better health, than my fears had predicted; his disorder, a

severe pleurisy, had yielded to prudent treatment and a good constitution, and he was fast recovering. His son, whom I had not seen for two years, was now at home. This young gentleman seemed exactly what his father was when my acquaintance with him commenced—A strong cultivated mind, assisted by a literary education; and an unusual proficiency in classic learning: a graceful form: a fine open countenance, and a manly spirit, checked by the restraint of true politeness, rendered Everard Drey not only an object of general esteem, but, in a high degree, what our *novel-writing* ladies would call a *dangerous man*. He was melancholy, however: Some hidden sorrow, which neither the confidence of friendship, nor the anxious inquiries of parental tenderness, could elicit, preyed upon his spirits and impaired his health.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

In your zeal to censure every thing American, you sometimes charge us with faults and errors that do not belong to us. The verb *progress*, so frequently the object of your ridicule, is not a word of our own manufacture, nor is the use of it peculiar to us. It is to be found in the English newspapers, and in their *magazines*, which are of still better authority; and as I know you are in the habit of perusing these publications, in which the word must sometimes have occurred, I cannot but feel surprised and hurt, that prejudice against your native country should so far get the better of your love of justice, as to render you blind to all defects but what you find at home. Let me inform you farther, the word is in *Walker’s Dictionary*; and in *Entick’s*, and may likewise be seen in the works of Shakspeare.

The contention about the origin or propriety of a word is, to be sure, not entitled to much earnestness of argument, nor should I have noticed the matter, only as a new proof of that antipathy which I think not properly indulged. For my part I have a natural

prepossession in favour of the country of my birth, a prepossession which, if I remember right, your favourite Burke declares to be a laudable one, and which certainly every patriotic heart must feel. But if candour, or a wish to reform, should outweigh the nature of an honest attachment, and induce us to decry its *real* imperfections, for the sake of justice at least, let us go no farther.

AN AMERICAN.

[The sixty-fourth number of "The Adelpiad" exhibits a portrait of the late archbishop of Canterbury. The character of that prelate was so respectable, and his biographer is so ingenious, that we have a double motive to invite our readers to look at the ensuing sketch.]

FROM THE PROVIDENCE GAZETTE.

THE ADELPHIAD, No. 64.

His grace the most Reverend John Moore, late archbishop of Canterbury, is one of many instances which show that men of talents may rise to the first offices in the British government, independently of all considerations of birth, title, and family connexion. He was the son of a respectable country grazier in the west of England, who gave him a liberal education, and placed him in the University of Oxford; where he was only remarkable for his application to study, and the correctness of his manners and morals. Some time after Mr. Moore entered into orders, it was rumoured at the University that a nobleman, whose name was not mentioned, had made application for a tutor to his son. The gentlemen, to whom an offer of this office was made, unani- mously declined accepting it, on the supposition that, as the nobleman appeared to be ashamed of his name, he was some inferior Scotch lord, whose patronage would never prove of any benefit. The place was, in course, offered to Mr. Moore, who cheerfully accepted it, observing at the same time, that as he had no great prospects in life, the situation, if not beneficial, could not be injurious to him. When he was informed that the nobleman, who made the application, was no less

a person than the duke of Marlborough, he, with becoming diffidence and modesty, shrunk from the charge, declaring he did not, by any means, think himself qualified to enter into so great a family, or to undertake the education of a young lord who was the heir of such a distinguished title. The duke of Marlborough was so much pleased with the modest demeanour of Mr. Moore, that he in a manner insisted on his taking upon him the office he had accepted—and accordingly he was introduced into the family of the duke. Mr. Moore had the advantage of a graceful and handsome person, which attracted the attention of the dutchess dowager of Marlborough, and she actually made him the offer of her hand. Mr. Moore very prudently and honourably communicated this proposal to the duke, who advised him most sedulously to avoid the dutchess in future. With this advice he faithfully complied; and by his candour and honesty he fully secured the friendship of the duke, through whose interest and influence at court he was created a bishop. Upon the death of archbishop Cornwallis, several bishops made interest to succeed him. Their family connexions and influence were so nearly balanced, that the king found himself in a disagreeable predicament, as he could not give any one bishop the preference without offending the rest, as well as their relations and friends. The king, therefore, with great wisdom and prudence, recommended to the contending bishops to fix among themselves upon a successor to the archbishopric. Bishop Moore was a *bon vivant*, and it was thought his habit tended to an apoplexy, which must of course carry him off in a few years:—He was also strongly recommended by his patron, the duke of Marlborough. The bishops therefore concluded upon recommending him, as, in the course of the few years he would probably live, some arrangements might take place among them, whereby they might more easily determine on what they thought a more permanent successor to the See of Canterbury. Bishop

Moore was accordingly elected, and his constitution deceived his electors, as he has filled the archiepiscopal chair about twenty years. It might have been expected, that a man who was advanced from the inferiour walks of life, to a precedence of all the ancient nobility of Great-Britain, which archbishop Moore enjoyed as metropolitan and primate of all England, would have been inflated with pride, and that he would become unmindful of his former connexions. But the dignity of archbishop Moore had no such effect upon him. He continued the same benevolent, affable, unassuming man he had ever been, and his filial piety to his parents was ever undiminished. He was a learned and pious prelate, and the sermons he composed, and occasionally delivered, were not inferior to those of Tillotson. The business of an archbishop of Canterbury is arduous; but on Sundays, which are days of leisure, his grace attended to the invitations of different churches to preach charity sermons, &c. He was a lover of peace, and never engaged in polemical disputes; insomuch that the great Priestleian controversy, which assailed the very foundation of the doctrines of the church of England, passed by unregarded by him. No complaints have ever been heard respecting the use he made of his great power in the church; and he has left behind him the character of a most worthy man, and a most excellent archbishop.

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For The Port Folio.

In many a political conversation ADDISON'S authority is triumphantly quoted as decisive in favour of those doctrines which, according to the cant of the day, are favourable to civil liberty. His Freeholder is frequently resorted to as an irrefragable proof of his bias to whiggism. It is true that Mr. Addison had a very just abhorrence for despotick power, and, though perhaps there was not much occasion for excess of alarm on the one hand, or excess of zeal on the other, he chose at the accession of George I., to display

both. Though a very amiable, virtuous, and honest man, he still was biassed by that self-love, which governs spirits less enlightened than his own. By the publication of sentiments so favourable to the interests of the house of Hanover, he was sure, with his abilities, to gain attention and procure respect and power. That this was the consequence of the exertion of his talents to fortify the power of the new dynasty, was manifested immediately by his political preferment. In the reign of queen Ann, even the jacobin may remember, that Mr. ADDISON wrote a few papers which boast some authority; whether he was then a whig, in the present acceptation of the word, let the ensuing extract show. In one of his Tatlers he describes, under the form of an allegory, the Genius of a Republick and the Genius of a limited Monarchy like that of Great-Britain. This great man, temperate writer, and virtuous politician, speaks in the following very memorable terms of these two modes of polity.

On the left hand of the Goddess, sat the *Genius of a Commonwealth* with the *cap of Liberty* on her head, and in her hand a wand like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire: but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood "*The Ides of March.*"

On the right hand of the Goddess was the *Genius of Monarchy*. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand she held a sceptre, like that which is borne by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions were crouching at her feet;

her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror; her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, and accompanied with such an air of condescension as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all who beheld her.

I saw Licentiousness dressed in a garment not unlike the Polish cassock, and leading up a whole army of monsters, such as *Clamour* with a hoarse voice and a hundred tongues; *Confusion* with a misshapen body, and a thousand heads. *Impudence* with a forehead of brass; and *Rafine* with hands of iron. The tumult, noise, and uproar of this *Commonwealth* were so very great that they disturbed my imagination and awakened me.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF GUIDO.

[From a French work of high authority we have hastily translated the life of a famous painter. We regret the coarseness of our canvas, when we reflect upon the glories of his pencil.]

Guido Rheni, a Bolognian painter, was born in 1575. He was the son of a flute player, and his father was anxious that he should press the keys of the harpsichord; but Painting, in his eye, was more attractive than her sister. He was then apprenticed to D. Calvart, a Flemish painter; he then had the advantage of the instructions of the Carracci, and quickly distinguished himself by his performances. The jealousy which some of the greatest masters conceived of him was a striking proof of the excellence of his genius. Caravaggio was once so forgetful of decency as to strike him a violent blow in the face. But if his pencil procured him rivals, it also procured him patrons. Pope Paul V took a peculiar pleasure in the inspection of his labours, and rewarded him with the gift of a coach and a large pension. The prince John Charles of Tuscany made him a present of a gold chain, his picture, and sixty pistoles, for a head of Hercules which he painted in

less than two hours. The rapidity with which he painted was astonishing. He would have terminated a life of wealth and fame had not a love of play interrupted his labours, and blasted, in an instant, all the fruits of his application. Reduced to indigence by this absurd and ruinous passion, he never used his pencil again but as the means of subsistence, and painted ill because he painted too fast. In his old age he had the mortification to see his paintings neglected by the connoisseurs. Hunted by creditors, and abandoned by false friends, he died of chagrin at Bologna in the year 1641, aged 66. Guido was always solicitous to receive homage as an artist, and in exacting what he conceived to be due to his professional skill he was insolent and haughty. To a person who reproached him for not making his court to the cardinal legate of Bologna, he replied, *I would not exchange my pencil for his cap.* He disdained to court the great. *When these noblemen, says he, come to visit me, it is a compliment paid to my art and not to my person.*

He always worked according to a sort of ceremonial. He always dressed himself with elegance, his pupils forming in silence a circle around him, arrayed his pallet and cleaned his pencils. He never would affix any price to his performances, and received money, as an *honourarium* and not as a gratuity.

Averse to gallantry although he had a very agreeable person, he never would suffer himself to remain alone with those females who, as models, revealed to him all the temptations of their naked charms. He loved ample apartments almost vacant of furniture. Men says he, shall visit my house not for the sake of its hangings, but its paintings. The debts which he had contracted at Rome, having obliged him to abscond from that city, the cardinal legate of Rome threatened him with a legal process, unless he should return. A gentleman who overheard this menace, remarked to the ecclesiastick *that if Guido were to be manacled it must be only with a gold-*

in chain. The painter soon surrendered himself. Paul the Fifth enriched him with his bounty, and loaded him with benefits. The principal works of Guido are in Italy, but there are several of his paintings in France both in the king's cabinet and in the *Palais Royal*. All his pictures are remarkable for freedom, grace, expression, and correctness of design. His carnations are so vivid that we imagine we can discern the blood circulating in the veins of his figures. His heads are peculiarly excellent. This artist united softness and strength in all his paintings. His sketches acknowledge the same hand as his pictures. We have many engravings from his canvases.

For The Port Folio.

LEVITY.

[The polite reader will readily recollect the curious letter in Peregrine Pickle which Tom Pipes, in lieu of the original, obtained from the sublime pen of the parish clerk. The witty Dr. Eachard, in one of his facetious tracts, has preserved a letter, supposed to be written by some country curate, which in the turgid, the rumbling, the fustian, the foolish, and the bombastick style, is hardly to be exceeded by a *July oration itself*.]

Most bright and transcendental madam,

I presume by the intercession of this coarse and erroneous paper to arrive at your fair and infallible fingers; and to pay the utmost tribute of my devotion at the high altar of your perfections. The great concern, madam, of my life now is only to sacrifice the poor remains of it to your intrigues, and to make all my interests and inclinations to be observant of your commands, and to do homage at the shrine of your virtues. Nay, madam, I am in some curiosity whether I be above, or this side of the heaven's canopy; for no sooner was I beamed upon by your shining ladyship, but I seemed presently to be altogether taken up. The delicacies of the palate are to me grown all insipid; and it is the contemplation, madam, of your glories alone, in which I can find any satisfying gust. In fine, madam, were there not hopes of seeing once more your angelical self, and receiving some be-

nediction from the flambeaux of your eyes, I would presently resolve to commence blindness; and were it not for the oriental fumes that come from your breath, it should not be long before I put a period to my own. Should I indeed, madam, go about to make an harangue answerable to all those jewels that lie from your eye-lids to your fingers' ends, it must be as lofty as Teneriffe and as long as the equinoctial line; and, therefore, instead of that I have nothing else to prostrate at your feet but the everlasting disposal of

Madam

The most devoted of all your vassals,
And the meanest of your footstools.

[H. Repton, Esq. one of the friends of Burke and Windham, and a fine fellow, of course, published a small volume of very ingenious and elegant essays to which he gave the happy and appropriate name of "Variety." In a very late edition of his works he has preserved one paper which the reader will find below; a paper of so much merit that it may, with justice, be ranked with the best and wittiest of Addison's Spectators.]

THE DISTRESSES OF A MODEST MAN.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and thence to the university, with a view of qualifying for holy orders. Here having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness which is the fatal cause of all my unhappiness, and which I now begin to fear can never be amended. I had therefore resolved on living at the university and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of my uncle from the Indies.

This uncle I had very rarely heard my father mention, and it was generally believed that he was long since dead, when he arrived in England only a week too late to close his brother's eyes. I am ashamed to confess, what I believe has been often experienced by those, whose education has been better than their parents', that my poor father's ignorance, and vulgar language, had often made me blush to think I was his son; and at his death I was not inconsolable for the loss of that, which I was not unfrequently ashamed to own. My uncle was but little affected, for he had been separated from his brother more than thirty years, and in that time he had acquired a fortune which

he used to brag would make a nabob happy; in short, he had brought over with him the enormous sum of thirty thousand pounds, and upon this he built his hopes of never-ending happiness. While he was planning schemes of greatness and delight, whether the change of climate might affect him, or what other cause I know not, but he was snatched from his dreams of joy by a short illness, of which he died, leaving me heir to all his property. And now sir, behold me at the age of twenty-five, well-stored with Latin, Greek, and mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune, but so awkward and unversed in every gentleman-like accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me, as the wealthy learned clown.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in (what is called) a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect on my parentage and uncouth manner, you will hardly think how much my company is courted by the surrounding families (especially by those who have marriageable daughters): from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most pressing invitations, and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have repeatedly excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled; for the truth is, that when I rode or walked with full intent to return their several visits my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again tomorrow.

However, I at length conquered my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day with one, whose open, easy manner left me no room to doubt of a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with about two thousand pounds a year estate, joining that I purchased; he has two sons and five daughters all grown up, and living with their mother and a maiden-sister of Sir Thomas's, at Friendly-hall, dependant on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken private lessons of a professor who teaches grown gentlemen to dance; and though I, at first, found wonderful difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use, in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions.

Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet's invitation to a family dinner, not doubting but my new acquirements would enable me to ~~so~~ the ladies with tolerable intrepidity: but alas! how vain are all the hopes of theory, when unsupported by habitual practice. As I approached the house a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the

dinner by want of punctuality; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw; at my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly: but unfortunately in bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of Sir Thomas, who had followed close at my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me, is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men can judge of my distress, and of that description, the number, I believe, is very small. The baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern; and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear with perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till, at length, I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant bindings, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek classicks, in which the baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of Xenophon in sixteen volumes, which (as I had never before heard of such a thing) greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be; Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and (as I suppose) willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book, which made me more eager to prevent him, and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly; but lo! instead of books, a board, which by leather and gilding had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgwood inkstand on the table under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell, which at first so alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall and suite of apartments to the dining room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter at the table. Since the fall of the wooden Xenophon, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and feel comfortably cool, when an

unlooked for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some minutes my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling chaldron; but recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture, when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and the servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by my being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat and knocking down a salt-seller; rather let me hasten to the second course, "where fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me: in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal; it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the side-board, which I snatched up with eagerness: but oh! how shall I tell the sequel? Whether the butler by accident mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, almost flayed and blistered; totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed by bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters: for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet from the consequences of the fall of Xenophon, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in

every direction. The baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his lady in the general laugh; while I sprung from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damn'd." The lower half of me has been almost broiled, my tongue and mouth grill'd, and I bear the mark of Cain upon my forehead; yet these are but trifling considerations, to the everlasting shame which I must feel, whenever this adventure shall be mentioned; perhaps by your assistance, when my neighbours know how much I feel on the occasion, they will spare a bashful man, and (as I am just informed my poultice is ready) I trust you will excuse the haste in which I subscribe myself yours, &c.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the varying wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy.

HUME insists with all the force of reason and truth, that the Tudors were more tyrannical in their temper than the Stuarts. The following is a curious picture of the imperiousness of Elizabeth.

When the speaker, Sir Edward Coke, made the three usual requests of freedom from arrest, of access to her person, and of liberty of speech, she replied to him by the mouth of Puckering, Lord Keeper, that liberty of speech was granted to the commons, but they must know *what liberty* they were entitled to: not a liberty for every one to speak what he listeth, or what cometh in his brain to utter—their privilege extended no farther than a liberty of aye or no. That she enjoined the speaker, if he perceived any *idle heads* so negligent of their own safety as to attempt reforming the church, or innovating in the commonwealth; that he should refuse the bills exhibited for that purpose, till they were examined by such as were fitter to consider of these things, and could better judge of them: that she would not impeach the freedom of their persons; but they must beware, lest, under colour of this privilege, they imagined that any neglect of their duty could be covered or protected.

The following lines suit the season.

WINTER.

You say, my love, the drifted snow
Around our ivy roof is flying;
Why, what care I? our bosoms glow;
And Love still smiles, the storm defying.
Love shall no angry tempest fear,
Tho' frowning skies the hail may scatter,
For still our guardian Love is here,
Should howling blasts our cottage shatter.

Let icy bosoms freeze, while shrill
The north wind blows around our dwelling;
Our bosoms feel the glowing thrill,
And still with melting joys are swelling.
The hollow gust which passes by,
We scarcely hear, no danger fearing,
Yet Love's most soft and murmur'd sigh,
Shall speak in accents sweetly cheering:

Our faggot fire shall brighter blaze,
Our bed of down invite to slumber,
And till the morn shall spread its rays,
Time shall delightful moments number.
See the dull flame our taper shows!
Faintly it burns: well! let it quiver,
The torch of Love unwasted glows,
And still shall glow as bright as ever.

Days of my youth, ye are gliding away,
Days of my youth, ye will shortly be
vanish'd,
Soon will the warm tints of fancy decay,
Soon from my cheek will the roses be
banish'd.

Brief as the wild flower that lives on the
spray,
Brief as the bright dew that hangs on the
morning,
Youth gives its blossoms to life's barren way,
All the drear waste for an instant adorning.
Soon will the hopes of my bosom be hush'd,
Soon will the hours of my day-dreams be
number'd,
Quickly the shoots of romance will be crush'd,
All will be fled that I've wish'd, or I've
slumber'd.

Go then, ye warm beaming joys of a day;
Go then, ye moments of bliss and of sorrow,
Calm will I bend me to time's pale decay,
And from contentment new roses will bor-
row.

A greater and more ruinous mistake can-
not befallen into, than that the trades of agri-
culture and grazing can be conducted upon
any other than the common principles of
commerce; namely, that the producer should
be permitted, and even expected, to look to
all possible profit which, without fraud or
violence, he can make; to turn plenty or
scarcity to the best advantage he can; to
keep back or bring forward his commodities
at his pleasure; to account to no one for his
stock or for his gain. On any other terms
he is the slave of the consumer; and that he

should be so is of no benefit to the consumer.
No slave was ever so beneficial to the master
as a freeman that deals with him on an equal
footing by convention; formed on the rules
and principles of contending interests and
compromised advantages. The consumer,
if he were suffered, would in the end always
be the dupe of his own tyranny and injustice.
The landed gentleman is never to forget,
that the farmer is his representative.

A good memory.—A lady who had made se-
veral *faux pas* in life, being afterwards mar-
ried very happily, a company of ladies were
talking over the circumstance, and mention-
ing that she had the frankness to tell her
husband, before marriage, all that had hap-
pened. "What candour! what honesty!"
added they. "Yes," cried Foote, joining in
the general praise; "and what an *amazing*
memory too."

Motto for a physician.—Foote being asked
by a lady to translate a physician's motto,
which was, "*A numine salus*," he quickly
replied, "*God help the patient*."

ON COURTSHIP.

Would you act the prudent lover,
Still maintain the manly part;
Let not downcast looks discover
All the sorrows of your heart.

Women soon the truth divining,
Slily laugh, or sharply rail,
When the swain in accents whining,
Tells his melancholy tale.

Nor by sanguine hopes directed,
Use a victor's haughty strain;
Every nymph, by pride protected,
Learns to scorn the forward swain.

Him for conquest, Love shall fashion,
Him the Graces all attend,
Who with the most ardent passion
Joins the lover and the friend.

A wretch who had a diabolical rancour against
M. Despremenil, was, in the beginning of
the French revolution, accusing him of being
an apostate from the cause of the people;
and concluded his violent harangue by a pro-
posal, that as his person was not immedi-
ately in their power, they should turn his wife
and children into the street, and burn his
house. A person of presence of mind and
humanity, exclaimed, "That it would be no
punishment to the real criminal, because the
house and furniture belonged to the landlord,
his wife to the publick, and that as for the
children, they belonged to some of the best
patriots in the company."

This sarcasm though believed neither by
the speaker nor his audience, put them in a
humour inconsistent with the horrid propo-
sal, and saved the family of M. Despremenil
from destruction.

The chancellor of France at the opening of the states, said, in a tone of oratorical flourish, that all occupations were honourable. If he meant only, that no honest employment was disgraceful, he would not have gone beyond the truth. But in asserting, that any thing is honourable, we imply some distinction in its favour. The occupation of a hair-dresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honour to any person—to say nothing of a number of more servile employments. Such descriptions of men ought not to suffer oppression from the state; but the state suffers oppression, if such as they, either individually or collectively, are permitted to rule. In this you think you are combating prejudice, but you are at war with nature.—*Burke.*

THE ROSE AND THE PERTWINKLE.

How hard my fate, exclaims a Rose,
As waking to the noontide beam
Their silken folds her leaves disclose,
And blushing meet the golden gleam.

Scant is the portion nature gives
To me, unhappy flower! she cries,
A few short days my bloom survives,
Then changes, sickens, fades, and dies.

See how the sun's refulgent power
The starling lily's bosom warms!
Each ray that cheers her opening flower,
Serves but to fade my transient charms.

While struggling zephyrs rudely press,
And o'er my tender beauties rove,
Their busy wings disturb my dress,
By Flora's fairest handmaids wove.

Yon hardy plant, that creeping spreads,
By the dank wall, its glossy green,
Nor summer's blazing ardour dreads,
Nor winter's desolated scene.

Ungrateful favourite! quick replied
The list'ning Shrub, which near her grew,
Blame not the Sun with wayward pride,
To whom thy praise, thy thanks are due.

The emerald sprays, that round thee dwell,
The rubies of thy leaf, so bright,
The gold, that studs thy honied cell
Are but reflections of his light.

Full when he rolls the tide of day
He makes thy velvet blush his care,
Bids gentle gales encircling play,
To cool for thee the parching air.

No drenching rains, no chilling blast
Thy halcyon hours are taught to know,
When Winter lays the garden waste,
And sullen showers his silent snow.

In Youth's luxuriant colours dress'd,
Ere one of their soft tints is flown,
'Tis thine to seek some virgin's breast,
And with its sweetness blend thine own.

Thus round the fair, the gay, the young,

By beauty's meteor light betray'd,
The flattering sons of Fashion throng,
In search of charms that soon shall fade:

While Virtue, Innocence, and Truth,

The tenants of the simple cot,
In cold neglect consume their youth,
Unthought, deserted, or forgot.

A weak woman always becomes the passive tool of the man on whom she places her affections; he is able to persuade her into measures entirely opposite to the natural bent of her disposition; for although there are more instances of men of sense who act foolishly or ridiculously through the influence of women, than there are of women who behave in that manner through the influence of men, yet the instances of women being led into acts of great wickedness or atrocity through the influence of men are more frequent than of men being impelled to deeds of that nature by the instigation of women.

FROM BENNET'S LETTERS.

If you are an early riser, you may find time for every thing. It is amazing how much is gained by lopping off an hour or two from indulgence in the morning. Nor is the mere saving of time the only advantage. Our spirits are more lively, and our faculties are more awake.

I do not know a practice which I should more recommend, whether devotion, health, beauty, or improvement of the mind, were the objects in view. How cheerful and how animated are the meditations of the morning! What a delightful bloom flushes into the cheeks from its balmy exhalations! What an unspeakable cheerfulness glides into the soul, from hearing the devotional matins of the lark, and from beholding the new-born scenery of nature! How necessary is such a regimen to preserve that sweetness of complexion and of breath, which are the very essence and perfume of beauty! When people think of accounting to God for the talents they have received, they overlook the hours which are lost in morning sloth and unreasonable indulgence.

I have inured myself for many years to this habit of early rising. In the spring months of April and May particularly, I grudge every moment that is wasted after five. I consider it as a rude neglect to all those sweets which opened to salute me. And I always find so much more deducted from the firmness of my health, and the vigour of my understanding.

ABUSE OF POWER IN REMOTE COLONIES.

It is difficult for the most wise and upright government to correct the abuses of remote delegated power, productive of unmeasured wealth, and protected by the boldness and strength of the same ill-got riches. These

abuses, full of their own wild native vigour, will grow and flourish under mere neglect. But where the supreme authority, not content with winking at the rapacity of its inferior instruments, is so shameless and corrupt as openly to give bounties and premiums for disobedience to its laws; when it will not trust to the activity of avarice in the pursuit of its own gains; when it secures publick robbery by all the careful jealousy and attention with which it ought to protect property from such violence; the commonwealth then is become totally perverted from its purposes; neither God nor man will long endure it; nor will it long endure itself. In that case, there is unnatural infection, a pestilential taint fermenting in the constitution of society, which fever and convulsions of some kind or other must throw off; or in which the vital powers, worsted in an unequal struggle, are pushed back upon themselves, and by a reversal of their whole functions, fester to gangrene, to death; and instead of what was but just now the delight and boast of the creation, there will be cast out in the face of the sun, a bloated, putrid, noisome carcass, full of stench and poison, an offence, a horror, a lesson to the world.

Dibdin, whose Muse never tires, has just sung us the following BALLAD.

Bacchus and Venus once, in Heaven
Kept up a clamorous war :
She wondered for what wine was given,
And he what love was for.
He swore Love's soft enticing joys
A foe to wine must prove ;
And she, who health by drink destroys
Unfitted is for love.

At length, to appease these scolds divine,
A fiat came from Jove,
That Love should be the friend of Wine,
And Wine the friend of Love.

Since when, all songs for jovial souls
Are never deemed divine
Till stuff'd with bottles, cupids, bowls,
And hopes and fears,
And sighs and tears,
High bumper'd glasses,
Pretty lasses,
Piercing darts,
And bleeding hearts,
Bacchus, Venus, Love, and Wine.

MARY,

By the late Mr. W. Clifton, an American Poet.

The morn was fresh, and pure the gale,
When Mary, from her cot a rover,
Pluck'd many a wild-rose from the vale,
To bind the temples of her lover.

As near her little farm she stray'd,
Where birds of love were ever pairing,
She saw her William in the shade,
The arms of ruthless war preparing.

She seiz'd his hand, and ah ! she cried,
Wilt thou, to camps and war a stranger,
Desert thy faithful Mary's side,
And bare thy life to every danger ?
Yet go, brave youth ! to arms away !
My maiden hands for fight shall dress thee ;
And when the drum beats far away,
I'll drop a silent tear and bless thee !

The bugles through the forest wind
The gallant soldier's call to battle ;
Be some protecting angel kind,
And guard thy life when cannons rattle.

She said—and as the rose appears
In sun-shine when the storm is over,
A smile beam'd sweetly through her tears,
The blush of promise to her lover.

When the body of the illustrious hero of Trafalgar was put into a cask of spirits to be transported to Old England, the bung accidentally fell out, and one of his lordship's fingers made its appearance at the opening. A seaman who had for some years served in the admiral's ship, seized the hand, and giving it a cordial gripe, at the same time wiping away a tear that glistened on his weather-beaten cheek, exclaimed, "D—n me, old boy, if you are not in *better spirits* than any of us."

PICTURE OF A STORM.

The following is extracted from a Translation of Virgil's Georgicks, by William Sotheby, Esqr. and in strength of painting has been rarely, if ever excelled.

E'en in mild Autumn, while the jocund hind
Bade the gay field the gather'd harvest bind,
Oft have I seen the war of winds contend,
And prone on earth th' infuriate storm descend,

Waste far and wide, and by the roots upturn,
The heavy harvest sweep thro' ether borne ;
While in dark eddies as the whirlwind past,
The straw and stubble flew before the blast ;
Column on column prest in close array,
Dark tempests thicken o'er the watery way,
Heav'n pour'd in torrents, rushes on the plain,

And with wide deluge sweeps the floating grain ;

The dykes o'erflow, the flooded channels roar,

Vext ocean's foaming billows rock the shore :
The Thunderer, thron'd in clouds, with darkness crown'd,

Bares his red arm, and flashes lightnings round.

The beasts are fled : earth rocks from pole to pole,

Fear walks the world and bows th' astonish'd soul :

Jove rives with fiery bolt Ceraunia's brow,
Or Achos blazing 'mid eternal snow :
The tempest darkens, blasts redoubled rave,
Smite the hoarse woods and lash the howling wave.

MERRIMENT.

Edmund Burke, and the Hon. Charles Fox, supping one evening at the Thatched House, were served with dishes more elegant than useful. Charles's appetite happening to be rather keen, he by no means relished the kickshaws before him, and addressing the orator, "By G—d, Burke," said he, "these dishes are admirably calculated for your palate, they are both *sublime and beautiful*!"

Thelwall, when on his trial at the Old Bailey for high treason, during the evidence for the prosecution, wrote the following note and sent it to his counsel, Mr. Erskine, "I am determined to plead my cause myself." Mr. Erskine wrote under it,—"If you do you'll be hanged;" to which Thelwall immediately returned this reply—"I'll be hang'd if I do."

The present lord Cork and Orrery being under the correction of his school-master, received the following reproachful accompaniment with the rod: "One of your ancestors invented an Orrery, and another of them gave to the world a translation of Pliny, but you, I fear, will never invent any thing but mischief, nor translate any thing but an idle boy into a foolish man: so that instead of myrtle, you shall be honoured with birch."

In the trial of a cause in the King's Bench, the attorney general charged Mr. Erskine with travelling out of his way in conducting his client's case. Mr. Erskine, in answer, said, "his learned friend had talked of the irrelevancy of certain questions which he had put; this reminded him of the celebrated Dr. Whitfield, who had been accused of rambling in his discourse by his audience; to which he replied, if you will ramble to the devil, I must ramble after you."

When lady Wallace was once in company with a large party, and the conversation turned upon the time at which the canon-law of Paphos forbids a female to tell her own age, she applied to David Hume, who had sat without speaking for some time, with a, "Pray Mr. Justice Silence, when I am asked what is my age, what answer shall I give?"—"Say, madam, replied he, 'what I believe will be the truth, that you are not yet come to the years of discretion.'"

Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish barrister, was some time since pleading in the Court of Chancery, when he complained of being twice interrupted by the lord chancellor's clerk, whose name was *Halfpenny*. On the third interruption, the chancellor peremptorily ordered the clerk to sit down; upon which Mr. Curran exclaimed, "My lord, I

thank you, you have at length nailed the rap to the counter."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The caprice of which "P" complains is certainly an *irregular* feature in the character of *some* ladies. What says POPE on this subject:

Papilla, wedded to her amorous spark,
Sighs for the shades—"How charming is a park!"

A park is purchas'd; but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—"Oh odious, odious trees."

We wish that "John Yorkshire" would send us a clean copy of Collin's "Golden days of Good Queen Bess," and any other meritorious production of that ingenious song writer. We wish that this *Yorkshire* man, who appears to be a very honest fellow and endowed with taste and judgment, would, by his *daily* opportunities, furnish us with those brilliant passages, which he knows how to select with so much propriety. We will faithfully keep his secret, and shall be truly obliged by his compliance. As "John" has such constant access to the British Journals his stock of good things must necessarily be ample.

"Jocundus" belongs to that merry class of mortals, whom Horace describes in his first ode,

Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici,
Nec partem solido demere de die
Spernit; nunc viridi membra sub arbuto
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.

"Gracchus," if he choose, may worship the *multitude*, but may the Editor, who invokes other powers, always exclaim

— me gelidum nemus
Nympharumque leves — chori,
Secernunt populo.

"W," the author of a very sprightly essay, to which we have assigned a front place in our first number, is a welcome correspondent. We shall be happy to receive either his prose or poetical essays.

"M," with elegance has translated a fragment from La Bruyere.

The allusion of "Slyboots" is perfectly accurate. Exactness of performance and loudness of profession are not always in alliance. Does "Slyboots" remember the song?

Curtis was old Hodge's wife;
For virtue none was ever such:
She led so pure, so chaste a life,
Hodge said 't was virtue overmuch,
For, says sly old Hodge, says he,
Great talkers do the least d' ye see.

The ear of "Juvenis" is not always a listener to the laws of prosody. He should learn

— How to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With *Midas' ears*, committing short and long.

The path of philosophy, which "Z" has traced is as crooked as his signature. Milton would address him in this wise,

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,
And *disapproves* that care, though wise in show
That with *superfluous burden* loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour refrains.

"Solus" will be let alone as long as he wishes; no one will ever violate the solitude of such a misanthrope.

"X" must be curtailed.

EPIGRAMS.

Translation of a French epigram under a print representing persons skating.

O'er crackling ice, o'er gulfs profound,
With nimble glide the skaters play;
O'er treacherous Pleasure's flowery ground
Thus lightly skim, and haste away.

On the Venus de Medicis.

The trunk to great Praxiteles we owe,
The head to the great Michael Angelo:
Each brought his part to perfect his design;
When joined, O Angelo, the work is thine.

Viewing the *trunk*, we curse relentless Time,
But when we view the *head*, forgive the crime.

In prime of life Tom lost his wife;
Says Dick, to sooth his pain,
Thy wife, I trow, is long ere now
In Abraham's bosom lain.
His fall forlorn with grief I mourn,
The shrewd dissembler cries,
For much I fear, by this sad tear,
She'd scratch out Abraham's eyes.

EPITAPHS.

On William Rich of Lydeard Close.
Beneath this stone in sound repose,
Lies William Rich of Lydeard close:
Eight wives he had yet none survive;
And likewise children eight times five:
From whom an issue vast did pour
Of great grand-children five times four.
Rich born, rich bred, but fate adverse
His wealth and fortune did reverse.
He lived and died immensely poor,
July the 10th, aged ninety-four.

On the King of Spain.

Here lies the last King Charles of Spain,
Who all his life ne'er made campaign:
He made no children, girl nor boy,
Nor gave two wives one nuptial joy.
What has this valiant prince then done,
Who long posset so vast a throne?
E'en nothing, neither good nor ill,
Nay, not so much as made his will.

On a child.

Here she lies a pretty bud
Lately made of flesh and blood:
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep;
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her.

On a very wicked man, who was killed by a fall from his horse.

"Between the stirrup and the ground,
I mercy ask'd, I mercy found."

On Madam Wagg, who was fond of playing cards:

Here lies Madam Wagg,
And we hope she's at rest;
But without *loo* and *brag*
She'll be sadly distressed.
So, lest cards might be few,
In so distant a land,
She discreetly withdrew,
With a pack in her hand.

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THE PORT FOLIO, .

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 17, 1807.

[No. 3.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For *The Port Folio*.

MISCELLANY.

[An English gentleman with whom, during a short residence in this country, we were in habits of intimacy, has lately addressed the following letter to a mutual friend, who has given us the power to publish it in this Journal. It will quickly be perceived that the letter-writer has bright optics to discern, and a skilful hand to describe what is beautiful in romantick scenery, or sublime in the remains of art. The description of his pedestrian tour through one of the most interesting counties in England is vivid as the emerald green of his own happy fields.]

YOUR welcome letter of the fifth August came in course, but was prevented being acknowledged in *course*, by absence on my south pedestrian expedition.

You did wisely to write by His Majesty's packet; whatever is committed to His Majesty's care is sacred from profanation. He protects alike from the gaze of impertinence and the hand of violence. I cannot say as much for "some one of the Liverpooliers," as I never received your letter of August or September, 1805, which has made a chasm in your correspondence from May 25, 1805, to August 5, 1806. I make a point of writing by the packets, and I do not find that a single letter of mine has miscarried.

I have also travelled E. W. N. and S. through your States: from South-Carolina to New-Hampshire; from

the Cataba to the Onondaga, from the Neversink Hills to the Alleghany Mountains; from Lake Erie to Lake Champlain, and was never invited by beat of tattoo to "go to bed Tom, with one shoe off and one shoe on," in a word, to *bundle*: nor did I ever meet with a traveller who would assert that he had ever experienced this mark of confidence and kindness. I have frequently slept in the same room with the family, father, mother, sons and daughters, but they always gave me a bed to myself, though the family squeezed the closer for it. That bundling has been practised I have no doubt, *but then* the parents have been in the room, *two* or more daughters in the same bed, and the upper garments only thrown off. This species of bundling may indicate the greatest pureness as well as simplicity of manners, and is no reflection upon the morals of any country.

I have not seen Moore's book, though from your description I feel inclined to purchase it. Judging from the Reviews, he is too severe upon a country which treated him with so much hospitality. I wish every traveller to speak truth, but then it should be the whole truth, or rather, say all the good he can, but not all the evil. You will observe that Moore has been involved in a *paper* war.

You are wrong in supposing that the New-Yorkers excited "pretty

warm feelings" against you. We gazed at the scene as you would at a heap of burning stubble: we saw a crackling blaze that ended in smoke, but neither felt the heat, nor dreaded harm. We certainly wish to keep well with you, but if in supporting our sovereignty by sea, now necessary as a barrier and counterpoise to the dominion and ambition of France, we clash with your *covert* commerce, you must not be surprised, if you are now and then, as I heard a Frenchman say, "*un homme de moins.*" We do not blame your resentment, but we thought the New-Yorkers did themselves no credit by their vindictive and childish manner of showing it.

Space is not allowed me to say much of my last excursion. It was both of less extent and of less variety than that through Wales. Instead of ten weeks, I, in this, consumed thirty-one days only: and instead of rambling through seventeen counties, I confined myself to two of the three ridings which divide my native one. Yet this *home circuit* included objects of much originality and of matchless beauty.

North Wales, whose boast is the sublime, has nothing to equal Gordale Scar, an object so transcendently sublime, as forced bishop Pococke to declare, that though he had seen all that was great and striking in the rocks of Arabia and Judea, he had seen nothing comparable to Gordale Scar. Neither has Judea, which could once boast the most glorious temple of the living God, nor any other country under heaven, so august, so solemn, so *devotional* a place of worship as York Cathedral. Saint Peter's, at Rome, may be more magnificent, but it reminds you more of the creature than the Creator; the one expanding your mind with surprise and admiration, this other penetrating the soul with awe and pious reverence. In the one you might expect to hear a madam Mara or a Billington, in the other the holy strains of a Magdalene.

If Craven furnishes no water-falls like those of the Mawddach, or Pont-ar-Fynach, it exhibits the Wharfe roaring through the Strid, and the

Aire, after a subterraneous passage, breaking into day at the foot of Malham Cove, where the Valley is closed by a portal of limestone forming a beautiful segment of a circle two hundred and eighty-six feet in height. Imagine, what I had evident proofs was once the case, the river Aire, many times its present volume, precipitated down the face of this rock, and consider that Niagara itself falls short one hundred and fifty feet. Not only Malham Cove, but Gordale Scar may be considered as the sources of the Aire. How delightful to trace a river to such a head! Had such been the source of the Abyssinian Nile, what would then have been Bruce's exclamation?

The water-falls in Wales are highly picturesque, highly romantic; but they have a kind of portable look: you feel inclined to carry them off, and place one here and another there, as you think will best decorate your park scenery. But Aysgarth Force, the Pearl of Wensleydale, instead of being a part, is the principal in the scene. It is a majestick river, *forcing* its way with accelerated velocity down a succession of ledges, a flight of steps: it is a mighty rush of waters, and was beheld with pleasure by one, who, from the Table Rock has hung suspended over the abyss of Niagara.

Wales is unequalled in her castles; those of Skipton, of Middleham, and of Bolton would lose this appellation if placed by the lordly sides of Conway and Carnarvon. But in monastick ruins, the British isles cannot match that portion which fell under my late survey. What extensive districts must be explored for such ruins as Kirkstall, Bolton, Coverham, Easby, Jervaux, Fountain, Byland, and Rivaux Abbeys! Tintern Abbey, and probably Melross, can alone enter into competition with some of these.

Where will you find one whose first appearance is so striking, so picturesque, so romantic as Kirkstall Abbey? where the ivy has climbed the loftiest tower, where the elm of many ages overshadows the cloisters, and where the winged seed of the ash has

found a bed in the dormitory—a fruitful bed in a place dedicated to celibacy, fulfilling, by increasing and multiplying, a commandment condemned by the monks. Where will you find so aerial a structure as Rivaux? a structure from the side walls being knocked away, supported solely on the columns of the nave, pillar above pillar, window surmounting window. Thus has accident, not human skill, worked with fairy fingers. And, to cut short this *ruinous* detail, where will you, as at Fountain-Abbey, find so complete a specimen of a monastick institution?

You walk the lengthened nave, cross the transept opening right and left one hundred and eighty-six feet, proceed through the choir, pass behind the altar, enter the sanctum sanctorum, and then, turning round, retrace with your eye a vista of shattered walls and mutilated columns three hundred and fifty-one feet in length: or, by elevating your sight, survey a perfect tower at the majestic height of one hundred and sixty-six feet. You descend into the cloisters and their enclosed garden of one hundred and twenty feet square; you visit the deserted kitchen whose fire has roasted droves of beeves, and whose oven has shut its fiery mouth upon innumerable flocks and herds. Passing the chapter-house, which is eighty-four feet by forty-two, you enter the refectory of the ample dimensions of one hundred and eight feet by forty-five. What holocausts have been offered up here to useless drones! The very food that within these walls has only served to pamper laziness and gluttony, would provision for three campaigns, an army large enough to liberate Europe from her present thralldom, and hurl the Buonapartes from their thrones. By two or three steps you descend into the ambulatory, where the monks walked for an appetite three hundred feet without a turn, or perhaps without a syllable. Above these cloisters is the dormitory of the same dimensions, three hundred feet by forty-two. How pure did I here breathe the air where once

issued unwholesome fumes from scores of snoring fat-fed monks!

Much as I admire such venerable ruins, there is something in the perfect works of art that yields more exquisite, though not purer, gratification. The paintings at Hafod and at Powis Castle, and the statuary at Margam, yielded me this delight in Wales: but excepting the faun and the vase at Margam, I saw Mr. Johnes's, Mr. Talbot's, and the Powis collections excelled by those of Lord Grantham's at Newby Hall, Mr. Duncombe's at Duncombe Park, and the Earl of Carlisle's at Castle Howard.

York Cathedral, and Fountain-Abbey, are each worthy, in my opinion, a voyage across the Atlantick, yet so little of *this taste* do your travelled Americans possess, that in the *hundreds*, who visit this country, and who pass within an hour's ride of such objects, you will not find *tens* who have seen them, or *fives* who ever expressed a wish to see them, or *ones* who having seen them will say any thing in their praise. Yes! you may meet with one, you may meet with — of Baltimore. If you meet with Mr. — of —, he will tell you that I could not rouse him from his bed in a bright summer's morning to visit Salisbury Cathedral, or tempt him to approach Oakhampton Castle, from fear the hanging walls would fall and knock his brains out: that he scorned to take a station in Weymouth church to see the royal family; and thought “it hardly worth while” to step out of the chaise to walk through that stupendous Temple of the Druids, Stonehenge. Yet — was not an ignorant man, nor a man without taste; he knew the dams and grandams of our race-horses, and the names and favourite hits of our bruisers, and could tell by his silk neck-kерchief whether a man patronised Belcher or the Chicken. If such, my dear —, is your taste, I have written you a most stupid

* As you and I know why ninety in the hundred visit Europe, we can only be surprised at this indifference in the *tithe* who visit Europe for pleasure.

letter; but I am well assured, that were you to visit England, you would extend your acquaintance beyond the places of amusement and dissipation of the metropolis, and think a sequestered valley and its ivy-mantled tower worthy of your contemplation and regard.

What an eventful winter was the last! yet the present opens as if it would be no less so. How awful and big with change are these times!

Troy maintained a siege of ten years; Candia of twenty-four; Frederick for many years defended and successfully defended his rising kingdom against all the power of Austria, of Russia, and of France; look to the defence of Venice, of Switzerland, and of Holland, against the most formidable powers of Europe; and then look at the wars of the present day, when a war is but a campaign, a campaign a month, *a little month*; when a battle decides the fate of an empire!

The printer has scarcely set his types to announce the march of hostile armies before he has to reset them to announce rout, subjugation, and submission.

Crowns dance in the air like flakes of snow: what appeared settled on the head of one, is wafted on the brow of another, who scarcely feels the chilly impression ere it melts away.

My sentiments are still the same as I gave you in February last. Our struggle is a momentous one; we are the golden chain by which hangs the civilized world: should the Corsican break its links *chaos will come again*. Let us be, however, true to ourselves, and with the blessing of the Almighty, which in that case we may piously hope for, we shall be the happy, the glorious, the privileged people, destined to humble and to overthrow this destroyer of nations.

As I consider this part of my letter as a continuation of that of February third, I must add, as an instance of our success when acting by ourselves, the battle of Maida—Here was battalion to battalion, man to man, yet the French could not stand the charge. This battle is important to show that the British

are superiour to the French man for man. Indeed the proportions were as 5 to 7 exclusive of their cavalry, of which we were totally unprovided.

We have not yet the Prussian account of the fatal battle of the fourteenth of October, but we know that it opened a passage for the French to Berlin. Recollecting that the fate of Austria was decided by a defeat much less complete, a battle in which twenty-five thousand Austrians only were present, a battle which may be said to be fought rather for them than by them, what can we expect from Prussia who has no brother marching to his aid with ninety thousand men flushed with victory, no ally with eighty thousand marshalled with his ranks? We fear, therefore, that Prussia is no longer a power, or if a power, a satellite of France.

Write soon to your Friend.

Wakefield, Nov. 3, 1806.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Permit one of your numerous admirers to address you. My situation is truly critical, and from you alone can I expect aid. I am, sir, the author of a little manuscript work, entitled "A Tour round the Lakes which form the northern boundary of the United States"; and this work I was on the eve of publishing, when I fortunately saw The Port Folio of the 18th October, 1806. The Review of Mr. Carr's Northern Summer by J. S. appalled me; but it had the salutary effect of preserving me and my Tour from the reviewers, and of consigning the latter to the drawer of a bureau, where, like a soul in limbo patrum, it wails and solicits your interference and protection.

Let me confess it, sir, I read the Northern Summer and was pleased with it. To my crazy fancy it seemed the work of a man of virtue and honour, written in the neat, unstudied language of wit and fashion. Yes sir, I had even contracted a certain friendship for the little Swede, and felt a stronger desire to see it, than I ever had to see the triumphal car of the

Emperour and King Buonaparte, the coach and three mules of the sable Emperour Dessalines, or even the guillotine. Guess, sir, my confusion, on finding out by the review of J. S. that I should have scorned the authour, despised the work, and wished the shabby little Swede at—St. Cloud.

I never had a very exalted opinion of my own judgment, but whatever it may have been, the review of J. S. reversed it *de fond en comble*; and this was not the worst. No fond mother ever more ardently wished to see her darling son make a figure, than I did to see my Tour issuing from the book-seller's in calf and gold. But then the reviewers; and especially the formidable J. S.—Ay, there 's the rub. In short, sir, if you do not help me out by clear and categorical answers to the following queries, my Tour shall never more quit the drawer until that great day when the works of all men must be brought to light!

To shorten your labour, and to bring things to a point, I shall present my queries under two distinct and separate heads, viz. Travels and Travel-writers, and Reviewers.

TRAVELS AND TRAVEL-WRITERS.

Query 1st. What is the precise invariable statute style in which travels must be written under the penalty of being reviewed by J. S.?

2d. Is there any saving clause in favour of an authour who suits his language and style to his subject?

3d. Does the statute style admit any original poetry, or poetick quotations? Item the number and dimensions of the same?

4th. Should the work of an authour of this class run the risk of being smuggled, or even legally carried into a distant country, for instance into that part of England called Devonshire, where our language, arts, particularly architecture, and some of our most natural feelings, may not be universally known, what precautions are necessary to make that work nevertheless agreeable to every individual of that or any other country?

5th. What is to be done with the splenetick, the morose, the empty, the presumptuous, the wittings, the fops, and the reviewers?—N. B. You need not throw away a moment's time on the class mentioned by Mr. Pope in the following lines:

All fools have still an itching to deride;
And fain would be upon the laughing side.

Mr. Pope was a judge of this class, and gave them up as incorrigible.

THE REVIEWERS.

1st. The natural history of these beings, whether of the land or water, or amphibious?

2d. Are they amenable to the laws of *decency*; and are they at liberty to assume the dictatorial *morgue* of Dr. Johnson with a few shreds of his knowledge?

3d. Is the moral character of an authour a fit subject for these reviewers, when that authour is a foreigner and total stranger?

4th. Is there a certain stock of knowledge necessary for their calling, viz. a perfect knowledge of the language they attempt to write, the knowledge of the difference between *pertness* and *sprightliness*, between a *wit* and a *wag*?

5th. Are the reviewers bound by oath or affirmation to obtrude their opinions upon the publick; and is the publick bound to see with the eyes and to hear with the ears of the reviewers? Good lack! if this be so, each reviewer must have as many eyes as the famous Argus, and be furnished with such ears as his Phrygian Majesty Midas had, which are said to have been like those of an ass.

If sir, you are disposed to raise difficulties, I feel that you may ask why I did not, on this occasion, apply for instructions to J. S. who is so ready to enlighten the publick by wholesale. But have the goodness to hear my reasons, and you will plainly see that the thing is impossible: first sir, J. S. speaks a language which I do not always comprehend: for instance, he seems to say that *candour* must be *merited*; he calls the *being an officer*, a *practice*; he talks of an *imprecation* of

mercy; and of *alleviating vanity*, &c. a slip in orthography I do not mind.

Listen good sir to my second reason. I never felt any inclination to put a paper into the hands of those who make too frequent a use of such expressions as the following: the *bar* of public opinion; a *jury* in the republic of letters; *sworn* to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—*ne exeat regnum*; and *prosecuting* to outlawry: these sir sound ominously, although I grant you there may be little in them; *mais cela se sent du metier*. Lastly sir, there is a passage in this review which set me quite at a loss respecting the sex of J. S. therefore in this perplexity about so delicate a matter, how could I, without a risk of being ridiculous, address J. S.? The passage which perplexed me is this: "I shall not undertake to say whether this has arisen from *vanity* to display his erudition, or *avarice* to swell his publication." How sir could I imagine a lady capable of writing this; or how suppose that a gentleman would write it, unless indeed in a moment of ill-humour, when we are all too apt to overstep the bounds of decency?

Be pleased to observe, Mr. Oldschool, that I presume not to vituperate J. S. by any means; and that when I offer a remark, it is but the remark of one who wishes to be better informed. As such only, therefore, do I surmise that if J. S. could but add two qualifications, *sapere* and *fari*, to the stock of confidence which J. S. seems already to possess, J. S. would in process of time become the literary luminary of our western hemisphere. I am the more strongly inclined to this opinion by the learned sagacity with which J. S. discovered the *pot aux roses* in the little affair between the two professors' ladies. Nay sir, I go farther, and say without hesitation, that even in the actual state of J. S. J. S. is entitled to a handsome portion of that kind of reward which Apollo adjudged to the critick in the fable. A little *chaff* may be of little intrinsic worth, but as it is the appropriate emblem of a certain species of merit,

it derives thence an immense additional value. You know sir, that when the gallant Thrasylulus expelled the thirty tyrants, he received a crown composed of two olive twigs.

It would ill become me in my actual state of humiliation and prayer, to stand forth the advocate of Mr. Carr's Northern Summer. I leave that Summer in its present blighted, sad situation, and proceed to inform you, sir, whence I drew my ideas of travel-writing, according to which I conducted my own Tour. You will laugh when I confess that finding nothing certain among the moderns upon the subject, I drew all my fancied light from a certain Italian, who wrote a Tour of his own from Rome to Brundisium about eighteen hundred years ago. This little signior was a good poet and critick, and wrote many good things. In writing upon a subject very different, I confess, from travel-writing, he has the following words:

*Et sermone opus est, modo triati saepe jocoso
Defendente vicem modo rhetoris, atque poetæ
Interdum urbani, parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas consulto.*

The foregoing verses constitute my code respecting the style of tours, voyages, and travels. The old tour of the Italian is also my model, but not in toto: for the little man, though a courtier of the Augustan age, has something that need not be imitated.

Now, sir, you are in full possession of my ideas on this intricate subject; and I intreat you to issue your responses in plain household terms: for by me they shall be hailed with more reverence than if they issued from Delphi or Cuma, as you will hereafter be able to judge from my Tour; which at present I regard only as a heap of rude materials, to be wrought into something clever, according to the directions, hints, and instructions, which you may hereafter please to communicate.

I have the honour to be,

Good Mr. Oldschool,

Your constant admirer

And very humble servant,

R. F.

P. S.—J. S. very evidently and very courteously observes, that “it is said in the Rambler, that surprise is the effect of ignorance.” I dare not make this an article of my creed, although coming from the literary anvil. Pray, sir, give your opinion upon this little matter; and also let me know if what is said in the Dunciad be true, that Pertness was once Dulness—

Dulness with rapture eyes the lively dunce
Remembering she herself was *Pertness* once.

For The Port Folio.

EMILY HAMMOND,

AN AMERICAN NOVEL.

(Concluded.)

After spending three days with Mr. Drey, my anxiety to see the poor stranger at Boston, led me again to that town. Everard was at leisure, and asked leave to accompany me. We reached the city late in the morning; and while Everard was engaged in conversation with some gentlemen of his acquaintance at the coffee-house, I rode directly to Mrs. Barlow's. That good woman saw me alighting, and met me at the door: “I am glad thou art come, but I have sad news for thee:—thy poor girl is sick—sick, I fear, past recovery. On the evening after thy departure for thy friend Drey's, she seemed highly feverish, and begged to retire immediately after tea, she rested little; and on inquiring after her health in the morning, I sent instantly for a physician; and from his opinion I find we have little to hope. She inquires anxiously for thee when her recollection is perfect; but since yesterday noon, she has been almost constantly delirious. This morning she asked to see her infant, which had been placed with a nurse: the poor babe is itself ill, and we strove to evade her inquiry. After repeatedly urging the pathetick request, “Let me, let me see my child—my poor friendless babe!” she wildly cried—“Oh! they have sent it—they have sent it to the hospital!” Her frenzy alarmed us, and we put the child into her arms: She hugged it fondly to her bosom, and said in a low voice: “My

sweet little Mary! your mother is dying! could your father see us now! but hush—he lives somewhere here: he will say we followed him, troubled him, disgraced him!—Oh no, not for the world would we have him say that! But where is the good man who saved us? Has he forsaken us too? How kind he looked! He is an old man too—he forsake my poor Mary! No, no!” Soon after this she fell asleep; we expect her to awake in her perfect senses, and then I shall wish thee to see her immediately.”

Everard now joined us, and as we were seating ourselves at dinner, an elderly gentleman, in a quaker's dress, was introduced, and welcomed by Mrs. Barlow as an old and valued friend. “Friend Hammond,” said the worthy woman, “it is many long years since I shook thy hand last; I am glad to see thee; but thou hast come to a house of mourning.”

“Mourning, sister! my own heart is a house of mourning; but for whom art thou afflicted!”

“For the poor and the stranger; a lovely young woman, a guest in my house, is now on the bed of death!”

“My poor Emily is among strangers too!” replied the venerable mourner, drying the bitter drop of sorrow from his furrowed cheek. “Oh sister,” added he, “I would not trouble others with my griefs; but the Almighty “hath dealt very bitterly with me.” Thou wilt remember that when my business compelled me to visit India, I removed my wife and infant daughter to the house of my brother in Philadelphia. My sufferings abroad I will not mention: shipwreck, sickness, and captivity kept me from my native land for ten long years; but heaven blessed my labours with abundant increase, and but now I had returned with the soothing hope of sharing the bounties of Providence with my beloved family; but my wife is dead, and my daughter—oh sister! my sweet little Emily is—lost; ruined, eloped from her friends! fled, perhaps from disgrace and life together, with all her sins on her head!”

"Who!" Emily Hammond?" inquired Everard in breathless agitation.

"Yea, my good young friend, didst thou know my child.

"God of mercy!" groaned Everard, and sunk senseless on the floor.

We assisted him into the next room and placed him on a bed; but before he had recovered so far as to permit any inquiry after the cause of his emotion, the nurse came from above stairs with a request from the physician who was then attending, that Mrs. Barlow would walk above. She complied immediately; but after a few minutes' absence, she returned in tears.

"Friend Hammond! wilt thou comfort the dying? Friend J. the moments of thy poor girl are "numbered and well-nigh finished;" she wishes to bless thy kindness with her parting breath!"

Everard had now recovered, and requested to be left alone; and myself and Mrs. Hammond followed Mrs. Barlow to the room of the dying stranger. The curtains of the bed were partly drawn, and we had approached close before she observed us. "My father!" with a faint scream was heard from the bed. Mr. Hammond fell on his knees by the bedside, and groaned in anguish: "My child! my poor lost Emily! Oh my sainted Mary! is this our daughter; is this all I have left of thee! Do I find our little prattling Emily thus! Father of mercies! strengthen me to thy chastening! my child! my child! art thou gone!" The poor sufferer had fainted, and our utmost efforts could hardly rekindle the feeble spark of life in her exhausted frame. She opened her eyes at length, and with a long-drawn sob exclaimed, "My father! forgive me!"

"Forgive thee my child! I bless thee! heaven forgive and bless thee as freely as thy father!"

"It is enough! Everard I forgive you."

An explanation like this I had dreaded; but when the painful cer-

tainty left no room for better hopes, I could hardly support the shock. Everard Drey, the son of my old friend, whose constant example and whose daily lesson had been duty, had seduced from innocence and virtue a heart that loved and trusted him; and left to struggle unassisted with the accumulated miseries of grief, sickness, disgrace and penury, the loveliest victim that ever suffered on the altar of sensuality! My own life has not been unmarked with sorrows: I have mourned the loss of friends, and followed my kindred to the grave; but never did my spirit sink within me as at this moment. Ye who have hearts to feel will not ask why I weep at the recollection.

A moment's reflection determined my conduct. I went below, where I found Everard walking the room in an agitation which excited my pity. I beckoned to him, and immediately returned to the chamber; he followed me without answering.

We approached the bed of the dying Emily in silence: she cast her eyes on us, and wildly exclaimed, "Everard!—your daughter!—protect my child! I did not come to disgrace you, Everard! I felt that my days were but few; I wished to see you, to forgive you, and to die!—protect——!" She faltered; her eyes closed; and a single convulsive gasp freed her gentle soul from the sufferings of mortality!

The father watched the expiring struggle of his beloved daughter, and covering his face, lifted up his soul in silent prayer to his God. Not so Everard. "Old man! mourning father!" cried he in the voice of distraction, "See here the murderer of your daughter! Emily was the child of virtue; all the powers of hell were put in array against her! Farewell!" added he with an accent of frenzy; and instantly flew from the house.

Let me be brief. Emily's babe rests in the same grave with its mother; and her wretched father quickly descended to that place "where the wicked cease from troubling." Rumour's hundred tongues preceded

my return to Mr. Drey's. My friend relapsed and died. A rapid decline hastened his beloved wife to join him. Everard is no where to be found; and amid this wide wreck of life and happiness, I seem left alone to tell the tale.

Daughter of innocence! listen to the voice of age! When the youth of thy fancy points to the flowery paths of pleasure, and with the honied eloquence of desire, cries, "Come, come!" fly, fly from the forbidden path, and trust not the lips that utter deceit! In thine own bosom thou hast a treacherous foe: thy heart bounds at the voice that would lure thee to destruction, and responsive answers to the syren call! Hast thou friends who would mourn thy fall? Lose not the "good name" which years of penitent virtue cannot recover! Hast thou brethren and sisters? Shall the finger of scorn be pointed at them for thy sake! Hast thou parents? Oh, why wilt thou clothe the face of thy mother with shame, and bring down the grey hairs of thy father with sorrow to the grave! Dost thou fear the God who made thee? Think, ere thought shall be distraction! Let thy fancy lead thee to the tomb of Emily Hammond; there read, "seventeen years—disgrace and death!" Fly—oh fly! daughter of innocence, ere the gulf of infamy open to receive thee!

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

[To one of the Directors of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, we are indebted for the following correct description of an edifice which is both honourable to the founders and an ornament to the city. Next to the cultivation of polite literature, for which, in the language of Sir William Jones, we have an undissembled fondness, is our admiration of those arts which are so happily and so energetically described by the epithet liberal, as eminently above those vulgar and groveling objects which engross the puny attention of the *meaner mass* of mankind. How grateful to avert the offended eye from the loathsome objects of common life, and to expatiate over all the charms of Grecian and Roman beauty!]

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS

Is situate on the north side of Chestnut midway between Tenth and Eleventh-streets; the lot of ground is one hundred feet front by one hundred and seventy-eight feet deep; it recedes from the front line of the street seventy-five feet, has twenty-five feet vacant ground on each side, and forty-three feet back; it is set sufficiently high to admit of a terrace in front.

The present building which is fifty feet front by sixty feet deep, is so calculated as to be a whole when finished; and, at the same time, to admit of extensive future additions, viz. one room of one hundred feet by forty-three exterior at the back, and one on each side of fifty feet by twenty-five exterior: toward which additions the whole of the fire-places, funnels, doors, and stair-ways are already effected; and it is only necessary to break away four inches of brick-work where they will be found placed in a uniform and regular manner. The character of the exterior architecture is modern Ionick. The front elevation consists of a marble basement four feet high, with (as is intended) a large flight of steps, to a recessed porch eighteen feet front on the front line, and ten feet deep; the remainder of the elevation consists of a high principal story and an attick with cornice, parapet, frise, and neck moulding. The recessed porch is to have a column on each side coupled (one diameter distant) with a pilaster against each side of the recess; a full order of entablature is to rest on the whole of these with trophies or plain tablets above; and the pavement is to be of marble slabs variegated, a centre for which has been presented by Mr. S. Gratz, of a quality equal to the Kilkenny, viz. of a fine jet black with an occasional sprinkling of pure white. The roof is nearly flat in every part, except where the dome appears, which is unique, it is a hemisphere of brick turned, two-thirds of which was sprung without a centre, and the remainder, owing to the lateness of the season, with very slight and little centering. The whole

could have been effected in a superior style had not the building been begun too late in the season; and it is a better mode than with centering, because every course of bricks keys itself; and it is extremely simple, a single strip regulates the whole. Centering always costs more than the arching, hence it is economical, and can always be done in a circular arch, but not in a lineal one; on this arch immediately, and without any medium of wood, is laid a most complete piece of slate-work, each piece of which is secured immediately to the first brick dome, and having stood the test of two winters may be pronounced a sound job. In addition, in consequence of having no rafters, or any other work except as before expressed, this roof costs less than a shingled one.

The interior consists of a principal room, two committee rooms, three chambers, and complete cellars under the whole. The principal room is forty-six feet diameter and eighteen feet high to the springing of the ceiling, which is a dome having the sole light from its centre: the ceiling is plain except a radii of light in stucco around the opening and semi-circular architraves with reversed mouldings at the springing. The sides consist of eight tall pedestals alternating with an equal number of recesses which open to stair-ways or intended additional rooms; these recesses also consist of principal and attic pannels or openings; over these are arches whose soffits obtrude into the dome, the effect of which is novel; so that the dome appears (as it really does) to rest on those heightened pedestals, which have their full order of entablature occasionally relieved by guilche enrichments. The whole of the building was completed from the commencement in eleven solid weeks (in all not seventeen weeks) and is a specimen of sound work.

For The Port Folio.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE OF MOTTEUX.

[To Dr. Diack, a very elegant scholar, who has lately obliged the literary world with many pleasing particulars respecting Ad-

dison and his contemporaries, we are indebted for the following life of a very ingenious Frenchman. Motteux, in addition to his other literary powers, which were of no humble pretension, had acquired such a treasure of pure idiomatical English, that in the witty employment of colloquial and proverbial combinations he has actually surpassed many of the English themselves. His translation of Don Quixote, which was the first we ever perused, and which we have continued to indulge ourselves with to more than the *tenth repetition*, is incomparably superiour in its power to provoke merriment to Smollet's vaunted version. Sancho's proverbs, which abound in the Spanish original, are well rendered only by Motteux. The spirit of Sancho's character is totally mistaken or neglected by Smollet, and yet perhaps from his own vanity, but more probably from the suggestion of a mercenary bookseller, this distinguished novelist, who ought to have had better employment than translating what had already been ably translated, very ostentatiously boasts of his superiority to Skelton, Capt. Stevens, Charles Jarvis, and Motteux himself. We again strongly recommend Motteux for the wonderful copiousness of his colloquial style, and we again commend his Don Quixote, because a merrier work can scarcely be found, and because in the dull and dismal scenes of this wild world, a merry book *doeth good like a medicine*. The translation of Rabelais, one of the most obscure, difficult, and incoherent authours that ever indulged the vagaries of a lawless imagination, is admirably executed, and the translator has shed bright light upon many a passage which, in the original, was only *darkness visible*! We cannot conclude this preface without remarking that we were once assured by a very learned friend, that the best version of all those passages in Don Quixote, where Sancho is an interlocutor, was in *Low Dutch*, and the correctness of this opinion will be fully confirmed when we reflect upon the peculiar genius of that language. Since we have indulged ourselves thus far in mentioning the various versions of a favourite authour, whose great work is as imperishable as the poems of Homer, it is only justice to name and to praise Florian, the *last* French translator. This accomplished man, who has been called the Gallick Goldsmith, because he is always successful in the sweet and tender style, gilded the gloom of his declining days by translating Don Quixote. This version is in six small volumes, and is distinguished for some judicious variations and retrenchments from the original. From the purity, perspicuity, simplicity, and elegance of

its style it ought to be arranged with the best French classicks.]

Peter Anthony Motteux, a native of France, was born at Rouen in Normandy, in 1660. He chose England for his place of residence, on the revocation of the edict of Nantz, and for some time lived with his relation Paul Dominique, Esq. Mr. Motteux is one of the few Frenchmen who have *obtained a perfect knowledge of our language*; he acquired, indeed, such an *intimacy with its idiom and colloquial expression*, that his translations from the Spanish and French *exhibit completely the art of original composition*. "Motteux," observes Mr. Tytler, speaking of his version of Don Quixote, "appears to me to have been endowed with a strong perception of the ridiculous in human character; a just discernment of the weaknesses and follies of mankind. He seems likewise to have had a great command of the various styles which are accommodated to the expression both of grave, burlesque, and low humour. Inferiour to Smollet in inventive genius, he seems to have equalled him in every quality which was essentially requisite to a translator of Don Quixote. On the whole," he concludes, "I am inclined to think that the version of Motteux is by far the best we have yet seen of the romance of Cervantes."*

Our authour engaged likewise, in the still more difficult task of translating Rabelais, a writer whose style is so obsolete, that but few of his own countrymen are fully able to develop his meaning. The first three books of this singular satire had been so well translated by Sir Thomas Urquhart, that Motteux only continued the version, and the whole was afterwards revised by Mr. Ozell. Mr. Tytler has pronounced the version, thus corrected, one of the most perfect specimens of the art of translation. "The best criticks," says he, "in both languages have borne testimony to its faithful transfusion of the sense, and happy imitation of the style of the original; and every English reader will acknow-

ledge that it possesses all the ease of original composition."*

In addition to these literary labours Motteux translated several plays, which were brought with some success on the stage; he wrote also several prologues and epilogues, and dedicated a poem *On Tea* to the Spectator. All his exertions, however, as a member of the republick of letters, were inadequate to his support; and he found it necessary to relinquish his pen for the more profitable returns of trade. He opened, therefore, an East-India ware-house in Leadenhall-street, and obtained a valuable appointment in the general post-office. His contribution to the Spectator is relative to this change in his condition, and the letter in No. 288, signed with his name, at length, may be considered as a species of advertisement descriptive of the elegant and costly articles in which he dealt.

These new employments soon placed our quondam translator in easy circumstances; he married a beautiful and amiable woman, and became the father of a family of fine children. All that life affords for rational and domestic enjoyments appeared to be now within his reach; when the indulgence of licentious appetite, at an age too which seems to indicate that it was the result of habit rather than of sudden temptation, not only exposed his character to the world, but deprived him of existence. He was found dead on the morning of the 19th of February, 1717-18, in a brothel near Temple-bar, and so strong was the suspicion arising from the combination of circumstances, that he had been murdered by the wretches who surrounded him, that the offer of a conditional pardon and a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the murderer was advertised in the London Gazette. The completion of his 58th year took place on the very day that he was destroyed.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

Amongst the historians of the first class, we may place Quintus Curtius;

* Essay on the Principles of Translation. P. 267, 268, and 312, Second Ed. 8vo. 1797.

* Ibid. P. 396, 397.

of whose life very little is recorded, but who probably wrote in the first century of our æra under the Emperor Vespasian. He has written in a short volume, divided into ten books, the life of Alexander the Great. Frenshemius has supplied very ably, the loss of the two first and one part of the last book. The style of this writer is very flowery and ornamented; but it well agrees with its subject, for he wrote the life of a very extraordinary man. Curtius particularly excels in his description of battles, but in his speeches the authour is generally too prominent a figure. The speech of the Scythians is however an exception. It is always read with pleasure, and has always been mentioned with praise.

He has been justly charged with geographical errors, and these have been rectified by Arrian. The accusation of having admitted such romance into his history, is not correctly stated; for Alexander does not appear to be a less singular character in other authours than in Quintus Curtius.

The praises which he lavishes on his hero proceed from a congenial spirit of bold enterprise. Intrepidity and fire are with him the sovereign qualities of a man; for he had not sufficient coolness of judgment to enable him to distinguish the utility resulting from caution and from prudence. The story of the "World's great Victor," is perfectly suited to the genius of the historian. They are equally warm, and violent, and rash.

Curtius, however, though an ardent panegyrist, is not so entirely estranged from justice as to disguise the faults of Alexander altogether. After he has raised him above the highest of his species, he makes some retribution to them, by occasionally depressing him beneath the lowest.

His style has freedom, life, and pleasantry; but is too lofty and declamatory. He wants simplicity, a distinguished excellence in writing; and notwithstanding the elegance of his orations and the fine flow of his language, the reader of Quintus Curtius will return with redoubled eagerness to the perusal of Livy.

LEVITY.

BURGER's beautiful ballad,

Earl Walter winds his bugle horn,
To horse! to horse! halloo! halloo!
has given rise in England to a very humorous

PARODY.

Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Earl Walter kicks the waiter's rump,
Down stairs! down stairs! halloo, halloo!
They sally forth, they wheel, they jump,
And fast the scampering watch pursue.

The jolly bucks from tavern freed,
Dash fearless on through thick and thin,
While answering alleys, as they speed,
Loudly reecho to their din.

Saint Dunstan's arm, with massy stroke
The solemn midnight peal had rung,
And bawling out, "Past twelve o'clock,"
Loud, long and deep the watchman sung.

The clamorous band Earl Walter guides,
Huzza, huzza, my merry men,
When, puffing, holding both their sides,
Two strangers haste to join his train.

The right-hand stranger's locks were grey,
But who he was I cannot tell;
The left was debonnair and gay,
A dashing blood I know full well.

He wad'd his beaver hat on high,
Cried, "Welcome, welcome, noble lord!
What joys can earth, or sea, or sky,
To match our midnight sports afford?"

"Methinks," the other said, "'t were best
To leave, my friends, your frantic joys,
And, for the balmy sweets of rest,
Exchange such rude discordant noise."

But still Earl Walter onward hies,
And dashing forward, on they go,
Huzza, huzza, each toper cries,
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

The jovial band Earl Walter guides,
Along the Fleet, up Ludgate-Hill,
And puffing, holding both their sides,
His boon companions follow still.

From yonder winding lane outsprings
A phantom, white as snow,
And louder still Earl Walter sings,
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

A quaker prim has crossed the way,
He sprawls their nimble feet below,
But what care they for yea-and-nay,
Still forward, forward, on they go.

See, at the corner of yon street,
A humble stall, with apples crown'd!
See, scatter'd by Earl Walter's feet,
The woman's apples rolling round.

"O Lord! have mercy on my stall,
Spare the hard earnings of the poor,
The helpless widow's little all,
The fruit of many a watchful hour."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still pointing to the prey,
The impatient Earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou poor old wither'd witch,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loud he sung, and way'd his switch,
"Hark forward, forward, hollo ho!"

So said, so done; one single bound
Clears the *green grocer's* humble stall;
While through the apples scatter'd round,
They hurry, hurry, one and all.

And now behold the tim'rous prey,
Beyond the reach of Comus' crew,
Still lightly trip along the way,
Unconscious who her steps pursue.

Again they wheel, their nimble feet
The devious way still quickly trace,
Down Ludgate-Hill, along the Fleet,
The unwearied Earl pursues the chase.

The watch now muster strong, and dare
Dispute the empire of the field;
They wave their cudgels high in air,
"Now yield thee, noble Baron yield."

"Unmanner'd vagabonds! in vain
You strive to mar our nightly game;
Come on! come on! my merry men,
The raggamuffins we can tame."

In heaps the victims bite the dust,
Down sinks Earl Walter on the ground,
Now run who can and lie who must,
For loud the watchmen's rattles sound.

Now to the justice borne along,
In sullen majesty they go;
The place receives the motley throng,
And echoes to their hollo ho!

All mild amid the rout profane,
The justice solemn thus began:
"Forbear your knighthood thus to stain,
Revere the dignity of man.

The meanest trull has rights to plead,
Which wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the guilty head,
Howe'er by titles dignified."

Cold drops of sweat in many a trill,
Adown Earl Walter's temples fall,
And louder, louder, louder still,
The surly watch for vengeance call.

The right-hand stranger anxious pleads;
The clamours of the mob increase,
The riot act the justice reads,
And binds the Earl to keep the peace.

The court broke up, they sally out,
And raise a loud, a last huzza;
Then sneak'd away and hung his snout,
Each disappointed dog of law.

Muttering full many a curse, and fast
Homeward to slumber now they go;
Yet spite of all that now has past,
You'll hear next night their hollo ho!

This is the Earl, and this his train,
That oft the awaken'd *Cockney* hears;
With rage he glows in every vein
When the wild din invades his ears.

The dreaming maid sighs sad and oft,
That she her visions must forego,
When waken'd from her slumbers soft,
She hears the cry of hollo ho!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Magnanimity in politics, exclaims Edmund Burke with all the orator's animation, is not seldom the truest wisdom; and a great empire and little minds go ill together. If we are conscious of our situation, and glow with zeal to fill our place as becomes our station and ourselves, we ought to auspicate all our publick proceedings with the old warning of the church, *sursum corda!* We ought to *elevate our minds* to the greatness of that trust to which the order of Providence has called us. By adverting to the dignity of this high calling, our ancestors have turned a savage wilderness into a glorious empire, and have made the most extensive and the only honourable conquests; not by destroying, but by promoting the wealth, the number, and the happiness of the human race.

Will it not be worth while, after the perusal of the following advertisement, which we have copied from a New-York paper, for the *curious in coffee* to purchase from Mons. Caille his improvement in the preparing of that favourite beverage?

GREGQUE A LA DUBELLOUX, for *clarifying Coffee*.—Of all the modern improvements for clarifying coffee, the *Gregque*, recently invented in Paris, is the most perfect. It consists entirely of tin, and its application is so simple that coffee can be made as readily as tea, and, without the use of eggs or isinglass, is rendered as limpid as chrystalline water. It entirely supersedes the necessity of a coffee biggin, which, in neatness and purity it far surpasses. The strength of the coffee is so effectually drawn off, by percolation through the *Gregque*, that the grounds will scarcely discolour water. This valuable appendage to the breakfast table, with printed directions, may be had with, or without cof-

See pots, adapted to urns or silver coffee pots of any description, by applying to Caille, tin plate worker, from Paris, No. 67, Nassau-street.

The Robin red breast of England appears to be not only a favourite of every family, but the very Nightingale of the poets. This familiar bird, like certain of the canine species, appears to delight in the vicinity of man. As even Pharisees themselves affect those, who affect them, this amicable and confiding disposition, on the part of this bird, seems to have met a correspondent temper on the part of every boy. The natural malignity, perverseness, savageness, and cruelty of the human race are suspended in favour of ONE of the feathered race; and Superstition itself has formed an alliance with Mercy to protect the Robin. Almost all the English poets of celebrity, and THOMPSON in particular, describe with a union of genius and sensibility, the interesting habits and singular privileges of this bird. Mrs. C. SMITH has, in her last publication added her praise to that of her predecessors. The polite reader will perceive with delight, how admirably this lady has copied the best manner of some of the old English writers. The allusion to the fidelity of a Winter friend is pathetick.

THE ROBIN'S PETITION.

"A suppliant to your window comes
Who trusts your faith and fears no guile,
He claims admittance for your crumbs,
And reads his passport in your smile.
For cold and cheerless is the day,
And he has sought the hedges round,
No berry hangs upon the spray,
Nor worm nor ant-egg can be found.
Secure his suit will be preferred
No fears his slender feet deter,
For sacred is the household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

Lucy the prayer assenting heard,
The feathered suppliant flew to her,
And fondly cherished was the bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

Embolden'd then, he'd fearless perch
Her netting or her work among,
For crumbs among her drawings search,
And add his musick to her song.

And warbling on her snowy arm,
Or half entangled in her hair,
Seem'd conscious of the double charm
Of freedom and protection there.

A grave old moralist who us'd
From all some lesson to infer,
Thus said, as on the bird he mused
Pluming his scarlet stomacher:

"Where are his gay companions now
Who sung so merrily in Spring,
Some shivering on the leafless bough
With ruffled plume and drooping wing.

Some in the hollow of a cave
Consign'd to temporary death,
And some beneath the sluggish wave
Await reviving Nature's breath.
The migrant tribes are fled away
To skies where insect myriads swarm,
They vanish with the summer day
Nor bide the bitter Northern storm.

But still is this sweet minstrel heard,
While lours December dark and drear,
The jovial, cheerful, household bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher.

And thus in life's propitious hour
Approving flatterers round us sport,
But if the faithless prospect lour
They the more happy fly to court.

Then let us to the selfish herd
Of Fortune's parasites, prefer
The friend like this, our winter bird
That wears the scarlet stomacher."

The Sensitive plant, from its singular character, may not therely task the ingenuity of the botanist and the naturalist, but all the memory and imagination of the poet. Indeed it has been more than once the theme of poetry and the speculation of science. Mrs. Smith thus describes its peculiarities, and then with her usual felicity draws from them a very salutary lesson.

THE MIMOSA.

Softly blow the western breezès,
Sweetly shines the evening sun;
But you, Mimosa, nothing pleases
You, what delights your comrades, teazes,
What they enjoy, you try to shun.

Alike annoy'd by heat or cold,
Ever too little or too much,
As if by heaviest winds controll'd
Your leaves before a zephyr fold
And tremble at the slightest touch.

Fluttering around in playful rings
A gilded fly your beauty greeted;
But from his light and filmy wings,
As if he had lanced a thousand stings,
Your shuddering folioles retreated!

Those feathery leaves are like the plume
Plucked from the bird of Indian skies,
But should you, therefore, thus presume
While others boast a fairer bloom,
All that surrounds you to despise?

The rose, whose blushing blossoms blow,
Pride of the vegetal creation,
The air and light disdains not so;
And the fastidious pride you show
Is not reserve, but affectation.

In the eye of butterflies, the outer coat has a lustre in which may be discovered the various colours of the rainbow. When examined a little closely, it will be found to have the appearance of a multiplying glass; having a great number of sides or facets in the manner of a brilliant cut diamond. Lewenhock pretends, there are above six thousand facets on the cornea of a flea. These animals therefore, see not only with great clearness, but view every object multiplied in a surprising manner. Puget adapted the cornea of a flea in such a position as to see objects through it, by means of a microscope; and nothing could exceed the strangeness of its representations; a soldier who was

seen through it, appeared like an army of pigmies; for while it multiplied it also diminished the object: the arch of a bridge exhibited a spectacle more magnificent than human skill could perform; and the flame of a candle seemed a general and beautiful illumination.

SONNET, BY ANNA SEWARD.

Written at Buxton in a rainy season.

From these wild heights, where oft the mists descend

In rains, that shroud the sun, and chill the gale,

Each transient, gleaming interval we hail,
And rove the naked vallies, and extend
Our gaze around, where yon vast mountains blend

With billowy clouds that o'er their summits sail;

Pondering how little Nature's charms befriend

The barren scene, monotonous and pale:
Yet solemn when the darkening shadows fleet

Successive o'er the wide and silent hills,
Gilded by watry sun-beams, then we meet

Peculiar pomp of vision. Fancy thrills,
And owns there is no scene so rude and bare,

But Nature sheds or grace or grandeur there.

TO HONORA SNEYD,*

Whose health was always best in Winter.

And now the youthful, gay, capricious Spring,

Piercing her showery clouds with crystal light,

And with their hues reflected streaking bright

Her radiant bow, bids all her warblers sing;

The lark, shrill carolling on soaring wing;

The lonely Thrush, in brake, with blossoms white,

That tunes his pipe so loud; while, from the sight

Coy bending their dropt heads, young cowslips fling

Rich perfume o'er the fields. It is the prime

Of hours that beauty robes: yet all they gild,

Cheer, and delight in this their fragrant time,

For thy dear sake, to me less pleasure yield
Than, veil'd in sleet, and rain, and hoary rime.

Dim Winter's naked hedge and plashy field.

* Afterwards Mrs. Edgeworth.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The task which "Pictor" has undertaken is finely described in the initial lines of a recent poem, by one of the Royal Academicians.

What various aids the student's course requires,

Whom art allures, and love of fame inspires;
But chief what toils demand his earlier hours,

Prepare his triumphs and unfold his powers.
The Muse attempts—with beating bosom springs,

And dares adventurous on didactic wings.

The wariness of "Maritus" is jocosely described by Prior in his *Paulo Purganti*.

Unwilling then, in arms to meet

The enemy he could not beat,

He strove to lengthen the campaign,

And save his forces by chicane;

Fabius, the Roman chief, who thus

By fair retreat grew Maximus,

Shows us that all that warrior can do

With force inferior, is, *cunctando*.

The description of some of Fashion's votaries in the female world is so faithful that the Editor may exclaim in poetick vision.

I see the fair, fantastick forms appear,
The flaunting drapery, and the languid leer,
Fair, sylphish forms, who tall, erect and slim,
Dart the keen glance, and stretch the pliant limb.

To "Milo's" question there is an admirable answer in some of the lyrick effusions of Dr. Watts. Genius and Virtue constitute the true measure of greatness.

Were he so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with his span,
He must be measured by his soul,

THE MIND'S THE STANDARD OF THE MAN.

The state blunderers, by whom this unhappy country is disgraced and degraded, are severely lashed by F, but are they not more completely flattered by EDMUND BURKE, who, describing such drivellers, calls them

—vulgar and mechanical politicians, a sort of people who think that nothing exists but what is gross and material; and who, therefore, far from being qualified to be directors of the great movement of empire, are not fit to turn a wheel in the machine.

By the politeness of a friend we have been favoured with a file of the Providence Gazette. Among other literary productions of great merit we find a series of periodical essays entitled "The ADELPHIAD." This work, like the Spectator, is devoted to topicks either light or literary, and displays much propriety of thought and much elegance of execution. One of its principal contributors is an OXFORD SCHOLAR; and, of course, in discussing the leading topicks in literature and politicks is always sure, not only of the assent, but the admiration of the Editor of The Port Folio.

For The Port Folio.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

Address to ———.

Prest with a weight of woe, at Sorrow's shrine,
Say, shall I mix my mourning wreath with thine;
From melancholy musing draw relief,
And linger in the way-worn path of grief?
With *thine*, a sister's plaintive requiem blend,
Droop o'er the relics of thy sainted friend
Nor pierce the veil Omnipotence hath spread
Around the hallow'd precincts of the dead?
Nature, recoiling, drops a bitter tear,
And cherishes the form to mem'ry dear;
Deepens each pang this aching bosom felt,
When at my brother's dying bed I knelt
And mark'd the surges of that troubled sea,
Whose waves and foaming billows burst on me.
Alas! life's glimm'ring morn was overcast:
Spring-time and blooming Summer quickly past.
Pale Omen damps the wing of future years,
No pleasure brightens, no perspective cheers;
Tempest and storm hang o'er the sea-beat coast,
Where all the fleeting bliss of youth was lost:
Where the last sparkling gleam of sunshine play'd,
And Hope's warm tints sunk into Sorrow's shade.

'Tis past—Mercy with Seraph hand, infuses balm,
And Resignation breathes an holy calm!
But oh! if memory's tender sigh should prove,
The faithful witness of a sister's love;
O'er pensive scenes, should brooding fancy roam,
And sketch the faded portraiture of home,
Where Friendship glanc'd its evanescent form,
And smiled, unconscious of the gathering storm,
Thou, who dispensed this "recent wound of heart,"
Whose silent quiver shrouds the piercing dart,
Scatter the clouds, which darken thy decree,
And reach the sceptre of thy love to me!
The starry heavens, the fruitful earth are thine;
Lo! at thy throne my treasures I resign!
Thou! who compassionates the feeling heart,
And placed thy spirit in th' immortal part,
Whose "strong right arm" guarded my brother's youth;
Kindled his talents at the source of Truth,
Warmed and enlarged his energetick mind,
With meekness tempered, and with grace refin'd,
If frail humanity, with fondness, clings
Where thrilling anguish rouses all its strings,
O, thou, who bade these sainted virtues live!
Father of Mercy! pity and forgive.

E.

Epitaph in Wrexham church-yard.

Here lies old *Hare*, worn out with care,
Who whilom *toll'd the bell*,
Could *dig a grave*, or *set a stake*,
And say *amen* full well.
For *sacred song*, he'd *Sternhold's* tongue,
And *Hopkins' eke* also;
With cough and hem, he stood by them,
As far as lungs would go.
Many a feast for worms he drest,
Himself then wanting bread;
But lo! he's gone, with skin and bone,
To starve them now he's dead.
Here take his *spade*, and use his trade,
Since he is out of breath;
Cover the bones of him, who once
Wrought journey-work for death.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 24, 1807.

[No. 4.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

H. Repton, Esq. has lately dedicated some of his works to the Right Honourable William Windham. This address is so elegantly penned, the praise of the friend of Burke is so just, and the allusion to Burke himself are all so interesting to the *staunch disciples of these statesmen*, that we cannot refuse ourselves the pleasure of publishing this dedication entire.]

To the Right Honourable William Windham.

SIR,

POLITICKS and party have, at this time, so strongly taken possession of men's minds that in thus publicly addressing a publick character it may be supposed that I should make some allusion to the present state of publick affairs; but since every individual who can read a newspaper has sufficient wisdom to advise statesmen and to comment on their measures without knowledge of their motives: I have not lately been ambitious of understanding political subjects, which varied with the seasons; or belonging to parties, which changed with the moon.

In the course of my profession I have had the honour to become acquainted with almost all the statesmen and all the leaders of different parties, without sacrificing the pursuits of taste for those of politicks; and during my occasional conversations and correspondence with your late friend, the great EDMUND BURKE, I only

knew him as the authour of a treatise on the "Sublime and Beautiful," a book that in after ages will shine with perpetual lustre, reflecting honour on his taste and that of the country in which he lived; when many of his other works will be neglected with the occasional pamphlets and squibs that throw a momentary light on the passing politicks of the day.

The vicissitude of human events has been a common theme with writers of all ages; yet surely no period of time ever witnessed such changes as those within our memory. Whether we extend our view to the great convulsions of Europe, or confine it to the fluctuation of sentiments and manners in England, or still narrowing the circle of our observation, only look at the changes in the rank, the property, or the opinions of individuals within our own immediate knowledge; in all these points of view we must confess that no human foresight could predict such uncommon events as we have witnessed since the year 1783, when I had the honour of accompanying you to Ireland at the beginning of your political career.

Whatever might be your reason for then resigning your publick situation and retiring into Norfolk, I confess I was not sorry to retire with you; I had seen enough of the *path of ambition* to know it was always *difficult*, sometimes *dangerous*, and often *dirty*.

There was no dishonour in my wishing for the enjoyment of inglorious ease, and I looked forward with hope to the renewal of your friendship in retirement; but your talents were not given to be wasted in private life; a high sense of duty to your country soon called you forth again, to take an active part in the councils of your Sovereign; and whether in conjunction with, or in opposition to, the various administrations of the last twenty years, the force of your eloquence, the depth of your observations, the perspicacity of your mind, your personal fortitude, with prophetic sense of public danger, and, above all, the sincerity and integrity of your heart, have proved that you were not created for the tranquillity of a private station.

When you determined to forego the ease of leisure to promote the welfare of the kingdom at large; I chose the more humble task of contributing to the comfort and pleasure of individuals: and while you studied to raise the glory and secure the best interests of the country; I was content to guide its taste and improve its scenery. Yet often do I look back with pleasing satisfaction to those happy days passed in the neighbourhood of Fellbrig, when you had leisure to cheer my retirement, and condescension to be pleased with the occasional productions of my pen, or pencil. Some of these I now venture to bring before the publick, together with a few other trifles, written at different times, and on different occasions; but whether produced at an early period, when I had nothing better to engage my attention, or more recently, to divert my attention from the constant duties of my profession: whether the offspring of too much leisure, or too much business, I am happy in having your permission to inscribe them to the friend of my early days, and trust they will be considered as the innocent and sportive effusions of an active, cheerful mind.

As an apology for addressing such trifles to you, I may observe, that, however the dull, plodding money-getter may hold trifles in contempt; the

wise, the good, the benevolent man, and the man of genius knows the value of trifling. And I have observed, that in proportion to the powers of mind to conceive great designs, there has always existed a peculiar faculty for enjoying relaxation. The cares, the anxiety, the bustle, and the duty of the most arduous situations can only be borne by occasional recurrence to what some would call—trifles; and whether they consist in the idle prattle of a child, the playful gambols of an animal, the cultivation of a flower, or the perusal of a poem, life would be intolerable without them.

Small sands the mountain, moments make
the year,

And trifles, life. Your care to trifles
give,

Or you may die before you truly live.

YOUNG.

Since, therefore, the tension of the mind derives new vigour from relaxation, if any of these trifles can afford a short alleviation of your constant anxiety for the publick welfare, my attempt will not be wholly useless.

I have the honour to be,

Sir, your

Very faithful servt.

H. REPTON.

[Russia has for many ages attracted the attention of the geographer, the politician, and the political economist; and never was this mighty empire more deserving of our contemplation than at the present period. The following description of the Russian character will be perused with a double interest; because it is the most recent, and because the describer is Dr. Aikin, England's second Addison.]

RUSSIA.

The people who inhabit these wild regions are for the most part of Sclavonick blood, and of Asiatick origin: their progenitors were known by the name of Sarmatians. Long disunited among themselves, and in a state of barbarism, they were reduced in the thirteenth century to vassalage under the Tartars. From this condition they were rescued in the fifteenth century, by their Czar, Joar Basilowitz, who, with his grandson, of the same name, men of vigour and talents, though rude and ferocious, extended

the Russian dominion, and made the nation known throughout Europe. Succeeding Sovereigns, among whom Peter I and Catharine II were preeminent, not only enlarged their territories, but promoted civilization and improvement of every kind; and at length raised the Russian empire to the dignity of a first rate European power.

The Russian national character appears to be marked with sedateness and tranquillity, mixed with liveliness and sociability. They are hospitable and good tempered among one another, capable of strong attachments, sagacious, and patient of hardships. The servitude in which the lower classes live, and the despotick rule exercised over the highest, have made them supple, cunning, and crouching. Manly elevation of soul with steady principle are rarely met with among them. The ancient nobility have vast estates, which they reckon by the number of vassals with which they are stocked; and they live in a kind of rude magnificence, shunning the Court and publick employments.

The Russian peasantry are remarkable for their readiness in acquiring the common arts of life, several of which they exercise for domestick purposes. In the higher departments of intellect, nothing masterly or original has yet appeared among them, which may perhaps be owing to their recent civilization. Their implicit obedience, joined with natural robustness of constitution and habit of endurance, renders them excellent soldiers in the modern practice of war, where mechanical discipline is more requisite than enthusiastick ardour. They shrink at no danger or fatigue, and are only to be conquered by extermination.

OF THE FIRST LANGUAGE.

Language, as involving so many combinations, is the most difficult of all inventions; being the instrument of human conversation, it is the most useful.

Letters, or written language, is the next in dignity and use; being the grand key to knowledge, arts, and sciences.

Whether these two are of human, or as some have supposed, of divine origin, cannot be easily ascertained. The complexity of their construction and inflexion, the variety of compound, as well as simple ideas which they express; the wonderful reach displayed in the invention of letters, about two dozen of which, by different arrangements, express the whole of human thought, which is boundless and infinite; all tend to show both the one and the other to have been the result of much forethought and the most profound reflection.

If of human invention, it must have required time, experience, and long investigation to have discovered and improved them. The first nations, it is supposed, were mute, or expressed themselves in dumb show. Natural signs, looks, and gesticulations, must have supplied the place of words and artificial expression; till, by degrees, finding the tediousness and imperfection of this mode of intercourse, men would of necessity and by compact, have recourse first to oral or spoken language; then to figures and hieroglyphicks; and lastly, to letters or written language.

These, indeed, must have been previous to all other inventions or improvements whatever; as, without them, no human communication can properly take place, no instruction or information of any kind. They must, therefore, have paved the way not only to the useful and convenient arts, but to human intercourse in general, polity, commerce, and sciences of every sort.

Upon examining the structure of language, we discover a very great analogy betwixt all those of remote origin.

Nature operates here mostly in the same way in all the human race. The words of any original language must be few, as men's ideas in an early state are but few. And these words and expressions are very much of the metaphorical kind for the same reason, to wit, the scantiness of language.

As in this state men's imaginations are peculiarly active, they will naturally in their expressions, have recourse to those external objects, that are daily before their eyes and strike them most forcibly. In warm countries there will be frequent allusions to heat; in cold, to frost, snow, and hail; in mild, to green fields, soft breezes, and purling streams.

If greatness of size is spoken of, the African will allude to the elephant, and the Greenlander to the whale; if beauty is the subject, the former will allude to the sun, the latter, most probably, to the splendour of ice or of snow.

The Hebrew and Celtick languages are, certainly, both of very remote origin. Accordingly their idiom, being unpolished and scanty, is highly figurative and metaphorical; and possesses that ardour and conciseness so peculiar to most primitive tongues. The

Celtick, supposed older than the Greek, was the ancient language of Gaul, Spain, and the British islands. The Hebrew, or its dialects, prevail to this day over Arabia, Persia, and a great part of India, and the northern parts of Africa.

The High Dutch and Slavonian are likewise of great antiquity; though it is extremely difficult to ascertain their origin. Perhaps they may be deemed a-kin to the Celtick; as the Latin to the Greek, with a mixture of Tuscan. Their genius, however, is harsh and rude, though possessed of strength; their manner cold and tedious.

The Latin and Greek I reckon of nearly the same antiquity, the latter perhaps somewhat older. They are likewise related in form and idiom, and bear a strong resemblance to the country in which they were produced. Besides their own intrinsick and superlative value, they become of peculiar consequence, as they enter more or less into the composition of most European tongues.

I shall only just further observe, that, as all original languages seem one way or other interwoven or connected together, it is most probable that they have sprung from one still more original, the fountain-head of the rest. Perhaps the Hebrew, Chaldaick, or Arabick, bids the fairest for this honour; yet there is no certainty that these were either spoken at the building of Babel, or were only corruptions of a more general one that took place before the confusion of tongues, and the consequent dispersion of mankind.

PLINY THE YOUNGER.

From Quintilian, the transition to Caius Plinius Secundus, his pupil, is easy. He was born in Insurbria about sixty years after our Saviour, and very early distinguished himself as a pleader at the Roman bar.

Enriched by a succession to the estate of L. Plinius Secundus, his uncle, he refused every reward for the defence of the innocent beyond the pleasure it afforded; and, had his speeches been preserved, they would probably have furnished a modern maxim, that a legal opinion, not paid for, is not worth obtaining.

In addition to a mind that was captivated by the love and successfully engaged in the cultivation of letters, he possessed a heart in which all the charities resided. He was amiable to his acquaintance, and he was benevolent to all. Had a longer life than

that of little more than half a century been granted to him, it is probable that posterity would have received more testimonies of his genius and his virtues. His panegyrick on Trajan is the language equally of praise and of truth, and is perhaps the only work which may serve as an object of comparison with the style of the preceding age. It was not published for many years after he had returned thanks to the Emperour for appointing him Consul. Praise to benefactors, when extended to topicks of general character, is often extravagant, and sometimes unjust; yet in this instance, it had the rare advantage of being grounded on incontestible facts. History accords with his eulogium, and, when with the portrait of a virtuous Prince he contrasts that of the tyrants who had preceded him, the contrast renders it more striking and valuable. Pliny says, his first object is to render to a great Prince the homage that is due to his virtues; then to present to his successors not rules of conduct, but a model which may teach them to deserve an equal share of glory by the same means: that to dictate to Sovereigns what they ought to be, is painful and presumptuous; to praise him who acts well in such a manner that the eulogium may serve as a lesson to others, and be a light to conduct them on their way, is an enterprise not less useful and much more modest.

After having stigmatized the baseness and unworthiness of those Emperours who only checked the incursions of the barbarians by pecuniary donations, and the purchase of captives to be the ornaments of an illusory triumph, he exhibits a very different conduct in his illustrious hero.

Every Emperour, at his inauguration, had a custom of distributing money amongst the people. The orator here expresses himself nobly and with interest on the circumstances which accompanied the liberality of Trajan. Another proof of the magnificence of the Emperours, were the spoils and spectacles which they gave to the Roman people who were idolaters of them. If any thing could produce a distaste

for such representations, it would have been the atrocity of the tyrants named the Cæsars, who still found, in the amusements of the theatre and the combats of the circus, an occasion to make their subjects more sensible of their despotism and their cruelty. Such was their attachment to a particular charioteer or gladiator, that they never scrupled to sacrifice those who espoused the opposite party. Under the Greek Emperours, this insensate rage was pushed to such an excess, that the faction of the Blues and the Greens, called so from the liveries of the circus, occasioned more than once the most horrible massacres in Constantinople. Before the time that Pliny wrote, Caligula, Nero, and Domitian had signalled their foolish passion for gladiators and pantomimes, by the most monstrous excesses. The sports given by Trajan seemed to have had another character; and this part of the panegyrick, followed by an account of the punishment of informers, displays such beauties, that if Pliny had always written in this style, he might well have been compared to Cicero. He felicitates the Emperour on putting an end to informers, who had, by false accusations of treason, deprived the state of many valuable citizens, and enriched the imperial coffers with the spoil of the victims.

Trajan had lived a long time in a private condition. In that best situation for a reflecting mind, he had marked the abominable reign and tragick end of Domitian.

Adopted by Nerva, whose reign was extremely short, Trajan appeared to the desponding empire as a being of superhuman excellence. A man of such spirit as Pliny could not fail to seize this circumstance, so fortunate in its kind; and the observations he makes upon it are worthy of our perusal. With energy and elevation he justifies the manner in which he speaks of the tyrants who had oppressed Rome, and of the happiness which the subject of his panegyrick had diffused.

In the letters of Pliny, we search in vain for that familiar ease and that

disclosure of the heart, which are the characteristic of epistolary correspondence. It is much to be regretted, that we have only such letters as were written for posterity; however varied and agreeable their manner, in however amiable a light they exhibit the authour, they are not a faithful image of his mind. Ten books of them were selected by him, and prepared for the publick. The names of the persons to whom they were addressed are those of his contemporaries most celebrated for their talents and their virtues; and the sentiments he expresses are worthy of such connexions. He interests us equally for the friends whose loss he regrets—the victims of Domitian, and for those who participated with him the blessings of his patron's reign.

But times of tranquillity do not affect the reader like the violent revolutions of the age which Cicero describes. They possess a higher attraction for the imagination, and furnish a richer aliment to the curiosity. In history, as on the theatre, nothing is less interesting than a happy people. Middleton, in his life of Cicero, allows that the "Letters of Pliny are justly admired by men of taste, and that they show the scholar, the wit, and the gentleman; but that their poverty and barrenness betray the awe of a master. All his stories terminate in private life; there is nothing important in politics; no great affairs explained; no account of the motives of publick councils. He had borne all the same offices with Cicero, whom in all points he affected to emulate; yet his honours were in effect but nominal, conferred by a superiour power, and administered by a superiour will, and with the old titles of Consul and Proconsul. We still want the statesman, the politician, and the magistrate. In his provincial command, where Cicero governed all things with a supreme authority, and had kings attendant on his orders, Pliny durst not venture to repair a bath or punish a fugitive slave, till he had first consulted and obtained the leave of Trajan."

For The Port Folio.

The following lines will remind the reader of one of the most beautiful poems ever produced by the genius of Robert Burns. The picture of the distress of the little animal when it rouses from slumber, is well drawn, and the conclusion is just.

THE DORMOUSE JUST TAKEN.

Sleep on, sleep on, poor captive mouse,
Oh sleep! unconscious of the fate
That ruthless spoil'd thy cosy* house,
And tore thee from thy mate.

What barbarous hand could thus molest
A little innocent like thee,
And drag thee from thy mossy nest
To sad captivity?

Ah! when suspended life again
Thy torpid senses shall recal,
Poor guiltless prisoner! what pain
Thy bosom shall appal.

When starting up in wild affright
Thy bright round eyes shall vainly seek
Thy tiny spouse with breast so white,
Thy whisker'd brethren sleek.

Thy snug warm nest with feathers lin'd,
Thy winter store of roots and corn,
Nor nuts, nor beech mast shalt thou find,
The toil of many a morn.

Thy soft white feet around thy cage
Will cling, while thou in hopeless pain
Wilt waste thy little life in rage
To find thy struggles vain.

Yet since thou'rt fallen in gentle hands,
Oh captive mouse, allay thy grief,
Too tight shall be thy silken bands,
And time afford relief.

Warm is the lodging, soft the bed
Thy little mistress will prepare,
By her kind hands thou shalt be fed,
And dainties be thy fare.

But neither men nor mice forget
Their native home, where'er they be,
And fondly thou wilt still regret
Thy wild woods, loves, and liberty.

[GOLDSMITH in his *History of the Earth*, satisfies the ear and the mind not less than in his *Essays*, or in his delightful *Novel*. Let the polite reader peruse the following extract, and we trust he will be of our opinion.]

The polar regions that receive the solar beams in a very oblique direction, and continue for one half of the year in night, receive but few of the general comforts that other parts of the world enjoy. Nothing can be more mournful or hideous than the

picture which travellers present of those wretched regions. The ground, which is rocky and barren, rears itself in every place in lofty mountains and inaccessible cliffs, and meets the mariner's eye at forty leagues from the shore. These precipices, frightful in themselves, receive an additional horror from being constantly covered with ice and snow, which daily seem to accumulate and to fill all the vallies with increasing desolation. The few rocks and cliffs that are bare of snow look at a distance of a dark-brown colour, and quite naked. The internal parts of the country are still more desolate and deterring. In wandering this solitude, some plains appear covered with ice, that, at first glance seem to promise the traveller an easy journey. But these are more formidable and more impassable than the mountains themselves, being cleft with dreadful chasms, and every where abounding with pits that threaten certain destruction. The seas that surround these inhospitable coasts are still more astonishing, being covered with flakes of floating ice that spread like extensive fields, or rise out of the water like enormous mountains! These, which are composed of materials as clear and transparent as glass, assume many strange and fantastick appearances. Some of them look like churches or castles with pointed turrets; some like ships in full sail; and people have often given themselves the fruitless toil to attempt piloting the imaginary vessel into harbour.

The earth presents a very different appearance at the equator, where the sun-beams darting directly downwards, burn up the lighter soils into extensive sandy deserts, or quicken the moister tracts with incredible vegetation. In these regions almost all the same inconveniences are felt from the proximity of the sun that in the former were endured from his absence. The deserts are entirely barren; and it not unfrequently happens that this dry soil which is so parched and comminuted by the force of the sun rises with the smallest

* A Scottish expression for snug.

breath of wind. The sands being composed of parts almost as small as those of water, they assume a similar appearance, rolling onward in waves like those of a troubled sea, and overwhelming all they meet with inevitable destruction. On the other hand, those tracts which are fertile teem with vegetation to a noxious degree. The grass rises to such a height as often to require burning; the forests are impassable from underwoods, and so matted above that even the sun, fierce as it is, can seldom penetrate. These are so thick as scarce to be extirpated, for the tops being so bound together by the climbing plants that grow round them, though a hundred should be cut at the bottom yet not one would fall, as they mutually support one another. In these dark and tangled forests, beasts of various kinds, insects in astonishing abundance, and serpents of surprising magnitude, find a quiet retreat from man, and are seldom disturbed except by each other.

In this manner the extremes of our globe seem equally unfitted for the comforts and conveniences of life, and although the imagination may find an awful pleasure in contemplating the frightful precipices of Greenland or the luxurious verdure of Africa, yet true happiness can only be found in the more moderate climates, where the gifts of nature may be enjoyed without incurring danger in obtaining them.

It is in the temperate zone, therefore, that all the arts of improving nature and refining upon happiness have been invented: and this part of the earth is, more properly speaking, the theatre of Natural History. Although there be millions of animals and vegetables in the unexplored forests under the line, yet most of these may forever continue unknown, as curiosity is there repressed by surrounding danger. But it is otherwise in these delightful regions which we inhabit: among us there is scarcely a shrub, a flower, or an insect without its particular history; scarcely a plant that could be useful that has not been

propagated, nor a weed that could be noxious which has not been pointed out.

The olive-tree, as we are assured by travellers and naturalists, makes no very splendid figure in the plains of Pisa or the groves of Spain. Its green is sickly, and its general effect unpicturesque. But in the natural as in the moral world that which has little show has much use. The virtues of this tree have lately been poetically celebrated by Mrs. C. Smith. Our readers will be pleased with this poem. The allusion in the third stanza is pious as well as poetical.

ODE TO THE OLIVE-TREE.

Although thy flowers minute, disclose
No colours rivalling the rose,
And lend no odours to the gale;
While dimly through the pallid green
Of thy long slender leaves, are seen
Thy berries pale.

Yet for thy virtues art thou known,
And not the anana's burnish'd cone,
Or golden fruits that bless the earth
Of Indian climes, however fair,
Can with thy modest boughs compare,
For genuine worth.

Man from his early Eden driven,
Receiv'd thee from relenting Heaven,
And thou the whelming surge above,
Symbol of pardon, deign'd to rear
Alone thy willowy head to cheer
The wandering dove.

Though no green whispering shade is thine,
Where peasant girls at noon recline,
Or, while the village tabor plays,
Gay vine-dressers and goatherds meet
To dance with light unwearied feet
On holidays;

Yet doth the fruit thy sprays produce,
Supply what ardent suns refuse,
Nor want of grassy lawn or mead
To pasture milky herds is found
While fertile olive groves surround
The lone Bastide.

Thou stillest the wild and troubled waves,
And as the human tempest raves,
When Wisdom bids the tumult cease,
Thee, round her calm majestick brows
She binds; and waves thy sacred boughs,
Emblems of peace!

Ah! then, though thy wan blossoms bear
No odours for the vagrant air,
Yet genuine worth belongs to thee;
And Peace and Wisdom, powers divine,
Shall plant thee round the holy shrine
Of Liberty.

LEVITY.

EPITAPH ON A BLACKSMITH.

Here lies T— S—
Who, whilst he lived, was hotly employed
In the service of his country;
He had abilities for matters of weight,
And, whatever came upon the anvil

He turned to advantage.
 He was dexterous in penetrating into things;
 For few were so hard or so close
 But he would screw into them,
 And spy through them;
 He showed great strokes of his strong parts.
 As well in cutting asunder the firmest connexions
 Which lay in his way,
 As in uniting what he found asunder
 To answer his purpose.
 Whatever black contrivances were forged,
 He soon blew them up,
 And was successful in quenching
 The red hot fury of those he had in hand:
 His station was an unquiet one;
 By a judicious use of instruments,
 Of which he was master,
 And by making vice itself
 Subservient to his work;
 He secured his points;
 And by hitting the right nail on the head,
 Arrived to the height of his desires,
 And lived, with spirits, in the common way:
 In which situation
 He bent himself to be serviceable
 To his neighbourhood,
 Among whom he wrought a good understanding;
 And when things went wrong or lame,
 Would stoop to set them on better footing.
 He was not linked to any party;
 Old and New were equally his interest;
 He made a great noise in the world;
 And shone in his station,
 Till age spread a rust over him,
 And death put out his fire,
 And here are laid his dust and ashes.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
 Is the light air waves the willow;
 Every thing of moving kind
 VARIES with the veering wind:
 What have I to do with thee,
 Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
 Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
 Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
 Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY
 What have I to do with thee,
 Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Lord Erskine, a few days ago, upon a case of lunacy, in the Court of Chancery, said, that he considered the various trusts with which he was invested in a manner as nothing, when compared with the sacred duty of protecting those who were visited with so severe a calamity as that of mania. He said it was as much a disease as any other with which it pleased God to afflict mankind, and that he was sure it was always exasperated in its symptoms, and frequently rendered incurable by unkind and rigorous treatment. That he never would permit lunatics to be shut up from the common use of air and their own limbs when they were capable of enjoying protected enlarge-

ment, without danger to others or to themselves: and that, in the management of the estates of lunatics, he would not allow remainder, nor to consider them as incumbances, or to think that the property was not to accumulate for their benefit; but he would always examine with the most anxious attention, how much comfort and satisfaction the lunatic was capable of receiving from the enjoyment of that which was his own.

It is impossible for the pen to describe the emotion or the sensibility which this declaration from the Bench produced on every auditor in the Court, and we are sure it will be felt with equal interest and sympathy by every one of our readers.—*Lon. Pa.*

Lord H****.—Sitting with Lord H. (who was much addicted to the bottle) previous to a masquerade night, he asked Foote "what new character he ought to appear in?" "New character!" said the other, pausing for some time, "suppose you go sober my Lord!"

The Lame Lover.—When Foote parted with his theatre to Coleman, he got himself engaged at the same time as a principal performer; but some difference arising about settling the value of the comedy of *The Lame Lover*, Coleman observed that it would not bring so much as the other pieces, and therefore it should have an abatement. "Yes, yes," said the other, "it will; for though he is nominally lame, I shall always lend him a foot for his support."

Gratitude of Players.—A person attacking the players in general one night in company with Foote, said, among other things, "that they had not one grain of gratitude about them." "Nay, now," said Foote, "you are too severe upon the profession; for to my certain knowledge there are no people more distressed at benefits forgotten!"

The Discovery.—A gentleman praising the personal charms of a very plain woman before Foote, the latter whispered him, "And why don't you lay claim to such an accomplished beauty?" "What right have I to her?" said the other. "Every right by the law of nations, as the first discoverer!"

Irish Hospitality.—Foote praising the hospitalities of the Irish, after one of his trips from the sister kingdom, a gentleman present asked him whether he had ever been in *Cork*. "No, Sir," said he, quickly—"but I have seen a great many drawings of it."

It has been the amusement of some to collect butterflies from different parts of the world, or to breed them among caterpillars

at home. These they arrange in systematic order; or dispose so as to make striking and agreeable pictures: and all must grant that this specious idleness is far preferable to that unhappy state which is produced by a total want of employment.

Charlotte Smith, even in verses intended for very young persons, displays great genius, talents, and sensibility.

TO THE LADY-BIRD.

O! Lady-Bird, Lady-Bird, why dost thou roam

So far from thy comrades, so distant from home?

Why dost thou, who can revel all day in the air,

Who the sweets of the grove and the garden can share,

In the fold of a leaf, who can form thee a bower,

And a palace enjoy in the tube of a flower;

Ah, why, simple Lady-Bird, why dost thou venture

The dwellings of man so familiar to enter?

Too soon you may find that your trust is misplaced

When by some cruel child you are wantonly chas'd,

And your bright scarlet coat, so bespotted with black,

May be torn, by his barbarous hands, from your back;

And your smooth jetty corslet be pierced with a pin,

That the urchin may see you in agonies spin;

For his bosom is shut against Pity's appeals, He has never been taught that a Lady-Bird feels,

Ah! then you 'll regret you were tempted to rove

From the tall-climbing hop, or the hazel's thick grove,

And will fondly remember each arbour and tree,

Where lately you wander'd contented and free;

Then fly, simple Lady-Bird,—fly away home,

No more from your nest and your children to roam.

A cure for bad Poetry.—A physician of Bath, told Foote he had a mind to publish his own poems; but he had so many irons in the fire, he did not well know what to do. "Then take my advice, Doctor," said Foote, and "put your poems where your irons are."

Boswell in his life of Dr. Johnson, a work so various and amusing that I know no reason to prefer to it any, the most delightful of the French miscellanies, has introduced, with great effect, in many passages of his enchanting book, the Doctor's sentiments concerning that same state of nature with which some of our wild men in America are so violently enamoured.

"I attempted to argue for the superiour happiness of the *savage* life, upon the usual fanciful topicks. Johnson. "Sir, there can be nothing more false. The savages have no bodily advantages beyond those of civilized man. They have not better health, and as to care or mental uneasiness, they are not above it, but below it, like bears. No sir, you are not to talk such paradox. Let me have no more. It cannot entertain, far less instruct. Lord Monboddo, one of your Scotch Judges, talked a great deal of such nonsense. I suffered him, but I won't suffer you."

On another occasion, when reprehending the absurdity of a certain Baronet's conversation, Johnson, to express his climax of contempt, said to him,

"Sir Thomas you talk the language of a *savage*."

But the most memorable passage is the following, in which not only the *savage* state, but a lawless polity and a foolish patriotism are sneered at with all the shrewdness of the homo "*emunctæ naris*" of the Thracian freedman.

"The modes of living in different countries, and the various views with which men travel in quest of new scenes having been talked of, a learned gentleman who holds a considerable office in the law, expatiated on the happiness of *savage* life; and mentioned an instance of an officer who had actually lived for some time in the *wilds of America*, of whom, when in that state, he quoted this reflection with an air of admiration, as if it had been deeply philosophical: "Here am I, sovereign and independent, and the most enlightened being in the universe, free and unrestrained, amid the rude magnificence of nature, with this *Indian* woman by my side, and this gun with which I can procure food when I want it: what more can be desired for human happiness?" It did not require much sagacity to foresee that such a sentiment would not be permitted to pass without due animadversion. Johnson. "Do not allow yourself, sir, to be imposed upon by such gross absurdity. It is sad stuff; it is brutish. If a bull could speak, he might as well exclaim—here am I with this cow and grass; what being can enjoy greater felicity!"

Dryden, whose prose style is excellent, and whose elaborate and ingenious prefaces and dedications ought to be studied, has the following happy remarks somewhere.

Ovid going to his banishment, and writing from on shipboard to his friends, excused the faults of his poetry by his misfortunes; and told them that good verses never flow but from a serene and composed spirit. Wit, which is a kind of Mercury with wings fastened to his head and heels, can fly but slowly in a damp air.

Boswell observes in his life of Dr. Johnson that "the custom of eating dogs at Orabette being mentioned, Goldsmith observed that this was also a custom in China, and that a dog-butcher was as common as any other butcher." Some wag in England thus poetically and merrily describes

THE CHINESE DINNER :

A fact which occurred during Lord Macartney's Embassy to China.

The feast prepar'd, the splendour round

Allow'd the eye no rest ;

The wealth of "Ormus and the Ind"*

Appear'd to greet the guest.

No idle tongue, no converse light,

The solemn silence broke,

Because, 'tis fam'd, our Englishman

No word of Chinese spoke !

Now here, now there, he pick'd a bit

Of what he could not name,

And all he knew was that, in fact,

They made him sick the same.

CHING-TAU, his host, press'd on each dish,

With polish'd Chinese grace,

And much CHING thought he relish'd them

At every ugly face.

At last he swore he'd eat no more,

("Twas written in his looks !)

"For zounds," he said, "the Devil here

"Sends both the meat and cooks !"

But, covers chang'd, he brighten'd up,

And thought himself in luck,

When close before him, what he saw

Seem'd something like a duck.

Still cautious grown, and to be sure,

His brain he set to rack ;

At length he turn'd to one behind,

And, pointing, cried, "Quack, quack ?"

The Chinese gravely shook his head,

Next made a rev'rent bow,

And then express'd what dish it was,

By utt'ring, "Bow, wow, wow !"

Whether Dryden in the ensuing passage talks more like a philosopher, physician, or poet, we will not detain the reader by investigating.

We who are Priests of Apollo have not the inspiration when we please, but must wait till the god comes rushing on us, and invades us with a fury which we are not able to resist ; which gives us double strength while the fit continues, and leaves us languishing and spent at its departure.

In perusing the familiar letters of Mr. GIBBON to the Earl of Sheffield, in which we think the writer appears to much more advantage than in his Roman History, we find the following admirable sentiments at the expense of two of the most execrable topicks in nature, *Democracy* and the *French*

Revolution. It is impossible that any words we can employ should be sufficiently energetic and picturesque to express our full approbation of the following sentiments.

I begin to fear that Satan will drive me out of the possession of Paradise. My only comfort will be, that, I shall have been expelled by the power and not seduced by the arts of the blackest demon in hell, the DEMON OF DEMOCRACY. Where will this tremendous inundation, this conspiracy of numbers against rank and property, be finally stopped. Europe seems to be universally tainted, and wherever the French can light a match they may blow up a mine. Our only hope is now in their devouring one another ; they are furious and hungry monsters, and war is almost declared between the moderate republicans and the absolute levellers. A majority of the convention wishes to spare the royal victims ; but they must yield to the rage of the people and the thirst of popularity, and a few hours may produce a trial, a sentence, and a guillotine. M. Neckar is publishing a pamphlet in defence of the august sufferers ; but his feeble and tardy efforts will rather do credit to himself than service to his clients.

Hunger, literary hunger, will soon compel me to write to Elmsley, as I have many questions to ask and many commissions to give. In the mean while, I thirst for Mr. Burke's Reflections on the Revolution of France. Entreat Elmsley, in my name, to despatch it to Lausanne with care and speed.

In a letter to Mrs. Gibbon, he says, "In the moving picture of the world, you cannot be indifferent to the strange revolution which has humbled all that was high, and exalted all that was low in France. The irregular and lively spirit of the nation has disgraced their liberty, and instead of building a free constitution, they have only exchanged despotism for anarchy. Burke, if I remember right, is no favourite of yours, but there is surely much eloquence and much sense in his book."

In another to the same—"You will allow me to be a tolerable historian, yet on a fair review of ancient and modern times, I can find none that bear any affinity with the present. My knowledge of your discerning mind and my recollection of your political principles assure me that you are no more of a democrat than myself. Had the French improved their glorious opportunity to erect a free constitutional monarchy on the ruins of arbitrary power and the Bastille, I should applaud their generous effort ; but this total subversion of all rank, order, and government could be productive only of a popular

* Milton.

* One of Mr. Gibbon's bookseilers.

monster, which after devouring every thing else, would finally devour itself. I was once apprehensive that this monster would propagate some imps in our happy island, but they seem to be crushed in the cradle; and I acknowledge with pleasure and pride *the good sense of the English nation*, who seem truly conscious of the blessings they enjoy."

Louis had given and suffered every thing. The cruelty of the French was aggravated by ingratitude, and a life of innocence was crowned by the death of a saint, or what is far better, of a virtuous Prince who deserves our pity and esteem. He might have lived and reigned had he possessed as much active courage as he was endowed with patient fortitude. When I read the accounts from some of the universal grief and indignation which that fatal event excited, I indeed *gloried in the character of an Englishman*: our national fame is now pure and splendid.

Yesterday the august scene was closed for this year. Sheridan surpassed himself; and though I am far from considering him as a perfect orator, there were many beautiful passages in his speech on justice, filial love, &c. one of the closest chains of argument I ever heard to prove that Hastings was responsible for the acts of Middleton, and a compliment much admired to a certain historian of your acquaintance. Sheridan in the close of his speech, sunk into Burke's arms; but I called this morning and he is perfectly well.—*Gibbon*.

THE IRISHMAN.

The savage loves his native shore,
Though rude the soil and chill the air;
Well then may ERIN's sons adore
Their isle that nature form'd so fair.
What flood reflects a shore so sweet,
As glorious Boyne, or pastoral Ban!
And who a friend or foe can meet,
So gen'rous as an IRISHMAN!

His hand is rash, his heart is warm,
But *Principle* is still his guide:
None more repents a deed of harm,
And none forgives with nobler pride.
He may be dup'd, but wont be dar'd:
Fitter to practise than to plan,
He ably earns his poor reward,
And spends it like an IRISHMAN.

If strange and poor, for you he'll pay
And guide you where you safe may be;
Are you his comrade—while you stay
His cottage holds a jubilee;
His inmost soul he will unlock;
And if he may your merits scan,
Your confidence he scorns to mock,
For faithful is an IRISHMAN.

By Honour bound, in woe or weal,
Whate'er he bids she dares to do;
Tempt him with bribes, or if you fail,
Try him in fire, and find him true:
He seeks not safety, let his post
Be, where it ought, in Danger's van;
And if the field of fame be lost,
'Twill not be by an IRISHMAN.

ERIN, lov'd land, from age to age,
May you become more fam'd, more free!
May peace be yours—or if you wage
Defensive war—cheap victory!
May plenty bloom in every field,
Your healthful breezes softly fan,
And Pleasure's smiles serenely gild,
The breast of ev'ry IRISHMAN.

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

In this dim cave a Druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hallow'd o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of diff'rent creed,
An hermit's holy ashes rest,
The school-boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin blest.

That truant time full well I know,
When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The Druid's magick misletoe,
The holy hermit's passion-flower.

The offerings on the mystick stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deepening groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted fancy start?
The sound still vibrates on my ear—
The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds, it came
Unmix'd, unmelodis'd with breath;
But grinding through some scrannel frame,
Creak'd from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart" it cries;
"No tribute bear to shades unblest:
Know here a bloody Druid lies,
Who was not nurs'd at Nature's breast.

Associate he with dæmons dire,
O'er human victims held the knife,
And pleas'd to see the babe expire,
Smil'd grimly o'er its quivering life.

Behold his crimson streaming hand
Erect! his dark, fix'd murderous eye!"
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—dost thou not see
The haggard eye-ball's horrid glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart through the sabled shade of hair!

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rules th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan, that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey.

What wr tched—hark! the voice replies,
“Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
For here a guilty hermit lies,
Untrue to nature, virtue, sense.

Though Nature lent him powers to aid
The moral cause, the mutual weal:
Those pow'rs he sunk in this dim shade,
The desperate suicide of zeal;

Go, teach the drone of saintly haunts,
Whose cell's the sepulchre of Time,
Though many a holy hymn he chants,
His life is one continued crime.

And bear from hence the plant, the flow'r,
No symbols those of systems vain!
They have their duties of the hour—
Some bird, some insect to sustain.”

The following curious paragraphs are extracted from a Boston paper. The shaver, who transmogrified a Vermont bear into an East-Indian nondescript was probably one of those virtuous Yankees, distinguished by the honourable appellation of jockies and swindlers, who, when they can no longer cheat one another, wander from home to cajole strangers.

It is remarkable that all seasons and all climates have been favourable to the wiles of deception. When practised on others, it may afford us some short gratification, but on ourselves, confusion and chagrin. We are unwilling to seem deficient in understanding, and this very unwillingness frequently precipitates us into extravagant mistakes. We are seldom more sensible of intellectual pain, than when others of inferiour capacities have escaped the same deception by which we have been deluded. It is then mankind invariably commend *society*, and sigh for its absent joys. Deceptions are practised on all the senses with wonderful success; but on the sight, assisted by the reasoning faculties, they are perhaps less frequent. To this class, however, belongs the unaccountable, and I hope singular deception, which occurred last week; I refer to an animal exhibited in this town, termed a nondescript biped, and which, had it not been for the interposition of common sense, would probably still have been a source of admiration to the *learned* of the present day. This animal was sought with avidity by some gentlemen who have lately become naturalists, and who were profuse in expressing the gratification they received at a sight so novel and interesting. Some considered it as a *lusus nature*.

“Quale porrentum neque militaris
Davinta in latis alit esculetis,
Nec Jubæ tellus generat _____”

Others, however, ranked it under the genus of *Sorex*. Gentlemen repeated their visits more frequently, and several descriptions,

I am informed, were nearly completed; when, to the great discomposure of the naturalist, it proved to be a BEAR, taken in the woods of *Vermont*!!! Some individuals, who very fortunately could view it through no other medium than that of the most humble understanding, were the authours of this discovery, which conferred little honour on themselves, but less on the *lovers of nature*.

The bear which was exhibited in this town last week, as an extraordinary animal from the *East-Indies*, we understand was purchased at *New-York*. The owner there shaved, dressed, and disciplined him, and gave him the name of “*Poulican*.” He was shown in that city for two or three weeks, and had a crowded company every day. At length the imposture was discovered, and the Mayor obliged the master and his bear to leave the city.

HOW TO LIVE! AFTER A DUCAL RECIPE.

If the Duke of Q— does not extend his life to a still longer period, it will not be for want of *culinary comforts*, and those other succulent arts by which *longevity* is best promoted. His Grace's sustenance is thus daily administered:—At seven in the morning he regales in a warm *milk bath*, perfumed with almond powder, where he takes his *coffee* and a *buttered muffin*, and afterwards retires to his bed; he rises about nine, and breakfasts on *coffee au lait*, with *new-laid eggs*, just parboiled; at eleven, he is presented with two warm *jellies and rusques*;—at one, he eats a *veal cutlet à la Maintenon*; at three, *jellies and eggs*; at five, a cup of *chocolate and rusques*;—at half after seven, he takes a *hearty dinner* from high seasoned dishes, and makes suitable libations of *claret and Madeira*;—at ten, *tea, coffee, and muffins*;—at twelve, sups on a *roasted poulet*, with a plentiful dilution of *lime punch*;—at one in the morning, he retires to bed in high spirits, and sleeps until three, when his *man cook*, to a moment, waits upon him in person with a hot savory *veal cutlet*, which, with a portion of wine and water, prepares him for his further repose, that continues generally uninterrupted until the morning summons to his *lactean bath*. In this routine of *living comforts* are the four and twenty hours invariably divided; so that if his Grace does not know with *Sir Toby Belch*, “that our life is composed of the four elements,” he knows at least, with *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, “that it consists in *eating and drinking*!”

ADDISON, seeing some old writer upon Astrology, who had ridiculously asserted that in the firmament there were *tenebrificous* or *dark stars*, makes the following happy application:

I consider writers in the same view this sage astrologer does the heavenly bodies.

Some of them are stars that scatter light as others do darkness. I could mention several authours who are tenebrificous stars of the first magnitude, and point out a knot of gentlemen who have been dull in concert, and may be looked on as a dark constellation. The nation has been a great while benighted by several of these antiluminaries. I suffered them to ray out their darkness as long as I was able to endure it, till at length I came to a resolution of rising upon them, and hope in a little time to drive them quite out of the British hemisphere.

George Colman, who is the best opera-writer of the present day, has just produced a musical entertainment entitled, "We Fly by Night, or Long Stories." In the character of a Landlady he introduces the following Song which contains a sportive equivocal:

Around the face of blue-ey'd Sue
Did auburn ringlets curl;
Her lips seem'd coral dipp'd in dew,
Her teeth two rows of pearl:
Joe of the Bell, whose wine they said
Was new in cask as he in trade,
Espous'd this nonpareil.
"You keep the bar," says Joe, "my dear,
But be obliging, Sue, d'ye hear,
And prove to all who love good cheer
They're welcome to the Bell."

A London rider chanc'd to slip
Behind the bar to dine;
And found sweet Susan's yielding lip
Much mellower than her wine.
As Joe stept in, he stamp'd and tore,
And for the London beau, Joe swore
He'd dust his jacket well.
"Heyday!" says Sue, "what's this I trow,
You bade me be obliging, Joe
I'm only proving to the beau
He's welcome to the Bell."

BURKE, in a tract which does not appear in Dodsley's edition of his works, thus describes a scoundrel and French republican.

One of their Journalists, and according to their fashion, one of their leading statesmen, was Gorgas, who published a newspaper which he called *The Galley Journal*. The title was well suited to the paper and its authour. For some felonies he had been sentenced to the gallees; but by the benignity of the late King, this felon, to be one day advanced to the rank of a regicide, had been pardoned and released. His gratitude was such as might naturally have been expected, and it has lately been rewarded as it deserved. This liberated galle slave was raised, in mockery of all criminal law, to be minister of justice. He has since received the punishment of his former crimes, in proscription and death.

Jack Bannister one evening when old Charles in the character of Neptune, appear-

ed in the middle of the waves, called out to him, "O ho! father, you are now in your element—half seas over."

From the *Charleston Courier*.

SONG—On the Non-Importation Act.

The motley band of demagogues, who rule
our potent nation,
Have lately put a stop, it seems, to British
importation;
And if their words we could believe, or
promises rely on,
Their only wish appears to be to crush the
British Lion.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more the dames of Charleston shall
walk in pleasant weather,
On shoes of softest English kid, but stiff
old Yankee leather;
And should their aching soles complain, or
cursed corns should ail 'em,
They'll soon be set to rights again by Crown-
inshield of Salem.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more the silks of Spitalfields will rustle
at the races,
Nor blooming maids in British veils conceal
their pretty faces;
For Nicholson and Gregg and Wright, declare
the game they drive at,
Is to promote the publick good without re-
garding private.

Bow, wow, wow!

The democrattick Planters all declare they'll
not be lagging,
But purchase Boston tow cloth up, instead of
cotton bagging;
All they want of British flax or hemp, is
but a rope Sirs,
To twist John Bull about the neck, and
fairly hang him up Sirs.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more the brazen candlestick shall hold
the waxen taper,
Nor ladies write their billet-doux on hot-
pressed vellum paper;
Away with all their British trash, their
brass and other metals,
We only want some sheets of tin to mend
our broken kettles.

Bow, wow, wow!

No more shall beaux, in British cloth, in
crowds attend the churches,
And shunning ostentation, take their stand
within the porches:
The belles they go to stare at there, would
soon look very sullen,

And turn their pretty noses up at boors in
home-made woolen.

Bow, wow, wow !

Farewell ! alas ! a long farewell, to sparkling old Madeira,

No longer sipp'd in *English glass*, from this unhappy era

Our democrattick grog must now be drank in *German tumblers*,

Thick as the heads, coarse as the minds, of democrattick bunglers.

Bow, wow, wow !

There is nothing interesting in the concerns of men, whom we love and honour, that is beneath our attention.—“ Love,” says one of our old poets, “ esteems no office mean;” and with still more spirit, “ entire affection scorneth nicer hands.”

The same sun which gilds all nature, and exhilarates the whole creation, does not shine upon disappointed ambition. It is something that rays out of darkness, and inspires nothing but gloom and melancholy. Men in this deplorable state of mind, find a comfort in spreading the contagion of their spleen. They find an advantage too ; for it is a general popular error to imagine the loudest complainers for the publick to be the most anxious for its welfare. If such persons can answer the ends of relief and profit to themselves, they are apt to be careless enough about either the means or the consequences.

CROSS PURPOSES.

Tom loves Mary passing well,

And Mary she loves Harry,

But Harry sighs for bonny Bell,

And finds his love miscarry ;

Bonny Bell for Thomas burns,

Whilst Mary slights his passion :

So strangely freakish are the turns

Of human inclination.

Moll gave Hal a wreath of flowers,

Which he, in am'rous folly,

Consign'd to Bell, and in few hours

It came again to Molly ;

Thus all by turns are woo'd, and woo ;

No turtles can be truer ;

Each loves the object they pursue,

But hates the kind pursuer.

As much as Mary, Thomas grieves,

Proud Hal despises Mary ;

And all the flouts which Bell receives

From Tom, she vents on Harry.

If one of all the four has frown'd,

You ne'er saw people grummer ;

If one has smil'd, it catches round,

And all are in good humour.

Then, lovers, hence this lesson learn,

Throughout the British nation ;

How much 'tis ev'ry one's concern

To smile at reformation.

And still, through life, this rule pursue,
Whatever objects strike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like you.

Arbitrary power is so much to the depraved taste of the vulgar, of the vulgar of every description, that almost all the dissensions which lacerate the commonwealth, are not concerning the manner in which it is to be exercised, but concerning the hands in which it is to be placed. Somewhere they are resolved to have it. Whether they desire it to be vested in the many or the few, depends with most men upon the chance which they imagine they themselves may have of partaking in the exercise of that arbitrary sway, in the one mode or in the other.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

“ A Gentle Swain,” as might be expected, perhaps, from a rustick observer, does not know the world ; at least he is profoundly ignorant of the *mundus muliebria*. Dean Swift in ten lines will fully instruct our correspondent, who appears to be quite a novice in certain mysteries :

Why is a *handsome wife* ador'd

By every coxcomb *but her lord* ?

From yonder *puppet-man* inquire

Who wisely hides his wood and wire,

Shows Sheba's Queen *completely drest*,

And Solomon in *royal vest* ;

But view them, *litter'd on the floor*,

Or *strung on pegs behind the door*,

Punch is exactly of a piece

With Lorrain's Duke and Prince of Greece.

The Translator of a Section of a Homily on Patience by one of the Greek Fathers is very respectfully requested to renew his correspondence with the Editor.

“ R. F.” who in our last has very wittily and ingeniously assailed “ J. S.” the critick of Carr, is cordially invited to a more intimate intercourse. If this shrewd and sensible writer will favour the Editor with the “ Tour round the Lakes,” we will venture to predict that it will be aloof from all the darts of unjust criticism.

“ E ” wears a suit of sables ; but the dress becomes her both as a poetess and a friend. We hope that she finds consolation in that IMMORTAL WORK in which we know she is piously conversant, and that *Time, who on all things lays his lenient hand*, will assuage

her grief; and employment, literary employment, beguile the tediousness of life's dismal hour.

"An American," who, in the second number of *The Port Folio* has remonstrated with the Editor for censuring the word *progressed*, is respectfully requested to review some positions in the article alluded to. If the word occur in the newspapers or magazines of Great-Britain, they must certainly belong to a solitary tribe of miscellany to which at present the Editor has no access. With respect to the "American's" assertion that the above obnoxious verb is to be found in Walker's Dictionary, we are sorry to be obliged to contradict a person of our countryman's respectable appearance, and what is still more disagreeable, to contradict him, as Junius expresses it, *directly on the fact*. WALKER is one of those excellent guides whose steady support and bright flambeau assist us greatly whenever we rove darkling through the obscure paths of literature. In the third London quarto edition, and the *last*, which is now before us, we have searched *to progress*, and we have searched in vain. The "American" may be assured there is *no such verb there*. The authority of Entick does not greatly terrify us: whether he, or Crakelt his successour, in the task of compiling that *enormous* volume, has chosen to exhibit this barbarism or not, we are not solicitous to inquire, because this same dictionary was originally intended for the use of boys from five to ten, little misses in frocks, footmen, chambermaids, and other learned persons with whose profound pursuits we do not choose to intermeddle. JOHNSON cites *one* instance of its employment by SHAKSPEARE, but immediately adds *not used*. His declaration of its *obsoleteness* silences the dispute forever. The "American," after these hardy assertions, one of which would justify an Addison, a Burke, a Hume, or a Robertson, to revive any expression he thought proper from the trance in which it sleeps in the works of Chaucer, Gower, or John of Lydgate, *proceeds*, or if he

will have it so, *progresses* to abuse the Editor for *lack of patriotism*. What connection subsists between a philological discussion and the love of one's country, we cannot distinctly perceive, though to invigorate our dim opticks we have taken divers pinches of Cephalick snuff and put on a pair of spectacles whose pebbles are of Brazil. Because the Editor, studious, though perhaps in vain, of the purity of style, has *branded* a barbarism, it is "a new proof of *antipathy to America*"! This is one of the most extraordinary conclusions ever drawn from the wildest of sophisms, at which Logick and all her handmaids stand perfectly amazed. But the "American," though he strives with all his might to depreciate the character and to impeach the veracity of the Editor, is on the alert to commend himself for "a natural prepossession in favour of the country of his birth," and more than insinuates that the man, who dislikes to *progress*, in the provincial tongue, has no such *natural* prepossession. This is a very hackneyed topick of calumny; and the eternal jangling of this monotonous peal of old bells is a little wearisome even to the leathern ears of an Editor who is obliged to listen to many an ungrateful sound. The conductor of this Journal is in possession of no graduated scale, by which he can ascertain with mathematical exactness the precise difference between the patriotism of one American and another; for, like our correspondent, the Editor is an American; he *educated himself* in America; he lives in America; and as he does not contemplate a change in his situation, the probability is that he will die in America. He has some stake in the country. His family friends, literary friends, social friends, and party friends, are American. To America only he looks for that ordinary measure of encouragement due to pretensions humble like his own; and for a magnanimous America, a WELL-GOVERNED America, a noble, loyal, generous, gallant, high-spirited America, he feels an affection more intensely warm than all the *bickering*

Names of the patriotism either of Junius Brutus or John Hampden, of John Pym or Algernon Sidney.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Principium dulce est, at finis amoris amarus:
Læta venire Venus, tristis abire solet.
Johannes Audenus.

Sweetly the day-beams on our senses steal,
When first are felt the throbs of infant love:
The mind how vivid! how tumultuous rove
The charmed thoughts!—'tis paradise to feel.
As fancy draws the curtain, melting kind,
Her humid eyes* half clos'd, on flowers reclin'd,

The maid appears; Love's rich and roseate dye

Glow on her cheeks, the while a struggling sigh,

Voluptuous, breathes its witchery to the wind.

But, ah! how chang'd, when from the sickening breast

Love speeds his flight, and leaves it uninspir'd!

Where are those beauties which the senses fir'd?

All fled, their radiance lost. Dark clouds invest

That fancy which of late so wildly play'd,
And in the image of the angel maid

Beheld whatever perfect is or rare:
While for a smiling Venus, heavenly fair,

Now fell Disgust, a gorgon, stands display'd.

PHOSPHOR.

For The Port Folio.

VERSES

Written in answer to a young lady who desired to know the reason why my muse was not awakened by the return of Spring.

Ah! what is blooming Spring to me?

The verdant field, or shady tree?

* Umidì occhi is a frequent term of the Italian poets to denote the "eyes that speak the melting soul;" or, as Etruscus more forcibly expresses it, "occuli tremulo fulgore micantes." Collins says with great beauty, "eyes of dewy light." Every lover knows how fancy delights to riot on the charms of an absent mistress. The poet Jayadeva, whose songs, like those of Solomon, are supposed to have a mystical allusion, makes Madhava exclaim, "I meditate on her delightful embrace, on the ravishing glances of her eye, on the fragrant lotos of her mouth, on her nectar-dropping speech; yet even my fixed meditation on such an assemblage of charms increases, instead of alleviating, the misery of separation."

The winding vale, or mountain side,
Or rocks projecting o'er the tide,
Or murm'ring stream, or vocal grove,
Or all the haunts of joy and love?
Since no returning Spring can cheer
The dreary Winter of my year!

In days of joy—alas! no more!
When wand'ring on *Wautauga's* shore,
Or bounding from his grassy side,
I beat, with nervous arms, the tide,
The sweet return of balmy Spring
Awoke my muse, and bade me sing;
But, now, alas! no Spring can cheer
The gloomy Winter of my year!

The roseate charms of op'ning day
No more their usual tints display:
Nor fervid noon's meridian glow
Can point to grottoes cool and low;
Nor milder ev'ning's tranquil hour
Affords its wonted soothing power.
Ah! dear *Theana*! nought can cheer
The mournful Winter of my year!

Whate'er my wretched fate may be,
May joy, *Theana*, dwell with thee!
May each revolving season bless
My lovely friend, with happiness!
May each returning day impart,
Increasing pleasure to her heart!
May blooming Spring forever cheer
The smiling circle of her year!

PEREGRINE.

EPIGRAM.—*From the Balance.*

As Walter and Patrick one day were conversing,

And boasting of feats by their countrymen wrought;

Of their strength and their stature were quaintly rehearsing,

And what pranks they had played, and yet never were caught;

Says Walter, "the children of *Anak*, so brawny,

Were pigmies, compared to Scotch lads of the hill;

And the far-famed Goliath, was no more to Sawney,

Than Sandy's wee top to the whail of a mill":—

"Hold, hold, by Shaint Patrick," cries Pat in a passion,

"In Ireland as much bigger as yours can be found;

I've frequently known many papple of fashion,
So tall that their fait could nat come nigh the ground."

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, January 31, 1807.

[No. 5.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE finest productions of genius have been called forth by the convulsions of those contending passions which sometimes agitate the human constitution. When feeling is excited, ideas spontaneously flow, with warmth and animation, from the heart. The pompous decorations of art are, then, thrown aside with disgust; while nature, in a garb, plain and unadorned, advances, and insensibly steals a march on our sensibility. Nature is known, and must be judged of by its effects. Art labours: you see all its wily attempts to wave its sceptre victoriously over the passions and emotions of the human heart. These put you, involuntarily, on your guard, and you are enabled, without exertion, to parry the meditated blow. All the most elegant and sublime compositions, either of ancient or modern times, were written during the predominance of some passion over the system. Who can read the sonnets of Petrarch without participating with their authour in all the retirement, in all the melancholy of unreturned love? Although they are decked with the flowers of poetick fancy; although they are adorned "with the wreath of every science," you are inclined to retire with their illustrious authour to

the solitude of Vacluse, to weep over the beauty of Laura, and to lament, with unfeigned sorrow, the existence of his lawless and unhappy love. To the existence of love, that noble and generous passion, in the breast of the amiable and charitable Shenstone, are we indebted for his immortal pastoral ballad. How affecting is the song of the simple, sublime, and pathetick Burns, when bidding adieu to his beloved Eliza. The eloquence of untutored and uncultivated genius, is displayed, in the brightest colours, in that inimitable little poem. The real emotions of the authour are communicated to the reader, and he actually believes he is parting with the object of his love.* Doctor Young, the poetick luminary of the eighteenth century, when weeping over the untimely fate of his beloved Narcissa, handed to the world his *Complaint*, which will continue to be read with increasing admiration and delight, as long as virtue is held in estimation among men.

* I hope the Editor will excuse me, if my attachment to the virtues of a lady of distinguished talents, refined taste, and charming manners, who has read and continues to read this poem with admiration and delight, has induced me to speak, in higher terms of it, than perhaps the accurate criticism of unbiassed judgment, or the cool reflection of enlightened reason would allow.

The preceding remarks were suggested to me by the following stanzas which came, accidentally, into my hands, and which I now transmit to you, for publication, in your elegant, literary miscellany. They were, evidently, dictated by natural feeling, and have, in my opinion, derived every possible advantage from this circumstance. They were written by a lady remarkable for amiability of disposition. She had left her paternal mansion in the State of Delaware to reside for a few months in the bosom of a hospitable family in Maryland. But during her absence, the unfortunate news of the death of a favourite brother, gave rise to the following verses. They are incomplete. She was surprised in the act of composition, and never could be persuaded to resume her pen.

S. A.

Belle Air, Maryland.

Sigh not ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly;
Weep not ye dews! for these no more
Shall never weep, shall never sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
How still it is with'n the breast!
Why mourn? since Death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease.

The shatter'd bark, from adverse winds,
Rest in the peaceful haven finds;
And when the storms of life are past,
Life drops her anchor there at last.

M. H.

For The Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

New-York, December 24, 1806.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As a taste for the Theatre has lately become so very prevalent in all parts of the United States, and theatrical intelligence sought after with such avidity by all ranks of people, we, in order to gratify this ruling propensity, have been induced to give such a sketch of the New-York performers, as we presume will not be altogether uninteresting to your readers.

The following account is intended to embrace the age, person, voice, &c. of each actor and actress, who have attained to any considerable degree of eminence in their profession.

How far, Mr. Oldschool, this design may meet with your concurrence the event alone can determine. Its utility, however, appears to us so extremely obvious, that we are confident in our hopes of meeting your entire approbation.

We shall begin with Mr. Cooper, as he is at the head of our dramatick corps. Mr. C. is in figure extremely graceful, slender, and inclining to tall; his face is peculiarly handsome, and his features uncommonly expressive; his voice is strong, clear, and capable of infinite modulation. Mr. Cooper is undoubtedly the best tragedian on the American continent; the stronger and more lively passions of the soul are delineated with a skill and effect which are in vain sought for in the performances of any other actor on this side of the Atlantick. Mr. C. is in the 30th year of his age, of which he has trod the stage near twelve.

Next to our Roscius may we rank the modest and intelligent Robinson. Mr. R. is about twenty-six years of age; his figure is tall and well proportioned; his face is handsome, but wants expression; his voice is remarkably clear, but deficient in power and compass. Mr. R. plays Lewson in the Gamester, Laertes in Hamlet, and several other characters, with uncommon correctness.

Mr. Martin is one of the very few Americans who have succeeded in the histrionick art. Among the inhabitants of New-York, his talents perhaps are held in higher estimation than they would be any where else, from the circumstance of his being a native of the place. Mr. M. is about thirty-five years of age. He possesses a fine shape, which might be rendered more than commonly graceful by a proper cultivation. From a continued state of ill health, his voice has become weak and broken, and his face thin and emaciated. Mr. M's walk in the drama is more universal than any of his brother performers. He portrays with equal success, the character of Frenchmen, Jews, country boys, fops, or gentlemen.

Mr. Tyler, in a particular line of old men, such as King Henry vi, in Richard iii, and Priuli in Venice Preserved, is chiefly excellent. Mr. T.'s voice is unpleasant and monotonous, but the features of his countenance benign and agreeable. Mr. T. is of the middle stature, and about sixty years of age.

Mr. Harwood, as a literary character and a man of talents, is much respected. As an actor he possesses very considerable claims to public patronage. The figure of Mr. H. is rather heavy, his voice thick, and his features large. Mr. H. may be about forty-five years of age. His most esteemed performances are Falstaff, Sir Fretful, Plagiary, Dennis Brulgruddery, Sheva, &c.

Mr. Twaits is an uncommon favourite with our pit and gallery, and although he sometimes succeeds in raising a laugh among the genteeler part of the audience, the boxes, it is uniformly at the expense of nature or modesty. Mr. T. is about twenty-five years of age. His figure is small but not ill proportioned; his voice shrill, squeaking, and monotonous; and his face what the ladies call monstrous ugly, but which is, in our opinion, well calculated to give effect to scenes of low comedy and farce.

Mr. Hogg, in old men, antiquated servants, and Yorkshiremen, is universally acknowledged to be without a rival on the American stage. Though there are few who can depict the passions of cruelty, rage, anger or resentment, with as much justice as Mr. H. yet there are still fewer who can delineate with equal success the workings of paternal and filial love. His Tyke, and Job Thornberry, may rank with any thing ever exhibited on our stage. Mr. Hogg is a stout and tolerably well built man; his face, without having any pretensions to beauty, is yet manly and expressive. His voice has a striking peculiarity, probably contracted from his so frequently playing the characters of cynical old men. Mr. H. is near fifty years of age.

Messrs. Darly and Shapter are excellent bass singers, but indifferent performers.

Messrs. Hallam and Soubere are not unuseful appendages of a theatre.

Mrs. Darly's figure is small; her face is beautiful, though not remarkable for its expression; her voice is sweet and melodious, but not sufficiently strong nor varied. Sentimental girls, till lately, have been considered as Mrs. D's *chef-d'œuvre*; but the excellence which she has this winter displayed in the delineation of several tragick characters, renders this point, with many, extremely doubtful. Mrs. D. is six and twenty years of age.

Mrs. Villier's person is below the middle size; her face, without possessing any strong marks of beauty, is, however, agreeable from that smile of complacency which generally overspreads it. The lower tones of her voice are harsh and unpleasant, while the higher are powerful and melodious. Mrs. V. occasionally assumes the sock and buskin. Her tragedy often rises to excellence, and never sinks below mediocrity. Her chambermaids are remarkable for their spirit and chasteness. Mrs. V. is about thirty years of age.

Mrs. Oldmixon's figure is neither remarkable for its beauty or symmetry: her voice is squeaking, and her face can certainly have no pretensions to beauty. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Mrs. O. has attained to a very enviable rank in her profession. As a scientific singer, she is without a rival on the American boards. Her chambermaids and old women are superiour to any thing we ever witnessed. Mrs. O. is about fifty years of age. Miss Dellinger is an agreeable warbler, but no actress.

I remain yours &c.

THEATRICUS.

SALLUST.

About eighty years before the Christian era, Crispus Sallustius was born in the country of the Sabines.

He received his education at Rome, where he engaged in all the dissipation of the city, and exhibited a

remarkable instance of dissolute conduct.

The contemplation of his writings is far more agreeable than that of his life. His preceptor, whose name was Pretexatus, perceiving that his scholar showed a predilection for history, gave him a summary of the whole Roman history, to choose the particular parts which he wished to treat of. He composed the history of the civil wars of Marius and Sylla until the death of Sertorius, and of the temporary troubles excited by Lepidus after the death of the dictator.

Nearly the whole of this work is lost, and all we have to boast are the Catiline conspiracy and the Jugurthine war.

His fame as an historian, in the former work, is sullied by his evident prejudice against Cicero, who ought to have appeared the prominent figure on the canvas. It is the duty of a faithful narrator not only not to say any thing that is false, but also not to omit any thing that is true.

The senate decreed thanks to Cicero for having delivered the state from imminent danger, without effusion of blood. This was a publick act, mentioned by all the other historians: Sallust does not mention it. Catullus and Cato gave to Cicero the glorious name of father of his country, which Pliny and Juvenal have reported: Sallust does not mention it. The magistrates of Capua, the first municipal town in Italy, decreed a statue to Cicero for having saved Rome during his consulate: Sallust does not mention it. The senate granted him an unprecedented honour; it ordained what they called supplications in the temples, which had never been granted but to those who triumphed: Sallust does not mention it. In the Catiline war, every thing is accurately detailed except the actions of Cicero. The fidelity of an historian is concerned not only in exhibiting the punishment of crimes, but the conduct and the reward of virtue.

But he had married Terentia, the repudiated wife of Cicero, and his personal enmity prevailed over his

candour and his justice. Indeed he owed his situation to a fortunate election of his party. When his debaucheries had ejected him from the senate, he became a partizan of Cæsar, and by his power was restored to his seat. When governour of Numidia, he enriched himself by peculation, but the same circumstance preserved him from punishment; and Cæsar affords an additional example to that which is daily before our eyes, that the head of a party is seldom scrupulous in the choice of his associates.

It is said that, when the people accused him to the dictator, Sallust was excused from making his defence, by giving to the master whom he had served a part of the money which he had stolen, and so secured to himself the peaceable possession of that magnificent house and those beautiful gardens at Rome, which still retain the name of their former owner, and which he enjoyed till he was fifty years of age, the period of his death. When the general demeanour of Sallust is recalled to our memory, it excites a smile in the reader, who finds him so loudly declaiming against the depravity of his age, and so anxiously wishing for the revival of ancient manners.

Sallust has been accused of endeavouring to impose upon posterity by affecting great austerity in his sentiments and by holding out a moral which did not spring from the heart: that he searched for antiquated expressions only to establish a belief that his principles, as well as his style, had the virtuous severity of the first ages of the republick: that he borrowed the terms of Cato the censor, in order to make it appear that he in some measure resembled that model of virtue, to whom, in every respect, he was directly the opposite.

In every thing that respects talents, Sallust is eminently great. He exhibits not only a thorough acquaintance with the vices of Rome, but a deep and accurate knowledge of human nature. He is every where correct in his relation of events, and, except in a single instance, just in his delineation

tion of characters. He fathoms the depths of human policy, and not only describes actions, but develops motives. In that respect he is sagacious as well as faithful, and executes with great ability the highest part of the historian's office.

The reader is always gratified when he is to trace effects to their causes, is admitted to the cabinet as well as the camp, and obtains a clue which will open to him a way through the mazes of political life.

Thucydides was his model; but in nerve and force he is thought to be his superiour.

Seneca says, that in the Greek historian you may retrench somewhat without diminishing the merit of the diction, much less the plenitude of the thoughts. In Sallust, a single word suppressed, the sense is destroyed. While he is equally concise, energetic, and perspicuous, his sentences are less broken, less harsh, and more elegantly constructed than those of Thucydides. His descriptions are uncommonly correct, and his speeches are particularly animated. Who has ever read the speech of Catiline to the conspirators, beginning with the words "Ni Virtus," without being struck with admiration at the great ability of the writer? It would indeed have enhanced his fame, had he transmitted to posterity the noble and patriot address of Cicero to the rebel, when he was about to seat himself amongst the senators. The memorable exordium, "How long, O Catiline, will you abuse our patience?" rushes upon the subject with all the fire of Pindarick poetry, and the relation would have furnished an eulogium on the taste as well as the justice of the historian.

Sallust has been censured for the length of his harangues. Rapin says, that soldiers do not declaim like orators. But his speeches are those of eminent men, perfectly capable by education and talents to deliver them; and they are appropriate both to the occasion and to the speakers.

Though Sallust be concise in the narrative part of his history, he is

completely accurate, and equally celebrated for brevity and for fire. The tediousness of his introductions is the only alloy to the excellence of his works. They are circuitous to no useful purpose, for they do not conduce to the main design, and are frequently as irrelative as they are prolix. It may probably have happened to many an impatient reader, to have relinquished the pleasure which this authour would have afforded him, from the disgust, which he must have experienced at the outset. But the diligent scholar will not so soon give up the pursuit: he resembles the labourer, who exerts himself, with unabated vigour, to remove a ponderous and useless mass of earth, from the confident expectation that it covers a vein of rich and valuable metal.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLPSCHOOL,

Various have been the opinions of the learned concerning the phenomenon of *dreaming*; some believing it to be the operation of the *soul* whilst the *body* remained in a state of *inactivity*: others, again, run counter to this opinion; as for instance, *Aristotle*, who expressly says, "a dream is that only in which the soul is not active; whilst *Lucretius* strikes out into a fresh field of speculation, and performs the whole by the mysterious intervention of *simulchra*, viz. a vapour arising from the human body, which, floating in the air, descends in sleep and assaults the *soul*. How far these sages of antiquity have succeeded in the illustration of this operation of nature, or whether it may not be the effect of some supernatural cause, (for on what principles can we account for the vision of *Brutus*, as also that of *Dion*? the former of whom was musing in his tent when the spectre made its appearance, nay, even interrogated it! and the latter sitting on his porch in broad daylight!) I leave for the more sagacious to determine. This by way of preface. I now proceed to relate a dream of my own; which,

should it answer the end in view, I hope it will not signify whether it be of the sleeping or waking kind; at least I shall not be the first who has dreamed with open eyes. Mistaking the hour, and retiring to rest before my usual time, a few nights ago, I found myself indisposed for sleep; and the "moonlight (to use the language of Shakspeare) sleeping on my window," led my mind into a train of thought, and among other things, into the contemplation of that beautiful planet, that was then illuminating my room; and the various divisions of her surface into land and water, &c. with which astronomers have so very ingeniously entertained us, till at length I insensibly fell asleep, and had the following dream. Methought I was in possession of a paper entitled the "*Lunatist*," bearing evident marks of having been printed in the moon, from the following extract of an oration, delivered on a publick occasion by one of their chief orators: "Shall we, a happy and free people, enjoying the most fertile region of the moon, submit to the outrages of such an abandoned and unprincipled set of men as the *Hexicothes*? No, citizens, no!" But the most interesting passage of all, to me, as an *American*, and which made the deepest impression on my mind, was the declaration of an "agreement made between Thomas Jefferson, President of the *United States of America*, (earth), and a certain *Emperour of the Moon*, for all those unappropriated lands, situated near the *Lunar Taurus*." At the idea of a fresh speculation of our President, when those of *Louisiana* and the *Floridas* have been productive of so much tribulation, and even now our brave countrymen are contesting their right by the point of the sword, I gave a sudden start, which shook the pillars of my visionary building, and laid its towering battlements in ruin. After rousing your expectation in my first essay, of becoming your correspondent, I thought it would be acting the part of a vain boaster, finally to disappoint you; for, be assured, my circumstances are too confined to furnish

out an *entertainment* worthy of your *partaking*. But should the humble fare which is now spread before you meet with a good appetite, let us for a while forget the *sumptuous* table of the epicure, and yield the soul to the enjoyment of as sweet though less *luxurious* diet. The following verses written some time ago on the death of Mr. Fox, late Prime Minister of England, solicit a place in The Port Folio.

"In pining want, with care and sickness worn,
Of friends bereav'd, from every comfort torn,
How many woo thee in the lonely cell
Where solemn gloom and boding sorrows dwell,

Imploring rest within the friendly tomb,
And yet, O *Death*! denied this common boon.
From hut low-roof'd, to costly mansions sped,
Thou seek'st the statesman on the downy bed.
Ev'n now in tears, lo! Albion's genius stands,
And her deep groans are heard in distant lands;

The patriot weeps to see his country's woe,
O'er foreign wars, and mighty *Fox* laid low;
Fair *Science* too laments her glory gone,
Around whose head her early honours shone;
The *Muses* eke, amid the silent grove,
Forego the harp, and in despondence rove;
A solemn sadness dwells on ev'ry brow,
And grateful tears in briny torrents flow."

F. C. C.

Carlisle, January 7th, 1807.

OF THE FIRST POETRY.

The praise of heroes and of gods, love-songs, pastoral and elegiack poems; in fine all those in which the heart and passions are more immediately and naturally concerned, would employ the attention of the earliest bards; and the different kinds would be cultivated more or less, according to the state of society in which men are placed, or the passions with which they are actuated.

The Arabians, Jews, Persians, and other Asiatick nations, have all discovered a propensity to poetry in an early period. And even the wild Americans, at this very day, have their war-songs and amorous ditties; which are chanted and sung with a force and spirit peculiar to themselves.

But the ancient Gothick and Celtick nations, placed in a colder climate, with nerves better braced, and spirits more invigorated, have discovered, perhaps a nobler vein, and breathed a higher enthusiasm.

From the romantick nature of their mythology, and their enthusiastick regard to women, on whom, as believing them possessed of a prophetick spirit, they bestowed

the highest honours, and worshipped them with the most distant respect; from their belief in legendary tales, enchantment and demonism; partly, too, from their own bold and intrepid spirit, as well as that of the feudal government which inspired them with great ideas of heroism and liberty, the Gothick and Celtick genius was particularly turned for musick, poetry, and the wildest raptures of enthusiasm.

The works of Ossian, who flourished in the reign of the emperor Caraccalla, are distinguished for boldness and sublimity. Born with a lofty genius and romantick soul, he had the advantage of being an eye-witness and an actor, in many of the heroick scenes he describes.

That such a man should arise in a dark and illiterate age, is only to be accounted for from the strength of nature, and the predominance of genius, men in his country being then in the next state to the savage; no laws, no civil polity, no arts, no written language. The only chance the poet had of having his works transmitted to posterity, was oral tradition, and this was subject to a thousand accidents.

Such was the footing on which stood the bards, scalds, druids, runers, and minstrels of the northern nations; yet these were then held in the highest estimation, were consulted as oracles upon all great occasions, and to them all the little learning then known was confined.

The poetick genius of the ancient Britons exerted itself in their bards with a wonderful effect; since, in their long struggle with the Romans, and afterwards with the Saxons, the druids and bards spurred on the nation with such animating strains to fight for their liberties and country, that their conquerors found it necessary to suppress or put them to death, in order to facilitate their conquests.

In the sixth century, Taliessin the king of bards, Aneurin, Llywarch-Hen, Cian, Talihearn, and all the most famous Welch poets, flourished.

Most of the works, however, of these poets are lost, and of those that remain, their antiquity and obscurity are so great, that they are become almost unintelligible.

Even the Norwegians, who were a branch of the ancient Scandinavians, and descendants of the Goths, were particularly tinctured with this poetick spirit, and have left remains that would do honour to any age, for a true and genuine enthusiasm.

Wherever, therefore, an ear for musick has prevailed, or sparks of genius blazed, in the rudest ages, and in all nations, poetry has discovered itself, independent of climate, of the shocks of time, or the revolutions of society.

It has, however, its natural and predisposing causes; such as strong passions, solemnity of character, heroism, romance, chivalry; a country beautiful and pastoral, or wild and mountainous; luxury, indolence, war or love.

A pastoral life as affording leisure and tranquillity, naturally disposes to love and a soft kind of poetry; hence its strains are generally either amorous and tender; or gay, sprightly and cheerful.

On the other hand, a life of war, as pregnant with danger, bold enterprises, and military enthusiasm, produces a poetry, wild, bold, and elevated; sometimes deeply melancholy, but generally full of fire and sublimity.

Compare, in this view, the poetry and musick of the north and south of Scotland, and you will see whence the difference arises. The latter, like Arcadia of old, affords the sweetest pastoral strains in the world; the former breathes of nothing but wild grandeur and melancholy.

I conclude with observing, that as poetry, for reasons already given, is naturally the first exertion of eloquence or composition, in a rude and unenlightened age, so it will pass three different stages in its progress to refinement.

In the most savage state of society it will be rude, bold, metaphorical; but full of passion and nature.

In the second stage it will be more comprehensive in its objects, as well as phraseology; more correct, but less ardent; more simple than sublime.

In the third stage, imagination, passion and philosophy, will all unite to carry it to the highest perfection.

From Burke's Maxims.

CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT OF ENGLAND.

First, I beg leave to speak of our church establishment, which is the first of our prejudices, not a prejudice destitute of reason, but involving in it profound and extensive wisdom. I speak of it first. It is first, and last, and midst in our minds. For, taking ground on that religious system, of which we are now in possession, we continue to act on the early received, and uniformly continued sense of mankind. That sense not only, like a wise architect, hath built up the august fabrick of states, but like a provident proprietor, to preserve the structure from profanation and ruin, as a sacred temple, purged from all the impurities of fraud, and

violence, and injustice, and tyranny, hath solemnly and forever consecrated the commonwealth, and all that officiate in it. This consecration is made, that all who administer in the government of men, in which they stand in the person of God himself, should have high and worthy notions of their function and destination; that their hope should be full of immortality, that they should not look to the paltry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world.

Such sublime principles ought to be infused into persons of exalted situations; and religious establishments provided, that may continually revive and enforce them. Every sort of moral, every sort of civil, every sort of politic institution, aiding the rational and natural ties that connect the human understanding and affections to the divine, are not more than necessary, in order to build up that wonderful structure, Man; whose prerogative it is, to be, in a great degree, a creature of his own making; and who, when made as he ought to be made, is destined to hold no trivial place in the creation. But whenever man is put over men, as the better nature ought ever to preside, in that case more particularly, he should as nearly as possible be approximated to his perfection.

The consecration of the state, by a state religious establishment, is necessary also to operate with a, wholesome awe upon free citizens; because in order to secure their freedom, they must enjoy some determinate portion of power. To them therefore a religion connected with the state, and with their duty towards it, becomes even more necessary than in such societies where the people by the terms of their subjection are confined to private sentiments, and the management of their own family concerns. All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and aw-

fully impressed with an idea that they act in trust; and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great master, authour and founder of society.

This principle ought even to be more strongly impressed upon the minds of those who compose the collective sovereignty, than upon those of single princes. Without instruments these princes can do nothing. Whoever uses instruments, in finding helps, finds also impediments. Their power is therefore by no means complete; nor are they safe in extreme abuse. Such persons, however elevated by flattery, arrogance, and self-opinion, must be sensible that, whether covered or not by positive law, in some way or other they are accountable even here for the abuse of their trust. If they are not cut off by a rebellion of their people, they may be strangled by the very janissaries kept for their security against all other rebellion. Thus we have seen the King of France sold by his soldiers for an increase of pay. But where popular authority is absolute and unrestrained, the people have an infinitely greater, because a far better founded confidence in their own power. They are themselves in a great measure their own instruments. They are nearer to their objects. Besides, they are less under responsibility to one of the greatest controlling powers on earth, the sense of fame and estimation. The share of infamy that is likely to fall to the lot of each individual in publick acts, is small indeed; the operation of opinion being in the inverse ratio to the number of those who abuse power. Their own approbation of their own acts has to them the appearance of a publick judgment in their favour. A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world. As it is the most shameless, it is also the most fearless. No man apprehends in his person he can be made subject to punishment. Certainly the people at large never ought: for as all punishments are for example towards the conservation of the people,

at large, the people at large can never become the subject of punishment by any human hand.* It is therefore of infinite importance that they should not be suffered to imagine that their will, any more than that of Kings, is the standard of right and wrong. They ought to be persuaded that they are full as little entitled, and far less qualified, with safety to themselves, to use any arbitrary power whatsoever; that therefore they are not, under a false show of liberty, but in truth, to exercise an unnatural inverted domination, tyrannically to exact, from those who officiate in the state, not an entire devotion to their interest, which is their right, but an abject submission to their occasional will; extinguishing thereby, in all those who serve them, all moral principle, all sense of dignity, all use of judgment, and all consistency of character, whilst by the very same process they give themselves up a proper, a suitable, but a most contemptible prey to the servile ambition of popular sycophants or courtly flatterers.

When the people have emptied themselves of all the lust of selfish will, which without religion it is utterly impossible they ever should, when they are conscious that they exercise, and exercise perhaps in a higher link of the order of delegation, the power, which, to be legitimate, must be according to that eternal, immutable law, in which will and reason are the same, they will be more careful how they place power in base and incapable hands. In their nomination to office, they will not appoint to the exercise of authority, as to a pitiful job, but as to a holy function; not according to their sordid selfish interest, nor to their arbitrary will; but they will confer that power (which any man may well tremble to give or receive) on those only, in whom they may discern that predominant proportion of active virtue and wisdom, taken together and fitted to the charge, such, as in the great and inevitable mixed mass of human imperfections and infirmities, is to be found.

When they are habitually convinced that no evil can be acceptable, either in the act or the permission, to him whose essence is good, they will be better able to extirpate out of the minds of all magistrates, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, any thing that bears the least resemblance to a proud and lawless domination.

But one of the first and most leading principles on which the commonwealth and the laws are consecrated, is lest the temporary possessors and life-renters in it, unmindful of what they have received from their ancestors, or of what is due to their posterity, should act as if they were the entire masters; that they should not think it amongst their rights to cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their pleasure the whole original fabric of their society; hazarding to leave to those who come after them, a ruin instead of an habitation—and teaching these successors a little to respect their contrivances, as they had themselves respected the institutions of their forefathers. By this unprincipled facility of changing the state as often, and as much, and in as many ways as there are floating fancies or fashions, the whole chain and continuity of the commonwealth would be broken. No one generation could link with the other. Men would become little better than the flies of a summer.

And first of all, the science of jurisprudence, the pride of the human intellect, which, with all its defects, redundancies, and errors, is the collected reason of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns, as a heap of old exploded errors, would be no longer studied. Personal self-sufficiency and arrogance (the certain attendants upon all those who have never experienced a wisdom greater than their own) would usurp the tribunal. Of course, no certain laws, establishing invariable grounds of hope and fear, would keep the actions of men in a certain course, or direct them to a certain end. Nothing sta-

* *Quicquid multis peccatur inultum.*

ble in the modes of holding property, or exercising function, could form a solid ground on which any parent could speculate in the education of his offspring, or in a choice of their future establishment in the world. No principles would be early worked into the habits. As soon as the most able instructor had completed his laborious course of institution, instead of sending forth his pupil, accomplished in a virtuous discipline, fitted to procure him attention and respect, in his place in society, he would find every thing altered; and that he had turned out a poor creature to the contempt and derision of the world, ignorant of the true grounds of estimation. Who would insure a tender and delicate sense of honour to beat almost with the first pulses of the heart, when no man could know what would be the test of honour in a nation, continually varying the standard of its coin? No part of life would retain its acquisitions. Barbarism with respect to science and literature, unskillfulness with regard to arts and manufactures, would infallibly succeed to the want of a steady education and settled principle; and thus the commonwealth itself would, in a few generations, crumble away, be disconnected into the dust and powder of individuality, and at length dispersed to all the winds of heaven.

To avoid therefore the evils of inconstancy and versatility, ten thousand times worse than those of obstinacy and the blindest prejudice, we have consecrated the state, that no man should approach to look into its defects or corruptions but with due caution; that he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion; that he should approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude. By this wise prejudice we are taught to look with horror on those children of their country who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent in pieces, and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds, and wild incantations, they may

regenerate the paternal constitution, and renovate their father's life.

Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. This law is not subject to the will of those, who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superiour, are bound to submit their will to that law. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. This necessity is no exception to the rule; because this necessity itself is a part

too of that moral and physical disposition of things to which man must be obedient by consent or force ; but if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow.

These, my dear sir, are, were, and I think long will be, the sentiments of not the least learned and reflecting part of this kingdom. They who are included in this description, form their opinions on such grounds as such persons ought to form them. The less inquiring receive them from an authority, which those whom Providence dooms to live on trust need not be ashamed to rely on. These two sorts of men move in the same direction, though in a different place. They both move with the order of the universe. They all know or feel this great ancient truth: "*Quod illi principi et præpotenti Deo qui omnem hunc mundum regit, nihil eorum quæ quidem fiant in terris acceptius quam concilia et cætus hominum jure sociati quæ civitates appellantur.*" They take this tenet of the head and heart, not from the great name which it immediately bears, nor from the greater from whence it is derived ; but from that which alone can give true weight and sanction to any learned opinion, the common nature and common relation of men. Persuaded that all things ought to be done with reference, and referring all to the point of reference to which all should be directed, they think themselves bound, not only as individuals in the sanctuary of the heart, or as congregated in that personal capacity, to renew the memory of their high origin and cast ; but also in their corporate character to perform their national homage to the institutor, and author and protector of civil society ; without which civil society man could not by any possibility arrive at the perfec-

tion of which his nature is capable, nor even make a remote and faint approach to it. They conceive that He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue willed also the necessary means of perfection—He willed therefore the state—He willed its connexion with the source and original archetype of all perfection. They who are convinced of this his will, which is the law of laws and sovereign of sovereigns, cannot think it reprehensible that this our corporate fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a signiory paramount, I had almost said this oblation of the state itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed as all publick solemn acts are performed, in buildings, in musick, in decoration, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature ; that is, with modest splendour, with unassuming state, with mild majesty and sober pomp. For those purposes they think some part of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be, in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the publick ornament. It is the publick consolation. It nourishes the publick hope. The poorest man finds his own importance and dignity in it, whilst the wealth and pride of individuals at every moment makes the man of humble rank and fortune sensible of his inferiority, and degrades and villifies his condition. It is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue, that this portion of the general wealth of his country is employed and sanctified.

I assure you I do not aim at singularity. I give you opinions which have been accepted amongst us, from very early times to this moment, with a continued and general approbation, and which indeed are so worked into my mind, that I am unable to distinguish what I have learned from others from the results of my own meditation.

It is on such principles that the majority of the people of England, far from thinking a religious national establishment unlawful, hardly think it lawful to be without one. In France you are wholly mistaken if you do not believe us above all other things attached to it, and beyond all other nations; and when this people has acted unwisely and unjustifiably in its favour (as in some instances they have done most certainly) in their very errors you at least discover their zeal.

This principle runs through the whole system of their polity. They do not consider their church establishment as convenient, but as essential to their state; not as a thing heterogeneous and separable; something added for accommodation; what they may either keep up or lay aside, according to their temporary ideas of convenience. They consider it as the foundation of their whole constitution, with which, and with every part of which, it holds an indissoluble union. Church and state are ideas inseparable in their minds, and scarcely is the one ever mentioned without mentioning the other.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MORTUARY.

[The following tribute to the memory of a very amiable, benevolent, and pious man, is extracted from an Eastern paper. Mr. Storer was distinguished for his love of literature, and the exercise of all the domestic and social charities. He had the heart of a Howard, and the faith of a christian. As one of the earliest friends, of one of our dearest and most venerable friends, we cherish the *sweet remembrance* of an exemplary character, whose life was at once, active, innocent and useful, and whose death was distinguished by that silent and quiet expiration, without agony, without terror, for which JOHNSON so often and so ardently prayed.]

Died in Boston, suddenly on the morning of the 6th of January, EBENEZER STORER, Esqr. A. M. A. A. S. and treasurer of Harvard College. He was born in this town, Jan. 27, 1730. His grandfather was col. Storer, of Wells, (Maine) of whose family honourable mention is made in

Hutchinson's history of *Massachusetts*. At the age of seven years, he was put to the Latin school, under the tuition of the celebrated master Lovell, whence, in 1743 he went to the University at Cambridge, where, in 1747, and 1750, he received its honours. He then became an apprentice to his father, Mr. Ebenezer Storer, a respectable merchant, with whom he afterwards went into business, and from whom he inherited a handsome estate. In 1751 he was first married, and again in 1777. By the first marriage he had four children, who survive, and by the second, three.

Few persons, perhaps, have served their generation in a greater variety of office and with greater fidelity. He had acted in the capacity of selectman and treasurer of his native town. Under the administration of the Federal Government by president Adams he was collector of the internal revenue. During fifty-two years, he was a member of the church of Christ in Brattle-street; the greater part of that time, one of its committee; and several years a deacon. He was a member, from the first of the society, for propagating the gospel among the Indians, and for a season, its treasurer. He was also some time treasurer of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and one of the original associates of that body. In 1777 he was elected treasurer of Harvard College, and, of course, became a fellow of the Corporation. It was in the management of this important and delicate trust, that the financial skill and punctuality of Mr. STORER were most successfully displayed; the preservation of the college funds, amidst the changes of the medium, attending our revolutionary war, was, in a great measure, owing to his sagacity and vigilance; and, to the day of his death, he executed his highly responsible duties with ease and credit to himself, and to the benefit and satisfaction of the legislature of that revered institution.

Into all his publick concerns he carried a clear knowledge of his obligations and rights, just intentions, and habits of exactness. He did every

thing in its proper season, and thus rescued his arrangements from surprise and vexation. By means of strict attention to method, the routine of his affairs suffered no interruption through the incursions of age, though for several years previous to his decease, his power of vision was nearly gone. He was fond of reading and of experimental philosophy; and in his library and studies, as in every department of life, love of order and a nice taste might easily be discerned. Tolerant and pacifick he was the steady friend of civil liberty. As a christian he was enlightened, sincere and liberal. He was regular and constant in his publick and private worship of God, and grave, discreet, and exemplary in his manners. But his domestick were his most shining qualities. Of a naturally mild and social temper, and eminently happy in his conjugal connexions, he appeared in the character of husband and father to the utmost advantage. In these respects his loss is particularly felt, and will long be lamented. An affectionate relict will ever cherish the memory of a tender and faithful consort. Dutiful children will frequently call up to their recollection, the venerable form of a parent who anxiously watched their early years, and always sought their felicity. And many relatives and friends will mourn the exit of a man, who to his general integrity of character added a splendour and grace to social life.

The numerous connexions of deacon Storer will, however, be consoled by a remembrance of his virtues and his hopes. They will reflect with gratitude to heaven on the protection and blessings which he experienced in the course of a long life; and devoutly supplicate the tranquillity of his end. Surely he must be classed among happy men, whose usefulness was protracted to the very door of the tomb. The last day of his life was marked by the same noiseless regularity and attention to business, which had distinguished his whole career. In his usual health, he retired to rest on the night of the 5th inst. and sunk

quietly into a sleep from which he never awoke.

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell, like autumn fruit, that mellow'd long;
Ev'n wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for *seventy* years,
Yet freshly ran he on *sev'n* winters more;
Till, like a clock, worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Soame Jenyns somewhere very shrewdly remarks that "Resistance may sometimes be practised, but ought never to be preached, for we stand in need of no lessons to teach us disobedience; and therefore we do not find throughout the whole New Testament one *definition* or *recommendation* of civil liberty, nor one command to fight or die in its defence. These may be the glorious achievements of *patriots*, but these are not listed under the banners of Christ; the glory as well as the duty of his disciples, are—to submit.

The *friends of liberty* are enemies to all power, in any hands—but *their own*.

It has been asserted, that much of the elegance of Addison's style is confined to the *Spectator*. This is false criticism. You see his manner in all his works. In his essay on medals, a work but little read in America, the following passages occur, which exhibit all the beauties and graces of the author.

Medalists value themselves upon being critics in rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it by its colour. They are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and are forgetting together hoards of such money only as was current among the Greeks and Latins. There are several of them that are better acquainted

with the faces of the Antonines than of the Stewarts; and would rather chuse to count out a sum in sesterces, than in pounds sterling.

I have heard of a virtuoso in Italy that used to swear by the head of Otho. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these virtuosos about a cabinet of medals, descanting upon the value and rarity of the several pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of gold, and after having well weighed the figures and inscription, tells you, very gravely, if it were *brass*, it would be invaluable.

Eugenius was one that endeavour'd rather to be agreeable than shining in conversation, for which reason he was more beloved, though not so much admired as Cynthio.

We are apt to think, says Eugenius, your medallists a little fantastical in the different prices they set upon their coins without any regard to the ancient value, or the metal of which they are composed. A silver medal, for example, shall be more esteemed than a golden one, and a piece of brass than either. To answer you, says Philander, in the language of a medallist, you are not to look upon a cabinet of medals as a treasure of money, but of knowledge; nor must you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and inscriptions that adorn it. The intrinsic value of an old coin does not consist in its metal, but its erudition. It is the device that has raised the species; so that, at present, an *as*, or an *obolus*, may carry a higher price than a *denarius*, or a *drachma*; and a piece of money, that was not worth a penny, fifteen hundred years ago, may now be rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps, a hundred guineas. I find, says Cynthio, that, to have a relish for ancient coins, it is necessary to have a contempt for the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able, with all your medallick eloquence, to persuade Eugenius and myself, that it is better to have a pocket full of Othos and Gordians, than of Jacobuses or Louis d'ors.

The first and most obvious use of medals is, the showing us the faces of all the great personages of antiquity. A cabinet of medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. You here see the copies of several statues that have had the politest nation in the world fall down before them. You have, too, several persons of a more thin and shadowy nature, as, Hope, Constancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness, and in short, a whole creation of the like imaginary substances. To these you may give the name of *genies* of nations, cities, provinces, highways, and the like allegorical beings. In devices of this nature, one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a medal, as in a canto of Spenser.

History painters, perhaps without the assistance of medals, would have found it very difficult to invent such an airy species of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dress for a passion.

An antiquarian, continues Cynthio, will scorn to mention a pinner or a night rail, a petticoat, or a manteau; but he will talk as gravely as a father of the Church on the *vitta* and *peplus*, the *stola* and *instita*. How would an old Roman laugh were it possible for him to see the solemn dissertations that have been made on these weighty subjects. To set them in their natural light let us fancy, if you please, that about a thousand years hence, some profound authour shall write a learned treatise on the habits of the present age, distinguished into the following titles and chapters.

Of the old British trowser.

Of the ruff and collar band,

The opinion of several learned men concerning the use of the shoulder knot.

Such a one mistaken in his account of the surtout, &c.

Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object:

and every nation has formed to itself some favourite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness.

Whether there be any American Pharisees or not, is not now the question; but we suppose that religious rascals like the following are common enough in all countries.

The Pharisees were a set of men, who were perpetually employed in external acts of piety and devotion, and as constantly employed in every species of extortion and fraud. They were equally remarkable for their religion and their roguery.

MERRIMENT.

The King shortly after his accession to the throne, walking one morning into his library, found one of the under librarians asleep in a chair. With that good tempered condescension and familiarity that so much distinguish him, he stepped up softly to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek; the sleeper clapt his hand on the place instantly, and, with his eyes still closed, taking the disturber of his nap for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, exclaimed, "Damn it George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another."

Miss S——, a dashing-Cyprian, in dancing at a masquerade at the Opera-House, happened to trip, and fell flat on her back; Lord Sandwich, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said, "never mind it my pretty dear, practice makes perfect."

Mrs. D'Arblay wrote a tragedy called *Edwy and Elgiva*, which was, in 1795 brought forward at Drury-Lane Theatre; but some circumstances occurring to excite laughter, rather than pity or horror, it had the misfortune to damned. Among the *dramatis persone* were no less than seven Bishops, one of whom being arrested for some treasonable practices, the King called to his attendants, "Bring in the Bishop!"—"Aye," cries a fellow in the gallery, "and make it good!" Scarcely had the audience got the better of the laughter occasioned by this sally, than their tragedy-faces were completely got the better of, by the following short dialogue between Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the heroine, and Mr. Maddocks, as her faithful attendant.

Siddons, (impatiently) "Where shall I go for ease?"

Maddocks, (softly) "*Behind yon hedge.*"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Amandus" speaks a language sufficiently intelligible in every country where Love has an altar, or a name. He addresses his mistress in the very spirit of these stanzas:

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
Quite expressive paints my cheek;
Ask no more—behold your error,
Blushes eloquently speak.

What though silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air;
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what yours have written there.

F. C. C. who dates from Carlisle, and who appears in the guise of a gentleman and a scholar, is requested to persevere in his correspondence. We think the hint of a paper from the moon is a good one. Suppose that at least as often as Luna fills her horn, he should publish "The Lunatist," a mad-cap paper, which would divert the disciples of Swift and Rabelais?

The alarm of "B" is not without reason. The time is not very distant, when even a careless listener may hearken to those dismal sounds described by the poet of Venusium:

Audiet cives accuisse ferrum
Quo graves Persæ melius perirent
Audiet pugnas, vitio parentum
Rara juvenus.

"Scriblerus" might find better employment than writing on an ungrateful topick and ploughing the sands of the sea-shore. There is an old song somewhere containing two stanzas of philosophy which Scriblerus might profitably practice:

With writing and thinking and planning large schemes,
Who forever would keep his poor brains on a stretch?
When, by bidding adieu to all liberty's dreams
And planting potatoes, he soon would grow rich.

Who would angle for meals that could catch his own fish?
As the honey unbought what desert half so sweet?
Give me eggs of my hens in a clean wooden dish,
And Ned's wholesome daughter to cook up the treat.

The scheme of "Zeno" is of romantick wildness: such a dauntless mortal must resemble in fool-hardiness of enterprise that desperate mariner described by Horace:

— Qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem noti.

We shall be glad to hear again from "Theatricus." Green room anecdotes are generally of a very frivolous character, and memoirs of the common herd of actors and actresses are not very interesting to the busy or the wise; but in every great town there is the quædam *ardelionum* natio of Phædrus, and to this gentle tribe of loungers any story of the stage is sufficiently interesting.

Our "Friend" from the west is not forgotten. The editor, when he reflects upon certain features in this gentleman's character, remembers and applies a passage of POPE:

Thus — *acts, who always speaks his thought,*
And always *thinks the very thing he ought;*
His equal mind I copy when I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Oh! how shall I invoke the muse,
When Sorrow chills the song!
By Babel's streams, the captive Jews,
Their harps on willows hung!
No more they sang in cheerful strains,
But overcome with woe,
They thought of Salem's flow'ry plains,
And tears began to flow!
Think, dearest Cara, when away
So far from love and thee,
How slowly moves the tedious day!
How wretched I must be!
How dismal Ridley's fields appear!
All Nature wears a gloom!
The Sun himself shines dimly here,
To light me to my tomb!

How lonesome is the wintry blast,
That howls along the plain!
When will these cheerless days be past,
And peace return again?

Soon shall I seek the cold damp grave,
And lay my head "full low;"
No more to hear the tempest rave,
Or feel the driving snow!

Tell me thou fairest of the fair!
Thou Angel from above!
Is there no balm* for my despair?
No cure for hopeless love?

Say, who can life and joy impart,
And give a mourner ease?
Ah! who can heal a broken heart,
And banish "fell disease!"

Oh! could I animate a dove,
How soon I should be blest!
Soon, in thy snowy bosom, love!
My fluttering wings should rest!

ANNIUS.

December, 1806.

An American lady, now resident in England, has in a very obliging manner, forwarded to the Editor the following Original Epigram.

By the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.

Mrs. Montague told me, and in her own house,
That she did not regard me, *three skips of a louse.*
I forgive the dear creature, for what she has said;
For a woman will talk of what runs in her head!

I've heard your loss—your wife is dead,
Consoling Tom to Richard said.
"My wife is dead," cries Dick, "I own,
But for the loss, I know of none."

RONDEAU.

With two black eyes, that might a saint inflame;
The jilt Nannette caught Strephon by surprise;
But when the youth, enamoured of the dame,
Requested love for love, and sighs for sighs,
She frown'd, squall'd, cuff'd, and sent him whence he came,
With two black eyes.

* Is there no balm in Gilead, no physician there?

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, February 7, 1807.

[No. 6.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE high respectability and extensive circulation of *The Port Folio*, cannot fail to excite desire to be classed among its contributors. Under this impression I have ventured to prepare for the inspection of its editor, a small essay upon a subject never before to my knowledge treated upon—the cause of diffidence. How far I have succeeded in a just description and investigation of the matter, I leave to the judgment of others.

Being myself doomed to the innumerable disadvantages and painful occurrences which are the concomitants of this debility of constitution, I conceive myself better capacitated to enter upon an inquiry into its cause, than those who have experimented its effects.

And, firstly, I shall give a brief description of its character, and endeavour to discriminate between diffidence arising from constitution, and that resulting from bad breeding or ignorance; for however intimately they may approach, how nearly soever their appearance may coincide, there is, notwithstanding, a very material difference, though, through the obscurity of it, we often class the man of understanding and knowledge with the illiterate who bears a like ensign.

Attentive observation however may perceive the contrast. Diffidence proceeding from constitutional debility, exhibits a character which bears some resemblance to reservedness arising from an apprehension of superiority; and yet unless we suffer ourselves to be thought sullen or offended, by altogether disregarding conversation and adhering to an entire neutrality, we shall unavoidably be deemed ignorant and ill bred; for, by uniting in the mirth of a company without contributing any towards it, to laugh when others laugh, and be governed in action by them throughout, makes a person beyond almost every thing appear ridiculous. If, on the contrary, we attempt to mix in conversation, our discourse is so incorrect, the oratorical part so mangled, that what we say appears but a concatenation of nonsense. This is the destiny of such poor creatures as debility of constitution has doomed to bear the burthen of diffidence. But thanks to the inventor of letters and him who brought out of the womb of obscurity the art of communicating ideas by signs, the diffident man, though debarred from the pleasures of society, and cut off from the joys of conversation, may, notwithstanding, enter his study, and not only retrieve his character from the imputation of clownish ignorance, but demonstrate to the world the extent of his under-

standing, and teach the polite votaries of fashion that not knowledge but ability is wanting to appear in the most strict conformity to the laws of good breeding and politeness.

Diffidence from bad breeding, as I have already mentioned, is very similar to the same affection resulting from weakness of constitution. Perhaps the principal difference is to be discovered in the degree of silence or neutrality observed in company. A clown, to use a familiar phrase, is led almost entirely by the nose. Inattentive to his own mind and concerns, he keeps a watchful eye to the aspect of the company, following their example with the nicest precision. When mirth sits predominant, his distorted countenance bears unequivocal indication of the faithfulness of his attention, and his sage phiz, equally declares the subject of conversation.

It is now time to enter upon the inquiry into the cause of diffidence. We may remember one of its characteristic marks is an inability to act according to what we know is proper. This is so important a part, that I believe I shall not depart from correctness in affirming it to be the whole. Now, wherein this incapacity resides is the intended subject of this inquiry. The existence of the nervous fluid or animal spirits being supported by the unerring evidence of sense, having been observed by many very eminent physiologists, I shall espouse it, for the purpose of endeavouring to account for diffidence. It is probably secreted by the brain; however, that is its residence, from whence it descends into the nerves. The medula spinalis likewise, most likely possesses the same fluid, as I have never been informed it is exclusively found in those nerves which have their origin in the brain. This fluid being thus supplied, serves the important office of stimulating the muscles into action, and is the medium by which the will acts upon the body. Now as this fluid is such an essential agent in the animal economy, the magnitude of the effect I am

about to attribute to it will of consequence appear less strange. I conceive the cause of diffidence is seated in the secreting organ of the nervous fluid; whether this fluid exudes through the coats of the arteries, or is absorbed by secerning ducts originating in the organ of its residence, is altogether immaterial to my purpose. It is sufficient it is secreted from the blood; either of those ways will suit my present design. This being rationally assented to, it is obvious both the orifices of the secerning vessels and the impetus of the blood, will have a very considerable effect upon its accumulation, and upon its quantity depends the effect I desire to elucidate. We find every stimulant action upon the system tends to remove diffidence. This is amply exemplified by receiving inebriating liquor into the stomach. Who has not experienced his own resolution invigorated thereby, or observed it upon others? This liquor, by its stimulating quality acts upon the circulation by the muscles, whereby a larger proportion of blood passes through the brain in a given time, and consequently an augmented portion of the nervous fluid is secreted.

But now to explain how this influences the resolution to remove or diminish diffidence, we must consider that diffidence results from an inability to act conformably with our judgment, *i. e.* in certain instances. This incapacity in corporeal action, is immediately the result of a deficiency of the nervous fluid. The will, in demanding the action of any part under its power, sends a portion of this fluid to give the warning and to furnish ability to perform the action. But as the strength of a muscle depends upon the energy or force with which it receives intelligence to act, and this energy being in proportion to the quantity of nervous fluid imparted, when the fluid thus directed is not sufficient to furnish the necessary tension of the muscle, it remains too flaccid, and the stimulus of the fluid only serves to excite spasmodic contraction in the part. This irregu-

lar action may with great propriety be called involuntary, because the will has not power to export the required quantity of the fluid to produce action consonant with its own dictates; and thus the characteristic of diffidence, so universally observable in corporeal action, is produced. The commotion of the mind may likewise be accounted for in the same manner. It arises partly from derangement in conceiving, and partly from deficiencies in compound action. Disordered conception is the effect of conscious incapacity to communicate our conceptions, and also the confusion attendant on an unsuccessful attempt to express them. For to begin with a strong apprehension that we shall be unable to accomplish must naturally, from the constitution of the mental system, counteract the performance. The mind is so framed, that an individual object is all we can at one moment attend to, and when the attention becomes divided between two subjects, just so much as this division is proportioned to each of them, will be their performance. A diffident man having, at the moment he undertakes to speak, two objects before his mind, his attention of course becomes divided, and he thereby disqualified to express himself. The subject he intends to speak upon, and the apprehension of being unable to perform it, are both before his attention at the same instant, and by this division is effected the many blunders in conversation which happen to bashful men. Silence likewise, so generally the concomitant of diffidence, originates from the same source, in conjunction with experience of incapacity to express our ideas. These things being present in the mind, Prudence teaches the advantage of keeping silence, rather than by attempting to speak to expose our own weakness. K.

For The Port Folio.

The fate of men of genius has ever excited the compassion of mankind, and surely no class of men have a more just claim to their pity. Their follies have been great, their misfor-

tunes still greater. The history of their lives presents us with such a continued scene of miseries and misfortunes that we are almost induced to believe content and happiness are incompatible with a superiour genius. Among men of uncommon genius, the poets have generally been the most unfortunate; there have been but few among them who have not lived miserably and died neglected. This, perhaps, originates in the nature of their dispositions, and in the bent of their minds producing their particular pursuits. The necessary qualifications of the mind, to form a man of perfect and superiour genius are a *sound judgment*, a *strong memory*, and a *lively imagination*. To the writer of poetry, a solid judgment is not so essentially necessary as to the philosopher, the moralist, or the statesman. We find that the poet has generally possessed a retentive memory, a vivid imagination, and, too frequently, but a small portion of judgment in the common concerns of the world. Gifted with fine and noble feelings, and exalted and lively sentiments, they disregard the plebeian prudence of pecuniary acquisitions, and provide not, by their economy, against the various wants and exigencies of life. Destitute of the necessary comforts and conveniences of life, they must depend upon the favour of the rich and powerful, or upon the productions of their genius. Their former dependence is weak and fluctuating, their latter, too frequently incompetent to their support. When these uncertain means fail, they must suffer, and when reduced to beggary and want they are not sufficiently fortified by reason and philosophy to rise superiour to their sufferings. We require only a moderate acquaintance with the lives of the poets to verify these observations. One moment we will find them exulting in the greatest prosperity, and despising the groveling multitude; and the next immersed in the lowest abyss of misery, famishing in the streets of an extensive city, or degraded in the confinement of a leath-

some prison. One moment reveling in the dissipation and extravagance of the great; the next, reduced to the situation of the lowest vagabond. At one time clothed in the richest and most fashionable garments of their country; again, naked and destitute; exposed to the scorching rays of the sun, or to the severe and killing blasts of winter.

Not only England, but France, Italy, all the countries of Europe, have at different times presented these dreadful scenes to view. Those men who are esteemed the pride of their country, who are held up as models; who one moment delight an enlightened audience by the effusions of their genius, or please the judicious by their writings, the next, are left neglected or forlorn, exposed to the inhuman treatment of their creditors, or permitted to wander destitute and half famished. This is not the colouring of the imagination; read the lives of the poet, the dramatist, or the historian, and you will find these observations verified. He who stands first on the list of fame, and first among unfortunate poets, is one, the relation of whose sufferings will be a reproach to the English nation, as long as his writings shall delight, or his memory be retained.

The impassioned authour of *Venice Preserved*—*OTWAY*. We must pity this unfortunate man, we must excuse his follies. He who can read the relation of his sufferings, or of his tragical end without shedding the tear of pity, or feeling the sensibility of human nature roused, must have lost all title to humanity. The finer feelings of his soul must have been absorbed. *OTWAY*—that man who had so often pleased an enlightened audience by his dramatick productions; he who could so exquisitely portray the feelings of the soul; he who, all nature and energy, discovered and described the various passions of mankind; he who had rolled in pleasure and whose company had been sought after with avidity, was at length neglected and forsaken, reduced to beggary and want, and for-

ced to lurk in the most secret hiding places of London. The end of this unfortunate poet is truly lamentable, and no doubt, will always excite the pity of mankind. After experiencing a variety of misfortunes, he at last finished his existence by famine. In that city where thousands who were mere machines in creation, lived in profusion and extravagance—there one of the finest dramatick writers England ever produced died in want. The life of *Savage* presents us with scenes no less afflicting and painful to the soul of sensibility. Sprung from noble origin, but the fruit of illicit commerce, he entered into life with prospects little flattering, and made his exit no less degrading. He rose into notice by the splendour of his genius, but no sooner became known than he was made the unfortunate subject of persecution; and that too, by a woman who bore the sacred title of mother. Pursued by this fiend, he experienced miseries no less great than those of *OTWAY*. Unfortunately engaged in a riot, which issued in murder, he was condemned by the laws of his country, by the verdict of an upright jury, to suffer a publick and disgraceful death; but through the benignity of the queen, snatched from the brink of ignominy, and restored to the arms of his country; he served as one of its brightest ornaments. This man, at one time, caressed by the great, and admitted, with pleasure, into every society, was finally plunged into the greatest misery and at length ended his days in a prison. *GOLDSMITH*, an authour universally admired for the correctness of his observations, for the ease and gaiety of his style, extolled as a poet, for the sentiment and harmony of his lines as a dramatick writer, for the happy choice of his plots, for the wit and humour of his dialogue, lived in beggary and want. After traversing the greatest part of Europe in extreme poverty, he returned to his native shore and lingered out a miserable existence, destitute and neglected. These are a few of the most conspicuous among the unfortunate men of genius

of whom England boasts. They are but a small portion of these unfortunate men whose miseries originated in the neglect of their countrymen. The lives of the wretched Chatterton, the sublime but unhappy MILTON, the gay, volatile, witty STEELE, the brilliant, discontented POPE, are too well known for me to expatiate upon. Spain boasts of but few men of genius, known as writers; and even these few though they have established their country's fame, have lived unnoticed and unrewarded. Among these shines forth, eminently conspicuous, Cervantes, at once the pride and reproach of his country! This man, the author of a work which has stood the test of time; which for nearly three hundred years, has been read with pleasure and admiration, unlike works of a similar nature which enjoy a short lived reputation and then dwindle into oblivion. It still retains the station to which it has been raised by the universal and correct taste of mankind, and no doubt will, as long as wit and humour delight, and ridicule destroy the foibles of human nature. The author of a work so highly prized was suffered by his countrymen to lose the most valuable portion of his life in confinement among barbarous and cruel people; and when restored to his country he was condemned to pass the remnant of his days without a recompense and unnoticed.

These few examples are sufficient to show that men of a fine genius have mostly been unfortunate and have too frequently experienced the neglect and hardships of the world. There have been but a few among them who have not met death prematurely and died through want of the common necessities of life, when perhaps, had the fostering hand of charity been extended to them, the number of their days might have been increased, and the world benefitted by their additional productions. Even females who have distinguished themselves by the productions of their pens have not escaped the miseries which appear to be the inseparable concomitants of a fine genius. Charlotte, the daughter of Cib-

ber the tragedian, at one time living in splendour and extravagance; surrounded by fawning crowds of sycophants and admirers attracted only by the glitter of show, and shortly after, reduced to indigence and penury; destitute of the common necessities of life, neglected by her fellow beings, and lingering out a miserable existence in the filth and corruption of the suburbs of London, ought ever to excite the pity of mankind. The lives of Chamfort, of Goldoni the Italian dramatist, of a crowd of men of genius, present to our view scenes similar to those already described. Their talents, and the benefits and pleasures they have conferred upon mankind, command our respect; their misfortunes our pity and compassion. Even when in apparent ease and affluence, they wear only the appearance of happiness, and are ever doomed to be dependent on some haughty patron, the only road to whose heart is flattery, and the only title to whose favour is the most abject and servile submission; unable or unwilling, from their situation to assert the dignity and respectability to which their talents entitle them. To be thus exposed to the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, to suffer the proud man's contumely and the oppressor's wrongs is truly a degradation of human nature. Why were we not present, we are ready to exclaim, to stretch forth the hand of charity, to snatch these unfortunate beings from their miseries, from hunger, famine, nakedness and distress, and restore them to comfort and happiness? But, alas! human nature, I fear, is every where the same, and it is only because they are beyond our reach that we thus utter our impotent expressions of benevolence. Even at this present moment, there are, perhaps, many similar objects who require our assistance, and we neglect to seek for them; but let us hope for more practical charity, and fervently pray that if ever among the sons of Columbia there should rise up (and I trust there will) men of genius, similar to those who have already flourished in Europe, that they may ne-

ver experience the neglect of their countrymen, but be received with open arms, and exalted beyond the reach of malice, beyond the wants and exigencies of life.

MORTIMER.

THE FINE ARTS.

[In the New-York papers we are delighted to find the ensuing article. The art of engraving has, of late, in this country, certainly made no very remote steps to excellence. Messrs. Collins and Perkins, proprietors of a new and valuable edition of the Sacred Scriptures, have very judiciously excited an emulation among the artists of their city, and the success which has crowned the competitors in this race of renown is well described and justly praised by Mr. TRUMBULL, whose fame as a painter is the theme not only of American but of British praise. We have a great curiosity to see a very copious collection of prints illustrative of the Bible and of the scenery of the Holy Land, than which no subjects are more capable of sublime and beautiful illustrations by the graphick art.]

Prize Medal.—With the view of exciting an honourable and useful competition among the engravers of our country, Messrs. Collins and Perkins, having selected several of the most eminent in their profession, gave to each a subject to engrave, and offered a gold medal for the best. When the plates were finished, they were submitted to the examination of the President and Directors of the American Academy of Arts. The opinion of the Board as to the collective merits of the whole, and the comparative excellence of several, is expressed in the following letter from Col. Trumbull.

We cannot here omit to remark that Messrs. Collins and Perkins, in consequence of this liberal effort to advance the art of engraving in our country, by calling forth the ablest exertions of the best talents, have procured for their correct and elegant Bible, a collection of plates much superiour to any before executed in America. If publishers, generally, would offer similar incentives to the exertion of the artist, while their own interest would be advanced one of the most valuable of the Fine Arts would

be patronised and improved by the fostering hand of private munificence.

New-York, January 3, 1807.

Messrs. Collins & Perkins,

Gentlemen—Your letter of the 2d instant, together with the specimens of engravings executed in this country for your Bible, to which it referred, was duly received, and considered by the Directors of the Society of Arts.

I am charged, gentlemen, to convey to you the expression of the high satisfaction with which the Directors viewed these specimens of rapid improvement in the art of engraving; and to say that while all are justly to be regarded as honourable evidence of the exertions of the several competitors, they cannot refrain from expressing the very particular pleasure with which they viewed *The St. Paul*, *The Providence*, and *The Holy Family*: the works of native American artists (two of whom are unassisted by any advantage from foreign education) and all of which must be considered as unequivocal evidences of great talents, and sure promises of early and future excellence.

While the Directors bestow this justly merited applause upon the gentlemen who executed the three plates before mentioned, justice required that they should adjudge your medal to the engraver of *The Finding of Moses*, whose superiority on this first competition was naturally to be expected, from the superiour advantages which he has enjoyed in receiving his professional education in Europe.

The Directors hope that other opportunities of competition, laudable as that which you have given, will soon occur to call forth new exertions of genius and industry. And judging from the first exhibition, they cannot but indulge the hope of soon seeing this branch of the polite arts carried to a degree of perfection in America, which shall excite the surprise and even the emulation of Europe.—I have the honour to be, &c.

JOHN TRUMBULL.

[Mr. Carpenter, the editor of *The People's Friend*, is a disciple of BURKE. In the following ingenious manner he prefaces a beautiful apologue of that great statesman when speaking in his tone of contempt of Lord Malmesbury's *ignominious* mission to the *republic of regicides*.]

It has been the fate of all great men, to afford subject-matter for a large addition to the catalogue of vulgar errors which pass current in the world. None has contributed to it more than the immortal Edmund Burke, who seems to have been the person upon whose qualities more than upon any other man, the ignorant, the vain, and the unlettered have differed most essentially from the ingenious, the wise and the learned. The former have thought that he only excelled in that kind of eloquence which rested on glittering diction, lively imagery and flights of fancy; and that out of those he was nothing: the latter knew the reverse. Take away from him his eloquence, said Mr. Fox, and he appears to greatest advantage: you would then find the solid wisdom, though the fine chasing were done away. On the other hand, Mr. Fox was supposed by the former, to be conspicuous chiefly for reasoning powers; but as to eloquent language, he was, for so great a man, held to be inferior; while the judicious preferred his language very much to that of every other man. "I wish (said Burke) I wish that I could have my thoughts always expressed in the language of Mr. Fox."

The truth is, that Burke spoke and wrote in whatsoever style he pleased. "They may talk of his greatness as they please, (said a woollen manufacturer and farmer who came from a distant part of England, to consult him upon the improvement of that article) they may talk as they will, but I'll be cursed if that man was not bred a woolcomber." His state papers are held up as the most perfect models of simple yet vigorous conciseness; his letters of all the various kinds of epistolary excellence according to the persons to whom they were addressed. And for a plain, little story, simple, unadorned, yet replete with keen hu-

mour, we will set against any thing that has been written, the following, which appears in his third letter on a regicide, as a satire upon Lord Malmesbury's mission to France, and the result of it.

"An honest neighbour of mine is not altogether unhappy in the application of an old common story to the present occasion. It may be said of my friend, what Horace says of a neighbour of his, "*garrit aniles ex re fabellas*." Conversing on this strange subject, he told me a current story of a simple English country squire, who was persuaded by certain *dilettanti* of his acquaintance to see the world, and to become knowing in men and manners. Among other celebrated places, it was recommended to him to visit Constantinople. He took their advice. After various adventures, not to our purpose to dwell upon, he happily arrived at that famous city. As soon as he had a little reposed himself from his fatigue, he took a walk into the streets; but he had not gone far, before "a malignant and a turban'd Turk" had his choler roused by the careless and assured air with which this infidel strutted about in the metropolis of true believers. In this temper, he lost no time in doing to our traveller the honours of the place. The Turk crossed over the way, and with perfect good will gave him two or three lusty kicks on the seat of honour. To resent or to return the compliment in Turkey was quite out of the question. Our traveller, since he could not otherwise acknowledge this kind of favour, received it with the best grace in the world: he made one of his ceremonious bows, and begged the kicking Mussulman "to accept his perfect assurances of high consideration." Our countryman was too wise to imitate Othello in the use of the dagger. He thought it better, as better it was, to assuage his bruised dignity with half a yard square of balmy diplomatick dyachylon. In the disasters of their friends, people are seldom wanting in a laudable patience. When they are such as do

not threaten to end fatally, they become even matter of pleasantry. The English fellow-travellers of our sufferer, finding him a little out of spirits, entreated him not to take so slight a business so seriously. They told him it was the custom of the country; that every country had its customs; that the Turkish manners were a little rough; but that in the main the Turks were a good-natured people; that what would have been a deadly affront any where else, was only a little freedom there; in short, they told him to think no more of the matter, and to try his fortune in another *promenade*. But the squire though a little clownish had some homebred sense. What! have I come at all this expense and trouble all the way to Constantinople only to be kicked? Without going beyond my own stable, my groom, for half a crown, would have kicked me to my heart's content. I don't mean to stay in Constantinople eight and forty hours, nor ever to return to this rough, good-natured people that have their own customs.

"In my opinion the squire was in the right. He was satisfied with his first ramble and his first injuries. But reason of state and common sense are two things. If it were not for this difference it might not appear of absolute necessity, after having received a certain quantity of buffetings in advance, that we should send a peer of the realm to the scum of the earth to collect the debt to the last farthing; and to receive, with infinite aggravation, the same scorns which had been paid to our supplication through a commoner; but, it was proper, I suppose, that the whole of our country, in all its order, should have a share in the indignity; and, as in reason, that the higher orders should touch the larger proportion."

From Burke's Maxims.

CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT OF ENGLAND.

(Concluded from the last number.)

Our education is so formed as to confirm and fix this impression. Our education is in a manner wholly in the

hands of ecclesiasticks, and in all stages from infancy to manhood. Even when our youth, leaving schools and universities, enter that most important period of life which begins to link experience and study together, and when with that view they visit other countries, instead of old domesticks whom we have seen as governors to principal men from other parts, three-fourths of those who go abroad with our young nobility and gentlemen are ecclesiasticks; not as austere masters, nor as mere followers; but as friends and companions of a graver character, and not seldom persons as well born as themselves. With them, as relations, they most commonly keep up a close connexion through life. By this connexion we conceive that we attach our gentlemen to the church; and we liberalize the church by an intercourse with the leading characters of the country.

So tenacious are we of the old ecclesiastical modes and fashions of institution, that very little alteration has been made in them since the fourteenth or fifteenth century; adhering in this particular, as in all things else, to our old settled maxim, never entirely nor at once to depart from antiquity. We found these old institutions, on the whole, favourable to morality and discipline; and we thought they were susceptible of amendment without altering the ground. We thought they were capable of receiving and meliorating, and above all of preserving, the accessions of science and literature, as the order of Providence should successively produce them. And after all, with this gothic and monkish education (for such it is in the ground-work) we may put in our claim to as ample and as early a share in all the improvements in science, in arts, and in literature, which have illuminated and adorned the modern world, as any other nation in Europe: we think one main cause of this improvement was our not despising the patrimony of knowledge which was left us by our forefathers.

It is from our attachment to a church establishment that the English

nation did not think it wise to entrust that great fundamental interest of the whole to what they trust no part of their civil or military publick service, that is, to the unsteady and precarious contribution of individuals. They go further. They certainly never have suffered and never will suffer the fixed estate of the church to be converted into a pension, to depend on the treasury, and to be delayed, withheld, or perhaps to be extinguished by fiscal difficulties; which difficulties may sometimes be pretended for political purposes, and are in fact often brought on by the extravagance, negligence, and rapacity of politicians. The people of England think that they have constitutional motives, as well as religious, against any project of turning their independent clergy into ecclesiastical pensioners of state. They tremble for their liberty, from the influence of a clergy dependent on the crown; they tremble for the publick tranquillity from the disorders of a factious clergy; if it were made to depend upon any other than the crown. They therefore made their church, like their King and their nobility, independent.

From the united considerations of religious and constitutional policy, from their opinion of a duty to make a sure provision for the consolation of the feeble and the instruction of the ignorant, they have incorporated and identified the estate of the church with the mass of *private property*, of which the state is not the proprietor, either for use or dominion, but the guardian only and the regulator. They have ordained that the provision of this establishment might be as stable as the earth on which it stands, and should not fluctuate with the Euripus of funds and actions.

The men of England, the men, I mean, of light and leading in England, whose wisdom (if they have any) is open and direct, would be ashamed, as of a silly deceitful trick, to profess any religion in name, which by their proceedings they appear to contemn. If by their conduct (the only language that rarely lies) they seemed to re-

gard the great ruling principle of the moral and the natural world, as a mere invention to keep the vulgar in obedience, they apprehend that by such a conduct they would defeat the politick purpose they have in view. They would find it difficult to make others believe in a system to which they manifestly gave no credit themselves. The christian statesmen of this land would indeed first provide for the *multitude*; because it is the *multitude*; and is therefore, as such, the first object in the ecclesiastical institution, and in all institutions. They have been taught that the circumstance of the gospel's being preached to the poor, was one of the great tests of its true mission. They think, therefore, that those do not believe it who do not take care it should be preached to the poor. But as they know that charity is not confined to any one description, but ought to apply itself to all men who have wants, they are not deprived of a due and anxious sensation of pity to the distressed of the miserable great. They are not repelled through a fastidious delicacy, at the stench of their arrogance and presumption, from a medicinal attention to their mental blotches and running sores. They are sensible, that religious instruction is of more consequence to them than to any others; from the greatness of the temptation to which they are exposed; from the important consequences that attend their faults; from the contagion of their ill example; from the necessity of bowing down the stubborn neck of their pride and ambition to the yoke of moderation and virtue; from a consideration of the fat stupidity and gross ignorance concerning what imports men most to know, which prevails at courts, and at the head of armies, and in senates, as much as at the loom and in the field.

The English people are satisfied, that to the great the consolations of religion are as necessary as its instructions. They too are among the unhappy. They feel personal pain and domestick sorrow. In these they have no privilege, but are subject to

pay their full contingent to the contributions levied on mortality. They want this sovereign balm under their gnawing cares and anxieties, which being less conversant about the limited wants of animal life, range without limit, and are diversified by infinite combinations in the wild and unbounded regions of imagination. Some charitable dole is wanting to these, our often very unhappy brethren, to fill the gloomy void that reigns in minds which have nothing on earth to hope or fear; something to relieve in the killing languor and over-laboured lassitude of those who have nothing to do; something to excite an appetite to existence in the pallid satiety which attends on all pleasures which may be bought, where nature is not left to her own process, where even desire is anticipated, and therefore fruition defeated by meditated schemes and contrivances of delight; and no interval, no obstacle, is interposed between the wish and the accomplishment.

The people of England know how little influence the teachers of religion are likely to have with the wealthy and powerful of long standing, and how much less with the newly fortunate, if they appear in a manner no way assorted to those with whom they must associate, and over whom they must even exercise, in some cases, something like an authority. What must they think of that body of teachers, if they see it in no part above the establishment of their domestick servants? If the poverty were voluntary there might be some difference. Strong instances of self-denial operate powerfully on our minds; and a man who has no wants has obtained great freedom and firmness, and even dignity. But as the mass of any description of men are but men, and their poverty cannot be voluntary, that disrespect which attends upon all lay poverty, will not depart from the ecclesiastical. Our provident constitution has therefore taken care that those who are to instruct presumptuous ignorance, those who are to be censors over insolent

vice, should neither incur their contempt, nor live upon their alms; nor will it tempt the rich to a neglect of the true medicine of their minds. For these reasons, whilst we provide first for the poor, and with a parental solicitude, we have not relegated religion (like something we were ashamed to show) to obscure municipalities or rustick villages. No! we will have her to exalt her mitred front in courts and parliaments. We will have her mixed throughout the whole mass of life, and blended with all the classes of society. The people of England will show to the haughty potentates of the world, and to their talking sophisters, that a free, a generous, an informed nation, honours the high magistrates of its church; that it will not suffer the insolence of wealth and titles, or any other species of proud pretension, to look down with scorn upon what they look up to with reverence; nor presume to trample on that acquired personal nobility, which they intend always to be, and which often is, the fruit, not the reward, (for what can be the reward?) of learning, piety, and virtue. They can see, without pain or grudging, an archbishop precede a duke. They can see a bishop of Durham, or a bishop of Winchester, in possession of ten thousand pounds a year; and cannot conceive why it is in worse hands than estates to the like amount in the hands of this earl, or that squire; although it may be true, that so many dogs and horses are not kept by the former, and fed with the victuals which ought to nourish the children of the people. If is true, the whole church revenue is not always employed, and to every shilling, in charity; nor perhaps ought it; but something is generally so employed. It is better to cherish virtue and humanity, by leaving much to free will, even with some loss to the object, than to attempt to make men mere machines and instruments of a political benevolence. The world on the whole will gain by a liberty without which virtue cannot exist.

When once the commonwealth has

established the estates of the church as property, it can, consistently, hear nothing of the more or the less. Too much and too little are treason against property. What evil can arise from the quantity in any hand, whilst the supreme authority has the full, sovereign superintendence over this, as over any property, to prevent every species of abuse; and, whenever it notably deviates, to give to it a direction agreeable to the purposes of its institution.

In England most of us conceive that it is envy and malignity towards those who are often the beginners of their own fortune and not a love of the self-denial and mortification of the ancient church, that makes some look askance at the distinctions and honours, and revenues, which, taken from no person, are set apart for virtue. The ears of the people of England are distinguishing. They hear these men speak abroad. Their tongue betrays them. Their language is in the *jargon* of fraud; in the cant and glibberish of hypocrisy. The people of England must think so when these praters affect to carry back the clergy to that primitive evangelick poverty, which, in the spirit, ought always to exist in them, (and in us too, however we may like it) but in the thing must be varied, when the relation of that body to the state is altered; when manners, when modes of life, when indeed the whole order of human affairs has undergone a total revolution. We shall believe those reformers to be then honest enthusiasts, not as now we think them cheats and deceivers, when we see them throwing their own goods into common and submitting their own persons to the austere discipline of the early church.

With these ideas rooted in their minds, the commons of Great-Britain, in the national emergencies, will never seek their resource from the confiscation of the estates of the church and poor. Sacrilege and proscription are not among the ways and means of our committee of supply. The Jews in Change-alley have not

yet dared to hint their hopes of a mortgage on the revenues belonging to the See of Canterbury. I am not afraid that I shall be disavowed, when I assure you that there is not *one* publick man in this kingdom, whom you would wish to quote; no, not one of any party or description, who does not reprobate the dishonest, perfidious; and cruel confiscation which the national assembly has been compelled to make of that property which it was their first duty to protect.

It is with the exultation of a little national pride I tell you, that those amongst us who have wished to pledge the societies of Paris in the cup of their abominations, have been disappointed. The robbery of your church has proved a security to the possessions of ours. It has roused the people. They see with horror and alarm that enormous and shameless act of proscription. It has opened, and will more and more open, their eyes upon the selfish enlargement of mind, and the narrow liberality of sentiment of insidious men, which, commencing in close hypocrisy and fraud, have ended in open violence and rapine. At home we behold similar beginnings. We are on our guard against similar conclusions.

FLORUS.

L. Annæus Julius Florus was born a little more than a century after our Saviour, and composed an abridgment of the Roman history till the time of Augustus. He has the singular merit of having included in one small volume, in four books, the annals of seven hundred years, without having omitted a single important fact. The conspiracy of Catiline is recounted in two pages, and yet nothing essential is omitted. His style is so florid as to have the appearance of poetry in deranged measure. He has all the declamation of an orator; and when we look for a correct recital of the history of the Romans, we find a warm panegyrick on many of their achievements.

On this account Florus must be read without that confidence which we repose in many other authours. He is careless in chronology; and being desirous of stating such circumstances as ought to have occurred on particular occasions, he sometimes deviates from the scrupulous accuracy of historical truth.

VELLEIUS PATERCULUS.

Velleius Paterculus lived in the time of Tiberius, was of a respectable family, and served several campaigns under the emperor. He wrote a compendium of the history of Greece and Rome, from the earliest period to his own age. He is a useful authour, and not deficient in ease or elegance of style. He is remarkably mild in his censures, but most unaccountably extravagant in his praise of the Cæsars. Augustus is a god; and Sejanus, the fawning and cruel minister of Tiberius is extolled with encomiums which are due only to virtue. The objection to his partiality is confined to the latter part of his work, and is common to many historians, whose prejudices or whose fears disguise or suppress their opinions. Paterculus has a happy and beautiful brevity of narration, which in a small compass contains all the graces of style, and is embellished with wise maxims and useful morals.

Whatever other historians have recorded will be found in this writer, who possesses in a singular degree the merit of perspicuity.

CORNELIUS NEPOS.

Of Cornelius Nepos we have received no authentick account, except that he was born at Hostilia, near the banks of the river Po, in the reign of Augustus, and, amongst other literary characters, was honoured by the Imperial patronage. The work which has reached posterity is his lives of illustrious Greeks and Romans. The style of it displays the elegance of the age in which he lived; and while it contains a summary of their principal actions, it is replete with judicious

reflections upon them. He abounds in taste, but not in force and strength. In reporting events he does not enter into the details which mark the characteristic traits of the actors, and which distinguish the perspicacity of the historian.

Rome had not yet its Plutarch.

SUETONIUS.

Somewhat more than a century after the christian era, C. Tranquillus Suetonius was the secretary of the Emperor Adrian: He has left a history of the twelve Cæsars, and is considered scrupulously exact and methodical. He omits nothing which concerns the person whose life he writes; and is a reporter of actions, but not a painter of the manners. He is a pleasant authour to consult, for he is a detailer of anecdotes. In reflections he is very sparing, contenting himself with recounting events without feeling or exciting any emotion. The office of a narrator satisfies his ambition; and from the little interest he takes respecting the conduct of his heroes, he has attained the praise of strict impartiality.

The character of the Emperours is no where more justly represented, but the description of their vices has been thought unnecessarily minute.

The language of Suetonius is elegant; his narration easy and perspicuous.

Nature had been kind to him in her endowments, and he acknowledged her kindness by the industry with which he applied to his education.

An acquaintance with these minor historians is expected of the general scholar.

Some beauties will please, and some information will instruct him in them all; but after he has consulted them for the gratification of his curiosity, or the refreshment of his memory as to particular facts, he will perceive, that his taste can alone be duly formed, and his knowledge sufficiently amplified by a frequent and attentive perusal of the three accomplished historians of Rome.

OF THE ORIENTAL LEARNING AND PHILOSOPHY.

Man, in his rude and uncivilized state, has no great exercise of reason. To the numerous objects that press around him, his internal senses, seem not equally awake with the external. No examination into causes from effects even the most surprising; he feels, but reflects not. His passions, on some occasions, may be strongly alarmed and put in agitation; but these suggest nothing to the reasoning powers, which seem to lie dormant in this dominion of nature and instinct; or, if they awake and try to form conclusions, they start, as from a hideous dream, with all the motley images that a distempered imagination can muster up.

In this state, mankind have no notion of a Deity, except it be from tradition; and this, as it existed in the first nations, if we except the Jews, was strangely absurd and wide of the truth; till we find afterwards, as men advanced in society and knowledge, a faint light dawn, that led them to juster ideas.

And this was chiefly effected by the philosophers, endued by Providence in different parts of the world; no doubt to usher in and further its own mighty and inscrutable designs.

A Persian Zoroaster, a Chinese Confucius, a Grecian Socrates: even the Celtick Druids and Indian Bramins, in different ages, and in different countries, have all been instrumental in this way, in many respects, perhaps, which we cannot see.

All these men at the same time, that they were excellent moralists, were also deep inspectors into nature; and from an attentive survey of her wonderful operations, were naturally led to the consideration of a first cause.

In reality, this study of nature was prior to the other, and it was not till men had made pretty good advances in it, that they were led to the study of its author.

It likewise deserves to be remarked, that among the Gentile nations, not only theology and philosophy originated in an advanced state of society, when men had leisure and curiosity to push the speculative sciences as far as they could go; but that in general the way to these last was paved by the precession of the necessary arts.

The Egyptians knew nothing of astronomy or the celestial phenomena, till they were obliged, by reason of the annual inundations of the Nile, to learn mensuration, in order to ascertain their property. Upon this early and necessary initiation, they took their ground, and mounted, by gradual steps in the geometrical scale, from the mensuration of lands to that of pyramids; till, having got thus far on their way, they looked still higher, and by an easy transition appli-

ed those calculations to the fictions of the heavenly bodies, which they had formerly applied with success to the pyramids and the Nile.

From some such accidental cause, the sciences seem to have taken rise very early in the east, and probably at a date prior to their rise in Egypt; though I doubt much, if in those regions they were ever prosecuted to such advantage.

Astronomy, more particularly, seems to owe its invention to the Orientals. We find Zoroaster the Persian excelling in magick, and conversing with the stars, at a very early period. The Arabian and Chaldean shepherds were a kind of astrologers by profession, and gave those names to many of the stars which they still retain.

The doctrine of the metempsychosis, which the Egyptians adopted so readily into their religion, and which Pythagoras afterwards imported thence into Greece, was, beyond all doubt, of eastern extraction. This opinion, very probably, arose from some remaining impressions of the fall of man, that still kept hold of the minds of those that lived so near the time and scene in which it happened. And, as the origin of evil has been a matter of curious disquisition among the inquisitive of all ages; so, among those subtle philosophers of the east, who had an uncommon turn for such dark speculations, any hypothesis that served to remove the difficulty but one step farther back, would be gladly embraced, concerning a topick of all others the most abstruse, and the most incomprehensible to the human mind.

It is not unlikely, that the building of Babel in the plains of Shinar, which took place immediately after the flood, first set men the example of building in those parts; and that even the Egyptians might have borrowed the first idea of their pyramids, and other stupendous works, from the same original.

In general, it may be observed, from the immense structure of Babel, the magnificence of the Babylonian walls, and the stateliness of the Egyptian pyramids, that the luxury and pride of these ancient nations led them to works of vastly greater pomp and expense than any the moderns can boast of. Yet, from these very buildings, though astonishingly great, but defective in elegance, we may guess the taste of those times to have been gross, and the genius rude.

Indeed it is presumable that the fine arts naturally associate together, from the near relation in which they all stand to one another; and as we have never heard of renowned poets or statuary among the Babylonians, that consequently they could never have a very elegant taste in any other of the polite arts. Magnificence and a pompousness of manner they might possess; but, like the modern Chinese, they would show in their

designs more of the monstrous extravagance of art, than of the simple and pleasing dignity of nature.

Compare to those immense eastern works, the Grecian architecture of later date; the noble remains of which, at Balbeck and Palmyra, in the islands of the Archipelago, and in many parts of Greece, excite, to this hour, our highest admiration.

The beautiful remains of ancient painting, statuary, medals, and gems, besides those of architecture, lately found upon the discovery of Herculaneum and Pompeii, all of them in the purest Greek style, still farther confirm our admiration of the taste and genius of that wonderful people.

On the other hand it must be granted, that the Greeks themselves, with all their ingenuity, derived many resources either more immediately from the Babylonians, or mediately from the Egyptians and Phœnicians. We have already mentioned the metempsychosis as owing its origin to the same quarter, as also physicks, astronomy, and moral philosophy.

A certain mediocrity, however, of abilities, has, in general, characterized the nations of the East from remotest time; the natural consequence, no doubt, of their climate and soil, which warm, relax, and dispose to dissipation. Hence those nations, though naturally ingenious, have been always retarded in their progress in the arts; especially in those of the intellectual or finer kind that require any great or persevering exertions.

A certain length, indeed, they have gone in most or all of these, but they have, for the most part, shown more ardour than ability, and more ingenuity than judgment or solidity.

The Arabs have been always much the same in character; alert, active, ingenious, nimble in horsemanship, and addicted to plunder. At one period, (during the califate), they either invented or improved several curious sciences, such as algebra, chemistry, medicine, which, along with other assistances, aided to rekindle the lamp of learning in Europe, after it had been extinguished for many centuries during the dark and Gothick ages.

The ancient Persians were famous for astronomy and other sciences; dexterous in archery; ambitious and restless in war. They are still ingenious in the arts; excel in poetry, but retain, in a great measure, their pristine effeminacy and love of pleasure.

The Indians throughout the whole extent of the Mogul empire, as well as in the kingdoms of Ava, Slam, and Pegu, are universally characterized, as particularly ingenious in the nicer mechanick arts, such as weaving, colouring, japanning. They are in general a mild and harmless people, excepting

the Malayese, who are said to be treacherous, and addicted to plunder.

Porcelaine-making is peculiar to the Chinese, who are indeed still more active than the Indians, more moderate in their passions; and, with some exceptions, are, perhaps, the most enlightened, virtuous, and industrious of all pagan nations.

Upon the whole, from the heat of the climate, and the luxuriance of the soil, which incline to voluptuousness, these eastern nations are in general luxurious, but without quick and lively, and in a certain degree industrious and active. Their genius, indeed, is moderate, being more acute than profound, more shrewd than solid. Like their bodies, their minds are but of middling ability. Neither Newtons nor Shakespeares have ever arisen among them; few great warriors; their philosophy has been more of the moral than of the physical kind; and though they may have excelled in the softer sorts of poetry, it is probable that they want force and elevation for its more grand and noble exertions.

Moreover, if we take a view of the different nations that lie more to the north, we shall find them, if not more effeminate and luxurious, at least more indolent and inactive than those just now mentioned. The Asiatick Turks, particularly, come under this description. Whether their spirits are naturally flatter, or that their continual use of opium, and the character of their religion, all contribute to this supine solemnity, is hard to determine: but they are grave and silent in the extreme. Their indolence is excessive, and their ignorance equal to their indolence.

In this torpid state of ignorance and insipidity lie buried their large possessions in Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt, Barbary, Syria, part of Arabia, and the Holy Land.

Such, and so successful has the Koran been, (when joined to the above causes and the despotism and barbarity of Tartar-genius) in banishing arts and humanity from a very considerable portion of the habitable globe.

In fine, the northern nations of Asia, have been remarkable for nothing but a bold ferocious spirit, a genius for war, and sudden and destructive invasions of the countries around them.

Some exceptions, however, must be made to this remark. Gengis-Khan and Tamerlane were both as eminent for their magnificence and encouragement of learning, as for their renown in war. Enriched by the spoils of the East, these great conquerors reared cities in deserts, and tried to fix the roving Tartar, by introducing architecture, letters, and the other fine arts.

But this light was only a flash, which for a moment illumined, without dispelling that thick cloud of ignorance which has always

covered these dreary and inhospitable regions. This country of Tartary, of immense extent, and far larger than all Europe, is the same over which wandered the ancient Scythians, the native hive, whence issued, in successive swarms, those barbarous hordes that overwhelmed the Roman empire, peopled the northern parts of Europe, gave emperours to China and Indostan, and detached colonies to plant a new world in the western continent.

It may therefore with justice be concluded, that though the arts and sciences have taken their rise in the East, and have thence travelled westward, first to Egypt and afterwards to Greece and Rome, that they have generally improved in their progress in proportion to the nature of the soil and climate, and the ardour with which they have been pursued; that neither the warmer nor colder regions have been greatly favourable to their culture, the former relaxing, the latter contracting the human faculties; that in the temperate climes of Europe they have flourished to most advantage; that it is probable they will thence migrate to the western continent in order to enlighten a new world; that they will finally spread themselves over the most savage tribes, and, with their sacred influence, polish and improve the most uncivilized nations.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constaney?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constaney?

We know, and it is our pride to know, that man is by his constitution a religious animal; that atheism is against not only our reason but our instinct; and that it cannot prevail long.

No lines can be laid down for civil or political wisdom. They are a matter incapable of exact definition. But, though no man can draw a stroke between the confines of day and night, yet light and darkness are upon the whole tolerably distinguishable.

Terrour is not always the effect of force; and an armament is not a victory. If you do not succeed, you are without resource; for, conciliation

failing, force remains; but force failing, no further hope of reconciliation is left. Power and authority are sometimes bought by kindness; but they can never be begged as alms, by an impoverished and defeated violence.

The two following ballads are the ingenious productions of Dibdin, who as a song-writer of a peculiar class has displayed more invention and wit than any of his contemporaries. We are not positive that the last has not appeared before, but it displays so much humour and character that it will not be a sacrifice of time, to listen to it again.

Ingenious bards have often tried
Man's best resemblance to define;
I hold (nor startle child of pride)
Our likeness is the race canine!

'Gainst this let no one set his face,
I go on sure and certain ground;
Where can throughout the human race
More strict fidelity be found?

The dog, if needful, to his death,
Demonstrating what honour is,
For his protection yields his breath,
And saves that life which cherished his.

Nor can this any stigma fix
At which the nicest ear may start;
But shows, that though they play dogs' tricks
Men have fidelity at heart.

Sly dogs, queer dogs, mankind we name,
Then who my thesis shall condemn,
For, if their titles be the same,
They must ape us, or we ape them.

Pug dogs, that amble through the street
To crops we aptly may compare;
And every female that you meet
Can tell you who the puppies are.

For sad dogs one can scarcely stir,
Of spaniels there's a catalogue;
The dogged cynick is a cur,
A tar 's the English mastiff dog.

With dogs such dashing sportsmen suit
As instinct use, but never think;
And yet the dog 's the wiser brute,
For he can neither smoke nor drink!

Bullies are whelps that growl and snarl
And quarrel loud, but never fight;
Mongrels are Envy's sons that snarl,
And show their teeth—but cannot bite.

The terrier the undertaker hits
The Greek 's a fox that skips and cogs,
Comical dogs are smarts and wits,
And toppers are all jolly dogs.

At Wapping I landed and call'd to hail Mog,
She had just shaped her course to the
play;

Of two rums and one water I ordered my
grog,

And to speak her soon stood under way.
But the Haymarket I for old Drury mistook

Like a lubber so raw and so soft;
Half a George handed out, at the change
did not look,

Manned the rattlins and went up aloft.

As I mounted to one of the uppermost tiers
With many a coxcomb and flirt,

Such a damnable squalling saluted my ears
I thought there 'd been somebody hurt;

But the devil a bit, 'twas your outlandish ribs,
Singing out with their lanterns of jaws,

You 'd a swore you 'd been taking of one of
those trips

'Mongst the Caffrees or wild Catabaws.

What's the play Ma'am, says I, to a good-
natur'd tit.

The Play! 'tis The *Uproar*, you quizz,
My timbers, cried I, the right name on't
you've hit,

For the devil an uproar it is :
For they pipe and they squeel, now slow,
now aloft,

If it wa'n't for the petticoat gear
With their squeaking, so Mollyish, tender
and soft,

One should scarcely know Ma'am from
Mounseer.

Next at kicking and dancing they took a
long spell,

All springing and bounding so neat,
And spessiously one curious Mademoiselle

Oh! she daintily handled her feet.
But she hopped and she sprawled and she
spun round so queer,

'Twas, you see, rather oddish to me,
And so I sung out, pray be decent my dear,
Consider I'm just come from sea.

T'ant an Englishman's taste to have none of
these goes,

So away to the playhouse I'll jog,
Leaving all your fine Bantams and Ma'am
Parisoes,

For old Billy Shakspeare and Mog.
So I made for the theatre and hail'd my dear
spouse;

She smiled as she saw me approach,
And when I 'd shook hands and saluted her
bows

We to Wapping set sail in a coach.

During the time that martial law was in
force in Ireland, and the people were prohi-
bited from having fire-arms in their pos-
session, some mischievous varlets gave in-
formation that a Mr. Scanton of Dublin, had
three mortars in his house. A magistrate
with a party of dragoons in his train, sur-
rounded the house and demanded in the
King's name, that the *mortars* should be de-
livered to him. Mr. Scanton, who is a re-
spectable apothecary, immediately produced
them; adding, that as they were useless
without the *pestles*, these also were at His
Majesty's service.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Verses occasioned by the absence of Cara.

Who now will court the soothing breeze,
That fans the pensive night,
When Cynthia pours through waving trees,
A flood of trembling light?

Who now will hear the cascade play,
And riv'let murmur by?
Or view the charms of setting day
Upon the western sky?

Thou gentle cascade cease to play!
And cease to wave ye trees!
When lovely Cara is away,
Your charms no longer please!

No more let Cynthia o'er the woods,
Her silv'ry lustre shed!
Nor moon-beams dance on quiv'ring flood,
Since lovely Cara 's fled!

ANNIUS.

EPIGRAMS.

Alike in temper, and in life,
A drunken husband, sottish wife;
She a scold, a bully he——
The devil 's in't they dont agree.

You sell your wife's rich jewels, lace and
clothes,
The price once paid, away the purchase
goes;
But she a better bargain proves, I'm told
Still sold returns and still is to be sold.

Thus spoke the humorous *Bowsy* from his
bed,
When a late visit some rude villains made,
What seek ye here, my friends, at midnight
pray,
The devil a thing can I see at mid-day.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, February 14, 1807.

[No. 7.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

[The "Lancaster Repository" contains several ingenious articles. Among its curiosities we find the following.]

—Tobacco.*—

DOCTOR JOHNSON.

WHATEVER has a tendency in the smallest degree to promote the satisfaction and happiness of man, should excite his esteem and deserve his most earnest attention. However just this may be, our experience too frequently evinces a contrary disposition. Even religion, which is almost universally acknowledged to be the true basis of all present as well as future happiness, and which we cannot contemplate without the utmost love, respect and reverence, has been vilely and without examination, traduced by the persevering efforts of speculative and theoretical philosophers. When this copious source of felicity has not escaped unjust animadversion and illiberal detraction, it is not surprising if those that are of a secondary nature should undergo the same fate.

Among the many and useful things thus honoured with scurrility and abuse, none stands so preeminently conspicuous as the practice of using that salutary, precious and agreeable

plant, commonly known by the appellation of Tobacco. Innumerable are the calumnies propagated to the prejudice of this inestimable weed. Philosophers, forsaking the arduous and dignified studies of the sciences, have contributed the powerful sanction of their names to stigmatize it. Physicians have sought its total extirpation. Orators have declaimed against it. Neither have the fair sex, justly celebrated as the friends of humanity, been parsimonious of their tea-table censure. In fine, every class of citizens, from the aged and infirm to the young and alert, from the proud lord to the abject slave, have all defamed it. To combat this formidable host, and support what so many condemn and so few commend, may be deemed presumptuous; but truth is omnipotent, and error, though sanctioned by the authority of great names, shrinks appalled at its powerful approach.

It is, alas! but too well known, that this plant was not at all, or at least very little cultivated among the ancients. Although history has not recorded it; yet for my part were I owner of the solar system, I would bet half a dozen planets against a potato, that Homer well knew the use of tobacco. Or how, in the name of all that is marvellous, can we ever account for the production of so noble

* Every essay must have a motto.

and heavenly a poem as the Iliad? How can we account for the mock sublimity, the bombast, and turgidity of Lucan, but by supposing that he wanted a cigar to invigorate his fancy, refine his taste, and enlighten his judgment? To what but the want of tobacco, can we ascribe the false taste that so infected the later Roman poets and orators? Indeed I very shrewdly suspect, that the downfall of Rome itself is attributable to the same lamentable cause.

The aborigines of America are the first who are certainly known to have cultivated it. The celebrated Mango Copac was indubitably a chewer and smoker of tobacco, or Peru would never have risen to such a degree of splendid magnificence. Introduced into Europe by some bold and enterprising mariners, it has since that period obtained an almost universal prevalence.

It is hardly necessary to remark, that in the southern states and in other places it affords subsistence to thousands who are engaged in its culture and manufacture; and that no inconsiderable revenue thereby accrues to our government.

The utility and necessity of cultivating tobacco being so apparent, let us proceed to the examination of its intrinsic qualities when prepared for use, which are threefold; and by which we are enabled either to snuff, chew, or smoke it.

First then, of snuff.—The pleasing sensations occasioned by these pulverized particles when applied to the irritable muscles of the nose, are only known to practitioners. It thrills through and affects the whole system with indescribable pleasure. Hence it is that we perceive every amateur of pleasure, elegance, and taste, provide himself with a capacious receptacle for these delicious atoms. There is also another consideration deserving to be mentioned. The beau never displays his gallantry in company to greater advantage than by the exhibition and presentation of his box. In doing this, how peculiarly elegant is his dexterity and

alertness? And what graces does it not also give to the ladies! What but an adamant heart can behold unmoved the fascinating and resistless charms of a lady introducing the summits of her digits into the receptacle of these pungent grains of titillating dust! Who that is not steeled will not bow with reverential deference before the shrine of omnipotent beauty, when exhibited in this alluring attitude! Would it not moreover pierce the stubborn heart of a Zeno, to hear a beautiful lady sneeze, “and making the high dome reecho to her nose!” And how useful is it to supply chasms in conversation, which are so perplexing to the finical and light-headed coxcomb! The happy introduction of a box will furnish a thousand incidents, when other topics are exhausted and conversation begins to flag. With what learning and eloquence can a person expatiate upon the beauty and elegance of the box, or upon the merits and demerits of using its contents! Thus would the visits of his drowsy majesty be excluded from every company by the prevention of taciturnity. In oratory too, snuff has a peculiar excellence, which is generally insufficiently appreciated. How apropos is it for an orator when embarrassed and his ideas dissipated, to gain time for recollection by taking a pinch?

Secondly, as to chewing.—This, if inferior to snuffing, in point of pleasure, is far superior with respect to utility. As they differ in their application, so do they in their operation. This acts upon the mind, that upon the organs of sense. Nothing so effectually fixes and grapples the attention in perusing, or collects ideas in writing compositions. It concentrates in itself the respective qualities of industry, patience, and perseverance. The mind, wearied with intense application, becomes languid and relaxed; but a quid seasonably applied, will, by its vivifying influence, soon restore it to its original energy. It possesses a certain stimulating power which never fails exciting to action. How happy then would it be for the

literary world, were all dull scribblers, to indulge themselves in the copious use of this delectable weed! Fire and energy would abound in all their writings, and in future none would incur that odious imputation of being "Sleepless themselves to give their readers sleep."

Administered in this way, tobacco may also be considered as a medicine. Who is there that has not experienced the excruciating pain and piercing torment of the tooth-ach? How many are the restless days and sleepless nights passed in the agonies of this fell tormenter? In vain is recourse had to the disciples of Hippocrates. In vain are the arcana of physick ransacked for an antidote of this "hell of all diseases." But tobacco, trivial as it may appear, reduces the obstinate inveteracy of this hideous and gigantick monster, and restores to the unhappy victim his ease and repose.

Thirdly, the last, though not the least in excellence, is smoking. The fumes of a cigar spread a calm over and check the turbulence of the passions. The mind perplexed with care, and the body fatigued with labour, flies to a cigar as the composer of the one, and the restorer of the other. Is a man immersed in difficulties? here does he find a happy extricator. Is he in distress? here he finds a gentle comforter. Is he in solitude? here does he procure a pleasant companion. View the peasant after the labour of the day, seated in his cot, surrounded by his consort and the playful fruits of their love, "inhaling the fumes of the Indian weed." Gloomy care is dispelled his brow, and cheerful content beams from his placid countenance. View the profound and philosophick Hobbes immersed in smoke, and surrounded with tobacco-pipes, instructing and enlightening mankind. View also the immortal Newton, brightening his fancy with the resuscitating fumes of this humble plant, while discovering those laws which connect and bind the universe. View these scenes ye proud enemies of tobacco, and say if

you can, that smoking has not the most felicitating and useful effect both upon the body and the mind.

Can it be possible, that to this polite, fashionable, and philosophical practice, it has been objected that it is offensive to ladies!—Some attention, it must be confessed, ought to be paid to the fastidious squeamishness of false delicacy. This, however, is only a frivolous freak of fashionable folly. Have we not seen the French and Irish ladies puff a cigar with all the *sang froid* of the veriest smoking Dutchman? We cannot but lament for their sake, that the capricious fashion of our modern belles has expelled the determined smoker from their society. Unconscious of the advantage of this practice, they unwisely deprive themselves of that which would add a *coetus* to their charms. "As distance lends enchantment to the view," and as smoke has an effect similar to distance, must not the person of a lady, when seen through the medium of the odoriferous fumes of tobacco, appear more smooth and regular. Must it not harmonize their features and polish their appearance, without sullyng the alabaster of their bosoms? Why then, ye giddy fair ones, do ye not retract a decree so injurious to yourselves, and again admit the long-avoided smoker? Slight causes frequently produce great events, and who knows but by this means agreeable husbands may be acquired, of whom you would otherwise be deprived?

Hail, source of inestimable delight! May thy excellencies be duly appreciated by thy fair censurers! May thy virtues be transmitted to the latest posterity!—May thy ——— but enough.

ZIMMERMAN.

FROM THE EMERALD.

The following poetick effusion from Grant's poem on the restoration of learning in the East, is not to be surpassed by the most fortunate passages in English poetry. The whole

performance is not merely eminent as a prize-poem : it affords a fair promise that its authour will soon be advanced among the peers of the literary realm, and transmit his dignities to the latest generation ; that he will soon shine "last but not least" among the English classicks. Addison observes, that he who is not pleased with the perusal of Livy, has no taste for history. To test poets we propose another experiment. The man that can read the 14th line of the following extract—

"On thy cold stone looks down the eastern star,"

and not feel its poetick effect, has no taste for poetry.

"Nor these alone ; but lo ! as Wellesley leads,

Rise other names, and a new race succeeds.
Rous'd by his call, the youthful bands aspire
To Jones's learning or to Jones's fire ;

In clust'ring ranks the meed of song they claim,

And toil and brighten up the steep of fame.
Thou too, had heaven but listened to our prayer,

Thou too, Mackenzie, shouldst have brightened there.

Oh, hopes dissolv'd, oh, prospects all decay'd !

Oh, dawn of glory opening but to fade !
Pleas'd we beheld thy early laurels bloom,
Nor knew they wove a trophy for thy tomb.
By Hoogley's banks from kindred dust how far !

On thy cold stone looks down the eastern star.

But still affection views thy ashes near,
The mould is precious and that stone is dear :
Her nightly thought surmounts the roaring wave,

And weeps and watches round thy distant grave.

Yet say, why on that dark eventful day,
That call'd thee from the shores of Thames away,

When friendship's warmth, 'mid parting sorrows burn'd,

Hand press'd in hand, and tear for tear return'd ;

Though Hope was there all credulous and young,

Why on thy brow a cheerless shadow hung ?
E'en at that hour did dark forebodings shed
O'er shivering Nature some unconscious dread ?

And felt thy heart new wounds of sadness flow,

Prophetick sadness and a weight of woe ?

"How dark though fleeting are the days of man !

What countless sorrows crowd his narrow span !

For what is life ? a groan, a breath, a sigh,

A bitter tear, a drop of misery,

A lamp just dying in sepulchral gloom,

A voice of anguish from the lonely tomb.

Or wept or weeping all the change we know ;

'Tis all our mournful history below—

Pleasure is grief but smiling to destroy,

And what is sorrow but the ghost of joy ?—

Oh, haste that hour whose rustling wings shall play

To warn the shades of Guilt and Grief away."

In the third number of The Port Folio we inserted a very humorous parody of the following ballad of Burger. We understand from the criticks in the German language that the original is eminently beautiful. Its merit was once so highly appreciated in England that a host of translators started at once in the race for publick favour. The ensuing version which is, we believe, by Walter Scott, Esqr. well deserves a place in this Journal.

Earl Walter winds his bugle horn,

To horse, to horse, halloo, halloo !

His fiery courser snuffs the morn,

And thronging serfs their lord pursue.

The eager pack from couples freed

Dash through the bush, the brier, the brake,

While answering hound, and horn, and steed

The mountain echoes startling wake.

The beams of God's own hallow'd day

Had painted yonder spire with gold,

And calling sinful man to pray

Loud, long, and deep the bell had toll'd.

But still earl Walter onward rides,

Halloo, halloo and hark again,

When, spurring from opposing sides

Two stranger horsemen join the train.

Who was each stranger, left and right,

Well may I guess but dare not tell ;

The right-hand steed was silver white,

The left the swarthy hue of hell.

The right-hand horseman, young and fair,

His smile was like the morn of May ;

The left, from eye of tawny glare,

Shot midnight lightning's lurid ray.

He wav'd his huntsman's cap on high,

Cried "Welcome, welcome, noble lord !

What sport can earth, or sea, or sky,

To match the princely chase, afford."

"Cease thy loud bugle's clanging knell,"

Cried the fair youth, with silver voice ;

"And for Devotion's choral swell

Exchange the rude, discordant noise.

"Today the ill-omen'd chase forbear;
Yon bell yet summons to the fane;
Today the warning spirit hear,
Tomorrow thou may'st mourn in vain."

"Away, and sweep the glades along!"
The sable hunter hoarse replies;
"To muttering monks leave matin song,
And bells, and book, and mysteries."

Earl Walter spurr'd his ardent steed,
And launching forward with a bound,
"Who for thy drowsy priest-like rede
Would leave the jovial horn and hound?"

"No! pious fool, I scorn thy lore;
Let him who ne'er the chase durst prove
Go join with thee the droning choir,
And leave me to the sport I love."

Fast, fast earl Walter onward rides,
O'er moss and moor, o'er holt and hill,
And onward fast, on either side,
The stranger horsemen follow'd still.

Up springs, from yonder tangled thorn,
A stag more white than mountain snow;
And louder rung earl Walter's horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla ho!"

A heedless wretch has cross'd the way,—
He gasps the thundering hoofs below;
But live who can, or die who may,
Still forward, forward! on they go.

See where yon simple fences meet,
A field with Autumn's blessings crown'd;
See prostrate at earl Walter's feet
A husbandman with toil embrown'd.

"O mercy, mercy! noble lord;
Spare the hard pittance of the poor,
Earn'd by the sweat these brows have pour'd
In scorching July's sultry hour."

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey:
The impetuous earl no warning heeds,
But furious holds the onward way.

"Away, thou hound, so basely born,
Or dread the scourge's echoing blow!"
Then loudly rung his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"

So said, so done—a single bound
Clears the poor labourer's humble pale:
Wild follows man, and horse, and hound,
Like dark December's stormy gale.

And man and horse, and hound and horn,
Destructive sweep the field along,
While joying o'er the wasted corn
Fell Famine marks the maddening throng.

Again up-rous'd, the tim'rous prey
Scours moss and moor, and holt and hill;
Hard run, he feels his strength decay,
And trusts for life his simple skill.

Too dangerous solitude appear'd;
He seeks the shelter of the crowd;
Amid the flock's domestick herd
His harmless head he hopes to shroud.

O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill,
His track the steady blood-hounds trace:
O'er moss and moor, and holt and hill
Th' unwearied earl pursues the chase.

The anxious herdsman lowly falls;
"O spare! thou noble baron, spare
These herds, a widow's little all,
These flocks, an orphan's fleecy care!"

Earnest the right-hand stranger pleads,
The left still cheering to the prey;
Nor prayer nor pity Walter heeds,
But furious keeps the onward way.

"Unmanner'd dog! to stop my sport
Vain were thy cant and beggar whine,
Though human spirits of thy sort
Were tenants of these carrion kine!"

Again he winds his bugle horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
And through the herd in ruthless scorn,
He cheers his furious hounds to go.

In heaps the throttled victims fall;
Down sinks the mangled herdsman near;
The murd'rous cries the stag appal,
Again he starts new-nerv'd by fear.

With blood besmear'd, and white with foam,
While big the tears of anguish pour,
He seeks, amid the forest's gloom,
The humble hermit's hut obscure.

But man and horse, and horn and hound,
Fast rattling on his traces go;
The sacred chapel rung around
With hark away, and holla, ho!

All mild, amid the rout profane,
The holy hermit pour'd his pray'r,
"Forbear with blood God's house to stain,
Revere his altar, and forbear!"

"The meanest brute has rights to plead,
Which, wrong'd by cruelty or pride,
Draw vengeance on the ruthless head;—
Be warn'd at length, and turn aside."

Still the fair horseman anxious pleads,
The black wild whooping points the prey;
"Alas! the earl no warning heeds,
But frantick keeps the forward way,

"Holy or not, or wright or wrong,
Thy altar and its rights I spurn;
Not sainted martyr's sacred song,
Not God himself shall make me turn."

He snurs his horse, he winds his horn,
"Hark forward, forward, holla, ho!"
But off on whirlwind's pinions borne,
The stag, the hut, the hermit go.

And horse and man, and hound and horn,
And clamour of the chase was gone:
For hoofs and howls, and bugle sound,
A deadly silence reign'd alone.

Wild gaz'd th' affrighted earl around;—
He strove in vain to wake his horn,
In vain to call; for not a sound
Could from his anxious lips be borne.

He listens for his trusty hounds;
No distant baying reach'd his ears;
His courser rooted to the ground,
The quick'ning spur unmindful bears.

Still dark and darker round it spreads,
Dark as the darkness of the grave;
And not a sound the still invades
Save what a distant torrent gave.

High o'er the sinner's humbled head
At length the awful silence broke;
And from a cloud of swarthy red,
The awful voice of thunder spoke.

"Oppressor of Creation fair!
Apostate spirit's harden'd tool!
Scorned of God! scourge of the poor!
The measure of thy cup is full.

"Go, hunt forever through the wood;
Forever roam th' affrighted wild;
And let thy fate instruct the proud
God's meanest creature is his child."

'Twas hush'd: one flash of sombre glare
With yellow ting'd the forests brown;
Up rose earl Walter's bristling hair,
And horror chill'd each nerve and bone.

Cold pour'd the sweat in freezing rill;
A rising-wind began to sing;
And louder, louder, louder still,
Brought storm and tempest on its wing.

The earth is rock'd, it quakes, it rends;
From yawning rifts, with many a yell,
Mix'd with sulphureous flames, ascend
The misbegotten dogs of hell.

What ghastly huntsman next arose,
Well may I guess, but dare not tell:
His eye like midnight lightning glows,
His steed the swarthy hue of hell.

Earl Walter flies o'er bush and thorn,
With many a shriek of helpless woe,
Behind him hound, and horse, and horn,
And hark away, and holla, ho!

With wild Despair's averted eye,
Close, close behind, he marks the throng;
With bloody fangs and eager cry,
In frantick fear he scours along.

Still shall the dreadful chase endure
Till time itself shall have an end;
By day earth's tortured womb they scour,
At midnight's witching hour ascend.

This is the horn, and hound, and horse,
That oft the lated peasant hears:
Appalled he signs the frequent cross,
When the wild din invades his ears.

The wakeful priest oft drops a tear
For human pride, for human woe,
When at his midnight mass he hears
Th' infernal cry of holla, ho!

[In Cumberland's life we find slight sketches of Johnson and Goldsmith so highly finished that we see them perhaps more advantageously than in the full length by Boswell.]

There is something in Goldsmith's prose that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious; it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over except for the pleasure it bestows. Obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it. That he was a poet there is no doubt, but the paucity of his verses does not allow us to rank him in that high station where his genius might have carried him. There must be bulk, variety, and grandeur of design to constitute a first rate poet. The Deserted Village, Traveller, and Hermit, are all specimens, beautiful as such, but they are only birds' eggs on a string, and eggs of small birds too. One great magnificent whole must be accomplished before we can pronounce upon the maker to be the ποιητής. Pope himself never earned this title by a work of any magnitude but his Homer, and that being a translation, only constitutes him an accomplished versifier. Distress drove Goldsmith upon undertakings neither congenial with his studies, nor worthy of his talents. I remember him when in his chamber in the temple he showed me the beginning of his *Animated Nature*; it was with a sigh such as Genius draws when hard necessity drives it from its bent to drudge for bread, and talk of birds, and beasts, and creeping things, which Pidcock's showman would have done as well. Poor fellow! he hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose but when he saw it upon the table. But publishers hate poetry, and Paternoster Row is not Parnassus. Even the

mighty Dr. Hill, who was not a very delicate feeder, could not make a dinner out of the press till by a happy transformation into Hannah Glasse he turned himself into a cook, and sold receipts for made-dishes to all the savoury readers in the kingdom. Then indeed the press acknowledged him second in fame only to John Bunyan; his feasts kept pace in sale with Nelson's fasts, and when his own name was written out of credit, he wrote himself into immortality under an *alias*. Now though necessity, or I should rather say the desire of finding money for a masquerade drove Oliver Goldsmith upon abridging histories and turning Buffon into English, yet I much doubt if without that spur he would ever have put his Pegasus into action; no, if he had been rich, the world would have been poorer than it is, by the loss of all the treasures of his genius and the contributions of his pen.

Who will say that Johnson himself would have been such a champion in literature, such a front-rank soldier in the fields of fame, if he had not been pressed into the service, and driven on to glory with the bayonet of sharp necessity pointed at his back? If Fortune had turned him into a field of clover, he would have lain down and rolled in it. The mere manual labour of writing would not have allowed his lassitude and love of ease to have taken the pen out of the inkhorn, unless the cravings of hunger had reminded him that he must fill the sheet before he saw the table cloth. He might indeed have knocked down Osborn for a blockhead, but he would not have knocked him down with a folio of his own writing. He would perhaps have been the dictator of a club, and whenever he sat down to conversation, there must have been that splash of strong, bold thought about him, that we might still have had a collectanea after his death; but of prose I guess not much, of works of labour none, of fancy perhaps something, more especially of poetry, which, under favour, I conceive was not his tower of strength. I

think we should have had his *Rasselas* at all events, for he was likely enough to have written at Voltaire and brought the question to the test, if infidelity is any aid to wit. An orator he must have been; not improbably a parliamentarian, and if such, an oppositionist, for he preferred to talk against the tide. He would INDUBITABLY HAVE BEEN A MEMBER OF THE WHIG CLUB, no *partisan* of *Wilkes*, no friend of Hume, no believer in Macpherson; he would have put up prayers for early rising, and lain abed all day, and with the most active resolutions possible, been the most indolent mortal living. He was a good man by nature, a great man by genius; and we know what he was by compulsion.

For *The Port Folio*.

A POEM,

In the Scottish dialect.

1.

Fair fa the Scöttan wale o' lands,
Thou art nae damn'd wi' gowdan sands
But high in fame thy glory stands
For native valour,
And Truth and Freedom joining hands
Without curtailer.

2.

Though far remov'd, I se ne'er neglect
To proffer thee a son's respect,
And wish thee blessings monie a peck
Wi' a' that's daintie,
That dool and sorrow ne'er may speck
Thy peace and plenty.

3.

What though thy hazy clime deny
The products of a warmer sky,
Let grapes and manna please the eye
Of those that need 'em,
In thee a nobler growth we spy,
The sons of Freedom.

4.

O Liberty, intrepid maid!
Thy first delight's a northern shade
Where Independence lifts his head,
Thy reckless daddy,
Wi' him to dwell on hill or glade
Thou'rt always ready.

5.

Thou shun'st the clime where Nature pours
Hexluscious fruits and gaudy flowers,
For Indolence, thy fae, devours
The gowden treasures,

And men wi' bitter sweets allures
To wastefu' pleasures.

6.
Bold Industry supports thy train
Wha reckons healthy labour gain,
And climbs the hill contemning pain
Of truth and honour,
Despising lazy loons and vain
Wi' virtuous scunner.

7.
Thou dwalt on Athens' rocky shore
Wi' meikle fame in days of yore,
An then to Rome went haffins o'er,
But curst her eagle
Wha suck'd thy fav'rite children's gore
Warse than a beagle.

8.
In brave Galgacus' artless ranks
A strapin chiel wi' naked shanks
Wha play'd Agricol waefu' pranks
Thou soon found shelter,
And dang the Romans o'er Tay banks
All helter-skelter.

9.
An aye sinsyne thy presence makes
Sweet Eden o' the lan' of cakes,
For as thy brilliant lustre decks
The meanest cottage,
The ploughman blythly sings and takes
His milk and pottage.

10.
Thus musing o'er the falls o' Clyde
Ance by my lane I could na hide
The notions of the foaming tide
Rais'd in my bosom,
But cried, like ane himsel beside,
I maunna lose them.

11.
Rocks awfu' with toad-colour'd skin,
White waters roaring down the lin,
A curling nebul rising thin
Frae the dark bottom,
Made a' my flesh wi' quaking spin
Like a tee-totum.

12.
The clouds now glittering green and gold
Struck by sun-beams rich bows unfold,
The trees shine all in chrystal mould
A glorious view,
Which mair sublime taught to behold
Than sage Bossu.

13.
Tush, tush, cries Shank, wha stood unseen,
Gae hame and wash your bleary een,
Had ye but trudg'd where I hae been
Ayont Ontary,
Ye durst na roose this little scene
But been mair wary.

14.
A Scotchman's never pleas'd to find
His country's wonders left behind,
I scarcely therefore brought my mind
To gie him credit,
Vile Prejudice was still so blin',
Although he said it.

15.
Then as a wife a quarter gane
A restless longing fill'd my brain
To view mysel this awfu' scene
An aff I started;
My friens to stop me tried in vain,
I cant be thwarted.

16.
But meikle sorrow did I dree
Frae smells and sickness on the sea,
An' faith it aft repented me
That I left Greenock;
Och thought I to be hale and free
At my ain winnock.

17.
New-York at length the vessel made,
I danc'd sans tunes I was sae glad,
An got a little by the head
But that's no matter,
I cam na o'er in Tartan plaid
To drink wall water.

18.
Ashore I went to view the town,
An staring travell'd up and down,
But may my name be Jock the loon
If gow'd and perlines
Were laying as some thrawarts croon
As thick as sterlins.*

19.
Then to the college I proceed
To see what sciences they screed,
Alack I spy the prudent heed
Which fathers pleases,
They gie their race nae time to speed
In learning's mazes.

20.
To Alma Mater those are sent
Wha in the nursery should be pent,
At which strict Kemp must aye lament
With a' his knowledge,
For youth to profit must have spent
Some years at college.

21.
Next to the courts I wing my way,
Says I the judge makes long delay,
Why dont you see him several bray
In yonder corner,
To bareness such I am the fae
And rigid scorner.

* Alluding to the delusive expectations of emigrants.

22.

O leeze me on the ermine white,
 An' scarlet robes, my great delight,
 Their grandeur overpower's the sight,
 And gars the bodies
 True witness give in trembling plight,
 And clears their noddies.

23.

I turn'd about in hot disgust,
 And thro' the pressing crowd I pusht,
 When a' the noisy folks were husht,
 An' whispering roun'
 Now we shall here it we'el discust
 Wi' reas'ning soun'.

24.

Back then I look'd, a chiel began,
 His voice an' manner gar me stan',
 Bright HAMILTON they call'd the man,
 An' I grew eerie
 Lest Tammy Erskine he'd out span,
 Or witty Harry.

25.

Alas! I'm taul this genius rare,
 With whom in faith few could compare
 Is silent now for ever mair,
 A curse on duels,
 May a' that for sic wark prepare
 Soon get the cruels.

26.

To Albany I take my course,
 In Mynheer's sloop, an' fair the worse,
 For captain Chase rough as a horse,
 A Frenchman bobbin,
 Twa Irish blades, the friens o' force,
 Fill up the cabin.

27.

To Lewis Inn I quickly came,
 The bar-room's fu' as it can cram,
 Each has a pipe, each has a dram,
 Gentle and simple,
 For after breakfast myriads swarm
 This morning temple.

28.

The clouds of incense drive me out,
 Wi' wat'ry een and sneezing snout,
 Alack I heard na the dispute
 That twa rough bar-men
 Had wi' a judge and gen'ral stout
 'Bout peace and war man.

29.

Now to Schenectady we ride,
 And find the town in dismal tide,
 The college billies canna bide
 Their braw new tutor,
 But straps to such become the guide,
 Frae Rab the sutor.

30.

Och learned Edwards now's awa,
 Of whom fu' loudly they might blaw,

Altho' some think there is a flaw
 In his dark question,
 A bone that disputers may gnaw
 For everlastin'.

31.

Black woods and mires, a gloomy sight,
 Give to my journey sma' delight,
 At length to Niagara hight
 Wi' mickle labour
 I got, but in a sorry plight
 Wi' rags and slaver.

32.

Back then I gaze upo' the States,
 An' ilka ane its dixi gates,
 But faith my mem'ry clearly dates
 Their treatment coothy,
 The folks as lang shall be my pets
 As I grow drowthy.

33.

An' that's for aye a neebour thought
 Wha swoor I have perpetual drought,
 But what o' that, their kindness wrought
 Upo' my nature,
 Tho' Prejudice against them fought
 Wi' giant stature.

34.

Weel, billies, if ye want to see
 Braw charming lassies chaste and free,
 Wi' smiling mou' an' sparkling ee,
 The States can show them,
 And men o' judgment, wit, and glee,
 For now I know them.

35.

Grete are the numbers I could roose,
 Wha shaw'd me kindness in my cruise,
 But to be nam'd they dinna choose,
 At which I'm sorry,
 Their very names would help my muse,
 To be more cheery.

36.

O Sister States! lang may ye reign
 Exempt frae a' politick pain;
 Let sacred union be the chain
 Of your sheet anchor,
 And Peace wi' a' her jolly train
 Your surest banker.

37.

Now to the fa's I teuk my rout,
 An fairly awn there is nae doubt,
 At Painter's door without dispute,
 But they are greater
 Than dainty Clyde, tho' he could spout
 Ten times mair water.

38.

But still my fancy wild began
 As on the Table Rock I stan',
 To swear the fa's were not so gran',
 As trav'lers painted,

Nor yet so high by monie a span,
The sight assented.

39.
Next down the Indian stair I crawl,
And skin from off my curpin haul,
Then to my guide aneath I squall,
Where are ye, Billy,
Here like a snail upon the wall,
I'm tied unwillie.

40.
Now at the bottom in amaze
Up to the fa's I woodly gaze,
Four suns stand glitt'ring in the haze,
And then the din,
Wi' rising clouds a' in a blaze,
Strike deaf an' blin'.

41.
The mighty rock appears to view
Bent like an English hunter's shoe,
Or like the moon a week frae new,
And bending forward,
So that the tides of greenish hue,
Dash fairly downward.

42.
Thrice did my Muse wi' vaprin try
To sing what fills my ear and eye,
The tow'ring height, the fleecy sky,
The deep-ton'd thunder,
She fail'd alas and 'gan to cry,
For spite and wonder.

43.
Hameward now I teuk my road
An' quickly to Ontario trode,
Roun' it I sail wi' packs a load
To see the towns,
And find ilk ane the sweet abode
Of jolly loons.

44.
Down Laury's burn in haste I get,
But faith the Rapids mak me sweat,
A trembling hardly leaves me yet
To think of Francy,
Wha in his lake me sae beset
As was na chancy.

45.
In Montreal I find mysel,
Wi' iron doors and windows snell,
The houses dark, I whisper Bell
Here thieves are plenty;
No faith, quoth he, but fires to quell,
We are thus tenty.

46.
O Montreal! thou bears the gree
For coothy hospitality,
To strangers thou'rt sae kind and free
As gars them blether
Thy praises till the day they dee
An' brack their tether.

47.
And aften was the foaming bowl
Grac'd wi' a glorious flow of soul,
When M. and J. sat cheek by jowl,
An' R. sae pithy,
I hear them speak without control,
I was sae blythe aye.

48.
My course to stout Quebeck I steer,
The town that cost the realm sae dear,
The walls are tough and need na fear
The threats of faes,
Weel fenc'd wi' fouth of batt'ring gear
'Gainst gloomy days.

49.
Romantick scenes are here in plenty,
An ane frae Diamond Cape right dainty,
But for my part I was mair tenty
To drap some tears
Where Wolfe on glorious fame sae bent
His exit cheers,

50.
O fa's o' Clyde, your fate bewail t
For Montmorency's beat you hale,
But husht, the vessel's gaen to sail,
And I'm ashore—
America, farewell, farewell,
For evermore.

—
LITER.
About the middle of the century which preceded the birth of Christ, Titus Livius, a native of Padua, appeared at Rome to give celebrity to the Augustan age.

We have very little account of his life, but the defect is supplied by the possession of a work which has no rival amongst the ancients. When in its complete state, it was composed of one hundred and forty books, and embraced the whole history of the Roman empire, from its foundation to the death of Drusus, who was adopted by Augustus.

Of this inestimable performance, only thirty-five books remain. The loss, it is to be feared, is now irretrievable. Time and bigotry have probably concurred in destroying this invaluable store of learning. The latter has been a restless, violent, and too successful enemy to learning; and many of the pages of this authour have happily been obliterated to make room for the tales of a legendary saint or the masses of a superstitious monk.

So great was the reputation of Livy, and so extensively diffused, that an inhabitant of Cadiz, a place at that time entirely out of the world, went from his country for the sole purpose of seeing so distinguished a man, and returned as soon as his curiosity had been gratified. Upon this subject, it was well observed by Saint Jerom, that it is a very extraordinary circumstance, that a stranger, entering a city such as Rome, should wish to see any thing there but Rome itself.

It is very remarkable, that, although patronised by Augustus, Livy dared to confer praise on the republican party, on Brutus, Cassius, and particularly on Pompey, insomuch that Augustus named him the Pompeian.

In the next reign, the conduct of government to aouthours was so changed, that Cremutius Cordus, fearful of the resentment of Tiberius, starved himself to death for having denominated Cassius the last of the Romans. Livy extols the rising state of Rome as if she had then been the mistress of the world; and perhaps in real grandeur and glory she more excelled when she fought against Pyrrhus and against Carthage, than when her widely extended empire emboldened her to assume that imperious title. At the former periods, the republick appeared in the ascendant, when fortitude, patriotism, and probity, gave the truest dignity, and the brightest lustre to its name.

Livy has been accused of being a fabulous writer; but the prodigies he speaks of are only represented as traditional, and formed part of an empire where all was presage and divination. The bulk of the people were superstitious, and government turned this superstition to the publick advantage. Irreligion alone has been found essentially hostile to social and moral order. The books of the Sybils were always holden sacred, and consulted as occasions required. Perhaps even the fine genius of Livy might be tinctured with the popular creed as to fatalism and divination. It has also been objected to this writer, that his history, in point of the

speeches it contains, resembles a romance. It is sufficient to support the veracity of an history, if it gives the substance of what an eloquent man did or might be supposed to say on a certain occasion. At Rome, no one could aspire to office without being obliged sometimes to address three or four hundred senators, sometimes an assembled and tumultuous people. Legal accusations and defences were the great vehicles of eloquence. The most considerable members of the state were orators. Trifling discussions were carried before the prætors, at an inferiour tribunal; but all important causes were heard before a certain number of Roman knights, in a vast forum, filled by an attentive multitude; so that he who exposed himself to this perilous proof, required to be very sure of his talents and his firmness. Eloquence, a rare quality in monarchies, was rendered, by habit, a common one in the republicks both of Greece and Rome. In those states the art of persuasion carried with it a power, inconceivable by those, who live in countries, where it is the creature either of authority or of influence. The historian therefore has not too highly coloured the sentiments of the speaker, though perhaps he has varied or dilated the language, in which they were conveyed. If any one doubt whether the harangues given by Livy suit the character and circumstances of the speakers; among many, that would tend to solve the doubt, let him peruse the discourse which Quintius Capitolinus, one of the greatest men of his time, and, what meant the same thing when greatness and virtue were synonymous, one of the best citizens, addressed to the Roman people, when the animosity of the two orders made them forget their common interest, and be regardless of their danger. The Æqui and Volsci were at their gates, about three hundred years after the building of the city, and there was no preparation or disposition to oppose them. On this occasion, Quintius mounts the tribune, and addresses the people in a speech, wherein are assembled all the

means of persuasion, which the art of oratory possesses. The tone is noble, the style pathetick, the diction elegant and harmonious.

Quintilian speaks of the *lactea ubertas* of Livy. He is indeed a model of imitation to all, who would compose in Latin, for his narration has sweetness, purity, and eloquence. The high rank he holds amongst his contemporaries will always be sustained; he is ever intelligible, diffusive without tediousness, and argumentative without pedantry.

The cause of truth and virtue he uniformly defends: and as the life of a scholar is rarely replete with incidents, although that of Livy was extended to his sixty-seventh year, yet tradition has told us so little of him, that his works, which on every account may be recommended to the study of youth, are the best comment on his character. The historical merit of this writer is the majestic flow of narrative; in which events follow each other with rapidity, yet without hurry or confusion: to this may be added the continual beauty and energy of his style, by which his readers are transported from their closet to the theatre of action.

The taste, the judgment, the eloquence of the Augustan age are no where more happily combined than in the pages of Livy. Be his subject what it may, whether it require force or delicacy, whether an army is to be inspired to some great achievement, or a senate to be softened into compliance, he touches it with a master-hand. Each, for the time, appears his characteristic, till a sudden transition shows him equally possessed of the opposite.

Longinus says of the sublime that it pleases every body, and pleases at all times. The Roman historian answers completely to this definition.

Nearly two thousand years can attest the general approbation, with which he had been read. Sublimier thoughts are found in no historian; yet those of Livy are always uncon-

strained and natural to the person who utters them.

It has been observed, that the writers of tragedy diversify their scenes by art; and after the mind has been kept long upon the stretch, by the representation of some great action, they throw in something of less importance to relax it.

Livy is said to have adopted their plan; and when he has excited all the pain and sorrow his readers can bestow, he soothes them by some engaging circumstance, that relieves the mind by diverting the attention.

Judgment is a predominant quality in him. It is equally evident in his selection of words, and in his delineation of characters. Not only are his Romans distinguished from the inhabitants of other countries by their opinions and their manners, but from themselves at the different eras and under the different forms of their government.

This quality it is, which enables him to discern what is proper to every character, and to temper the fire of Genius by discretion. This warrants his panegyrists in their warm eulogium, that "no man was ever great with so much ease, none was ever familiar with so much dignity."

LEVITY.

[The ensuing banter is unquestionably from the pen of some prejudiced Englishman. His description of the state of society, and mode of polity which existed among the *savages* of our country, we trust, whatever may be the resemblance in some slighter features, will never be mistaken for the likeness of these "*free, sovereign, and independent states*."]]

"It is the first idea of an *American*, that every man is born *free* and *independent*, and that no power on earth has any right to diminish, or circumscribe his *natural liberty*. There is hardly any appearance of *subordination* either in *civil* or *domestick* government. Every one does what he pleases. Fathers and mothers live with their children like persons whom chance has brought together, and whom no common bond unites. Their manner of educating their children is suitable

to this principle. They never chastise or punish them, *even during their infancy*. As they advance in years, they continue to be entirely masters of their own actions, and seem not to be conscious of being responsible for any part of their conduct.

"The power of their *civil magistrates* is **EXTREMELY** limited. Among all their *tribes*, their *sachem*, or *chief*, is elective. A council of *old men* is chosen to assist him, without whose advice he determines no affair of importance.

"The *sachems* neither *possess*, nor claim any great degree of authority. They *propose* and *entreat*, rather than *command*. The obedience of the people is altogether *voluntary*. When *war is resolved* (but here, at least, for the *present*, the resemblance will not hold,) the *chief* arises, and offers *himself* to be the *leader*."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

They who have made but superficial studies in the natural history of the human mind, have been taught to look on religious opinions as the only cause of enthusiastick zeal, and sectarian propagation. But there is no doctrine whatever, on which men can warm, that is not capable of the very same effect. The social nature of man impels him to propagate his principles, as much as physical impulses urge him to propagate his kind. The passions give zeal and vehemence. The understanding bestows design and system. The whole man moves under the discipline of his opinions. Religion is among the most powerful causes of enthusiasm. When any thing concerning it becomes an object of much meditation, it cannot be indifferent to the mind. They who do

not love religion hate it. The rebels to God perfectly abhor the author of their being. They hate him "with all their heart, with all their mind, with all their soul, and with all their strength." He never presents himself to their thoughts, but to menace and alarm them. They cannot strike the sun out of Heaven, but they are able to raise a smouldering smoke that obscures him from their own eyes. Not being able to revenge themselves on God, they have a delight in vicariously defacing, degrading, torturing, and tearing in pieces his image in man. Let no one judge of them by what he has conceived of them, when they were not incorporated, and had no lead. They were then only passengers in a common vehicle. They were then carried along with the general motion of religion in the community, and without being aware of it, partook of its influence. In that situation, at worst, their nature was left free to counterwork their principles. They despaired of giving any very general currency to their opinions. They considered them as a reserved privilege for the chosen few. But when the possibility of dominion lead, and propagation presented themselves, and that the ambition, which before had so often made them hypocrites, might rather gain than lose by a daring avowal of their sentiments, then the nature of this infernal spirit, which has "evil for its good," appeared in its full perfection. Nothing indeed but the possession of some power can with any certainty discover, what at the bottom is the true character of any man.—Burke.

THE BELIEVER AND THE ATHEIST.

B. That is as certain as that God hath made the world.

A. Psha! he did not make the world.

B. (With surprise) No! who made it then?

A. Why nobody. It never was made.

B. How came it here?

A. Why it has been here from all eternity.

B. I should never have guessed it to be so old. But still you have not informed me how it exists.

A. By chance.

B. By chance!

A. Yes, unquestionably by mere chance. You have no notion of the power of chance.

B. The power of chance!—Chance is blind.

A. Blindness does not diminish power. For, even according to your Bible, Sampson was able to pull down a house, and smother three thousand Philistines, after he was stone blind.

B. Sneering is one thing and reasoning is another.

A. Then let us reason—I speak for the power of chance. Were a thousand dice put into a box, and thrown out often enough, there can be no doubt but six thousand would be thrown at last; nay, if a hundred thousand were to be rattled and thrown without ceasing, six hundred thousand would appear in process of time at one throw. Why, therefore, may not this world, such as we find it, have been cast up by the mere rattling of atoms?

B. I should humbly conceive, that it rather was the production of an almighty intelligent Maker. I am fully convinced, that order, uniformity, and exquisite adaptness, must be the work of intelligence and wisdom as well as power.

A. Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus."

What do you think of that maxim of Horace?

B. I think it a very good one as he applied it. But I am convinced that Horace, though a heathen, would not have brought it into such an argument as the present.

A. Perhaps not, for as you say, he was an ignorant heathen, and believed in gods.

B. Had he lived at present he would have confined his faith to one; for independent of the christian religion, all the improvements that have been made in science since his time lead us to acknowledge a first intelligent creator and governour of the universe.

A. They lead me to no such things. I adhere to chance, and acknowledge no other God. What do you say to that?

B. I say, that was I to utter such an impious expression, I should be afraid of going to hell.

A. There again! Why there is no such place.

B. How can you be sure of that?

A. Because the thing is impossible.

B. Did you not assert a little while ago that the world was made by chance?

A. I assert so still!

B. Then how can you be sure that such a place as hell is not made by chance also.

This unexpected question seemed to disconcert the philosopher.

B. (With a very serious air) Sir, I would not have you to trust entirely to such reasoning, which is wicked as well as inconsistent: and permit me to add a piece of advice, which it greatly imports you to follow—Renounce impiety, that in case there should, by chance or otherwise, be any such place as hell prepared for blasphemers, you may not be sent to it.

It is in the relaxation of security, it is in the expansion of prosperity, it is in the hour of dilatation of the heart, and of its softening into festivity and pleasure, that the real character of men is discerned. If there is any good in them, it appears then or never. Even wolves and tigers, when gorged with their prey, are safe and gentle. It is at such times that noble minds give all the reigns to their good nature. They indulge their genius even to intemperance, in kindness to the afflicted, in generosity to the conquered; forbearing insults, forgiving injuries, overpaying benefits. Full of dignity themselves, they respect dignity in all, but they feel it sacred in the unhappy. But it is then, and basking in the sunshine of unmerited fortune, that low, sordid, ungenerous, and reptile souls swell with their hoarded poisons; it is then that they display their odious splendour, and shine out in the full lustre of their native villainy and baseness. It is in that season that no man

of sense or honour can be mistaken for one of them.

"You do not pretend to assert, that negroes are originally on a footing with white people, you will allow, I hope, that they are an inferior race of men." Thus was speaking in company of a West India planter.

"I will allow," replied a gentleman present, "that their hair is short, and ours long, that their nose is flat and ours raised, that their skin is black and ours white; yet after all these concessions, I still have my doubts respecting our rights to make them slaves."

A person present at the performance of a serious opera, on an Italian stage, after having displayed great signs of satisfaction, cried out, "The composer deserves to be made chief musician to the Virgin, and to lead a choir of angels."*

Those who are bountiful to crimes, will be rigid to merit, and penurious to service. Their penury is even held out as a blind and cover to their prodigality. The economy of injustice is, to furnish resources for the fund of corruption. Then they pay off their protection to great crimes and great criminals, by being inexorable to the paltry frailties of little men; and these modern flagellants are sure, with a rigid fidelity, to whip their own enormities on the vicarious back of every small offender.

Contempt is not a thing to be despised. It may be borne with a calm and equal mind, but no man by lifting his head high can pretend that he does not perceive the scorns that are poured down upon him from above.

If we make ourselves too little for the sphere of our duty; if on the contrary, we do not stretch and expand our minds to the compass of their ob-

* It is a popular opinion in Italy, that the Virgin Mary is very fond, and an excellent judge of musick.

ject, be well assured that every thing about us will dwindle by degrees, until at length our concerns are shrunk to the dimensions of our minds. It is not a predilection to mean, sordid, home-bred cares, that will avert the consequences of a false estimation of our interest, or prevent the shameful dilapidation into which a great empire must fall, by mean reparations upon mighty ruins.

MERRIMENT.

When Lord Thurlow was chancellor, his mace-bearer, who had attended him to the court and the House of Lords for years in awful silence, thinking one day that he saw something like a smile on his Lordship's face, ventured to simper out, "My Lord, this is a fine day." "Damn you and the day too," thundered out his Lordship.

Miss. Mellon, walking in a garden at Plymouth, with a party of ladies and gentlemen, the proprietor informed the ladies that they might eat plentifully of fruit, for there was none forbidden in that garden.—"Excepting *Melon*," replied the sprightly young actress.—"That is *forced*," retorted a lady in company.

Charles Fox.—at a consultation of the minority members on a day previous to a great question, it was asked who had best open the business; Mr. Fox exclaimed, with the tyrant Richard, "Saddle *black Surry** for the field tomorrow."

A clergyman having written some observations on Shakspeare's Plays, carried a specimen of his performance to Mr. Sheridan, and desired his opinion: "Sir," said Mr. Sheridan, "I wonder people won't mind their own affairs; you may spoil your own *Bible*, if you please, but pray let ours alone."

A young fellow, who fancied he had talents for the stage, offered himself to the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, who desired him to give a specimen of his abilities to Mr. Lewis, the acting manager. After he had rehearsed a speech or two in a wretched manner,

* Now Duke of Norfolk.

Lewis, asked him, with a contemptuous sneer, whether he had ever done any part in comedy. The young fellow answered that he had done the part of Abel, in the Alchymist; to which Lewis instantly replied, "You mistake my dear Sir, it was the part of *Cain* you acted; for I am sure you murdered *Abel*."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"H" pleasingly reminds us of a fine passage in the Anti-Jacobin:

And while the spinster grieves in wild afflict,
Vexed with dull megrim or vertigo light,
Pleas'd round the fair the dawdling doctors stand,
Wave the white wig and stretch the asking hand,
State the grave doubt, the nauseous draught decree,
And all receive, though none deserve a fee.

"G" and "K" may, like some of the English *Cantabs*, recount college exploits in the ensuing style,

Tell how at *Cam* we run our race,
Not like the present *babes of grace*,
In thumbing musty lore,
No books but *magazines* we read,
At barb'rous Latin shook our head,
And voted Greek a bore!

"H" need not be solicitous about the *binding*, the *contents* of the volume are sufficiently brilliant and sufficiently durable.

Genius, like Egypt's Monarchs, timely wise,
Constructs his own memorial ere he dies,
Leaves his best image in his works enshrined,
And makes a mausoleum of mankind.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

THE RELAPSE.

And is it so? ye powers above!
Say, must I yield again?
Again, must yield to mighty Love,
And wear his servile chain!

Again, the "God of soft desires"
Inflicts the pleasing smart!
Again, he lights his wonted fires
In my distracted heart!

Tyrannick Love! why should'st thou still,
Afflict my anxious breast?
Ye passions wild,—obey my will!
Thou flutt'ring spirit—rest!

I will not yield. Avaunt ye fears!
By heaven, I will be wise!
But—Cara, heavenly fair, appears!
And—resolution dies!

The mounds of prudence swept away,
Forward the torrents roll:
And Cara, with triumphant sway,
Reigns o'er my conquer'd soul!

In vain, I fly to distant hills,
To banish grief and care;
Or listen to the noisy rills,
For Cara still is there!

I hear the streams that ever flow;
They murmur Cara's name!
I hear the gentle zephyrs blow;
They sweetly breathe the same.

Where'er I rove, the lovely maid,
In airy vision flies!
Deep in the dark sequestered shade
She dances in my eyes!

When night, in sable darkness, hides
The wide-extended glade,
The sylph-like phantom swiftly glides
In ev'ry deep'ning shade!

Were I the lord of earth and sea,
Were all creation mine,
O Cara! for one smile from thee,
I would the whole resign!

Let Cara smile—I'll bless my fate,
Though glory it denies,
Nor envy Kings their regal state,
Nor gods their azure skies!

ANNIUS.

THE ODDS.

The bright bewitching Mary's eyes
A thousand hearts have won,
Whilst she, regardless of the prize,
Securely keeps her own.
Ah! what a dreadful girl are you,
Who, if you e'er design
To make me happy, must undo
999!

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, February 21, 1807.

[No. 8

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

These polish'd arts have humaniz'd mankind.

IT is grateful, sometimes, to retire from the employments of the noisy world, and seek amusement in the retreats of literature. There can be no higher pleasure, than the cultivation of the fine arts, to those who delight in the improvement of society, and who can enjoy the pleasing duty of labouring to advance the interests of posterity. The gradations of America, owing to various causes have, heretofore, been slow and imperceptible; and the minds of her children have been abstracted by the pursuits of ambition or of wealth, from an attention to elegant learning. But amidst the darkness, some coruscations have recently appeared, and the exertions of a few individuals promise to establish a basis, on which a superstructure shall be erected worthy a Greek or Roman name.* The flattering hopes that are entertained, by no means transgress the limits of probability, for circumstances sanction the expectations. A nation, munificent, prosperous, and free, will support an institution, design-

ed with prudence, and established with firmness and zeal. At a time like this, observations on a particular art will not be deemed intrusion; because, however unworthy in themselves, they will be ennobled by the excellence of their theme.

It was a remark of the great Bacon, and universal experience confirms its truth, that in the rise of a nation the military arts flourished, during its maturity the liberal, and the arts of luxury when on its decline. Our infancy, which was rocked in the cradle of war, is passed, and we have not yet, I trust, arrived at the period of declension: we are then, precisely at the season represented by the philosopher, as adapted to the advancement of liberal science.

Poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture are properly termed the liberal arts. Where one has flourished, the others have generally followed in its train; so that the cultivation of one has been the cultivation of all. But the respective merits of each admit of a comparison. Judging then, either by the effects produced on our minds, or by the qualifications requisite to form a proficient, can we hesitate to bestow the laurel on the art of painting? Shades of Homer and of Virgil condemn me not for the decision! for the Iliad and Æneid owe their charms more to elegance of thought than refinement of numbers; more to the

* The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. I would encourage them in the words of Cicero: Pergite, ut et vobis honori, et amicis utilitati, et reipublicæ emolumento esse possitis! De Oratore.

richness of the mind from which they flowed, than to the splendour of dress with which they are encircled. Poets have been immortalized because they have been philosophers; and their precepts delivered in another form, would produce effects almost equally beneficial. Musick, the companion and sister of Poetry, may add her charms, but still their united efforts cannot surpass the beauties of painting.

Segnius irritant animos, demissa per aurem
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, et
quæ
Ipse sibi tradit spectator.

Sculpture has exercised the labours of genius, and transmitted through the course of time, the features of illustrious men: but, except in the durability of its works, it shrinks from a comparison with painting; for the chill and inexpressive aspect, the beamless eye, the cold, and colourless lips, but feebly convey to the mind of the beholder, the character of the soul; while the canvas seems to live, to breathe, to speak, under the touch of a master's pencil. Sculpture indeed was not deemed unworthy the attention of Socrates; but he is not indebted to that employment for any of his fame. Socrates ennobled the art, but the art never added a single ray to the unclouded glory of Socrates.

Architecture is rather a useful than an elegant art. By the mere exertion of mechanical talents it may be improved to perfection, and its noblest efforts exhibit a display of taste and execution, but not the offspring of an original mind. A superiour painter must be a superiour genius. If he would depict *the human face divine*, how various, how extensive, how complicated must be his abilities! The proportioned position and accurate delineation of features, the appropriate degrees of light and shade, the vivid glow of colours, are but the least important of his objects. He must describe physically the anatomy of the body, he must enter into the very soul of his subject, and diffuse over the lifeless canvas, the *bright effluence* of genius, of benevolence, or of heroism.

Even the minutest work of creation contains ten thousand beauties hidden from a vulgar eye, which the artist must elicit, and display in their various perfections. Nature must be studied in her simplest state. No words are presented, from which taste or judgment may select the most appropriate: no language is to be uttered, but the language of the heart. He must transfer his soul into another's bosom, and tracing to their sources, the springs of action, he must display their full maturity by the powers of his art.

Painting may be considered the prolific mother of all science. Its origin is discernible in the hieroglyphicks of Egypt, which comprised the literature of the world; and which, representing by characters similar to the objects they expressed, the occurrences that could engage the attention of mankind, collected and preserved whatever was worthy of remembrance. These, we are told, had descended from the earliest periods of man, and indeed, in the fabulous legends of the east, had existed upwards of ten thousand years. The invention of letters by Cadmus, was but an improvement on an earlier art, and a substitution of an arbitrary for a certain character. Thus painting was the source whence written language was derived, and after giving birth to a language for philosophers, separated from her original design and formed a science for unlettered man.

Throwing off her original simplicity, Painting became more perfect, as the world advanced. Rapid improvements are discernible in the days of Zeuxis and Apelles; the art was cultivated with success in after ages, and at length arrived at a degree almost inimitable during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, when Florence boasted the grandeur of Michael Angelo and the sweetness of Leonardo; Rome gloried in the expressive simplicity of her Raphael; the grace of Corregio adorned the school of Lombardy; and France and Flanders witnessed with paternal pride the labours of Le Brun and Reubens. In their

works the ignorant and the wise can jointly participate, and the benefits of their art have extended over every condition of man.

SALADIN.

In many of our daily prints poetical essays of great merit abound. Of these fugitives some are of a political complexion, which, nevertheless, deserve much of the attention of men of letters. The Gazette of the United States, some time since, introduced to the publick the ensuing classical poem, an imitation of the seventh eclogue of Virgil. Of this occidental pastoral the images are brilliant and the versification soft and pleasing.

In that bright season when the orb of day
Pours down from Cancer his refulgent ray,
When the ripe harvest waves its golden head,
And bounteous Nature's richest stores are spread,

Swelling with transports to but few allow'd,
I burst indignant from the senseless crowd.
Leaving to ——— the cares of state,
To me how little, but to some how great!
Forth to the fields I took my willing way,
Careless and free through Nature's walks to stray.

My lov'd pedometer, companion true,
Had scarce assum'd its station in my shoe,
When deck'd in hues fantastically bright,
An insect rose before my ravished sight.
Sudden I sprang to seize the shining prey!
Sudden it turn'd, and flittered far away.
Onward I mov'd, ambitious to obtain
The prize which monarchs might contend to gain,

Turned as it turned, with spirit unsubdued,
As it fled forward, forward I pursued.
The eager chase my footsteps soon had lead
Where rolls Potowmack through his shadowy bed.

But still undaunted, as the distance grew,
So grew my ardour, and my courage too.
At length the insect, feeble, faint and slow,
Flapped its broad wings and seemed to wait the blow.

How my heart bounded, when, with rapture warm,
To grasp the glittering prize I raised my arm;

How my heart sunk, when, rousing from its dream,
The treach'rous insect darted o'er the stream.
Hope, which sustain'd me with increasing force

Through the long windings of my devious course,
Now fled at once, and left me on the shore,
Intears my disappointment to deplore.
But soon the breeze, that wafted on its wing

The sweetest incense of retiring spring,
Shed o'er my languid limbs refreshing balm,
And lull'd my soul to philosophick calm.
While turning in my mind a thought that
rose,
Why butterflies should deem mankind their foes,

Daphnis appear'd, whose sympathetick breast

Swelled with the sorrows that my tale expressed—

"But cease," he cried, "these accents of despair,

"The loss, though great, tomorrow may repair.

"In yonder bower beside the limpid stream,

"Where the thick foliage turns the solar beam,

"Two swains prepare, as simple nature moves,

"To sing, in artless strains, their distant loves;

"Osages both, both in the pride of youth,

"The self taught sons of Innocence and Truth."

Quick through my veins a pulse of rapture ran,

And my thoughts rose from butterflies to man.

Reclin'd at ease we found the amorous swains
Who thus contended in alternate strains;
Alternate strains in which the muse delights
Who guards of amorous swains the equal rights.

1st. Os. Bright are the beams that on his summit play,

When the Salt Mountain greets the god of day,

But brighter far the radiance of my fair
When bear's grease glitters on her jetty hair.

2nd. Os. Sweet are the odours that perfume the gale

When tall magnolias their scents exhale,
But sweeter far the fragrance of my love
When fish-fat odours through her tresses move.

1st. When from our sight Shawbonkin disappears,

The sad Salt Mountain melts in briny tears;
But when her presence gladdens all the plain,

The briny tears are chrystalized again.

2nd. The mammoth moans when Scuttawawbah's gone,

And magpies murmur in lugubrious tone;
She comes, the mammoth gently swells his throat,
And magpies chatter in their softest note.

1st. When woods resound not with Shawbonkin's song,

In bubbling sighs Missouri creeps along;
But if her voice the list'ning grove employ,
Th'enraptured river undulates with joy.

2nd. If Scuttawawbah weeps, the frogs are mute,

And prairie dogs lie howling at her foot;
She smiles, the frogs their concert raise again,
And prairie dogs bound nimbly o'er the plain.

1st. When in the song Shawbonkin bears
the prize,
The rocks and vales in acclamation rise,
Shawbonkin's name the mountain god re-
sounds,
Th' harmonious name the echoing wood re-
bounds.

2nd. When Scuttawawbah triumphs in the
dance,
Mammoths and prairie dogs their heads ad-
vance,
And Scuttawawbah's animating sound
Injoyful iteration flies around.

Here ceas'd the swains, and each with
downcast eyes
And modest mien, awaits th' expected prize.
Touch'd with the sight, ingenuous youths!
I cried,
My heart expanding with the noblest pride,
No wreath of conquest is to either due,
For both to nature and to love are true.
To each I grant equality of praise,
And here distribute the divided bays.

[We have repeatedly taken occasion to
speak in terms of commendation of the
Providence Gazette, a paper, in which
politics sometimes give place to litera-
ture. "The Adelphiad," frequently ap-
pears in this gazette, and has many attrac-
tions. The following appears to us a
sensible article of criticism. We are no
enthusiasts in favour of Bloomfield, but we
think that the *sum cuique* ought always to
be fairly awarded.]

THE ADELPHIAD.

Whatever may be thought, by those
who delight to be spectators of news-
paper pugilism, of the mode by which
the respective combatants fight for the
victory, some rules ought to be estab-
lished before the battle begins. Crit-
icks, who aspire to no more dignity
on the literary stage, than common
pugilists do on theirs, degrade the
functions of their office, and their long-
flowing robes give to the caricature all
the gravity of burlesque. It resembles
the contest of two grave doctors of di-
vinity, who, instead of entering the
lists with a decency becoming their
profession, prove their orthodoxy by
their fists, and leave their dishevelled
wigs on the ground *for the benefit of
the barber*. It becomes every one who
feels for the welfare of letters, to en-
ter his protest against such a pugna-
cular mode of deciding the controver-
sies of Parnassus. Melpomene, or Clio,
may be requested to retire from the
stage of publick observance, without

bearing around their eyes azure evi-
dence of the delicacy of their oppo-
nents. Our modern descendants of
Longinus have but half learned their
trade; a faulty paragraph receives no
quarter, it is given up to the sport and
contempt of mankind; but the most
brilliant passages they will not conde-
scend to notice. That profound Eng-
lish critick, John Dennis, once attend-
ed a play, and observing some who
had the temerity to laugh without his
consent, rose from his seat in high
dudgeon, and shook his cane at the au-
dience. In short, our criticks ramble
through the literary field, where ma-
ny a beautiful flowret solicits their ac-
ceptance, present us with a nosegay of
nettles, and confidently affirm that the
soil abounds in nothing else. The
admirers of Bloomfield with justice
complain, that their bard has been
thus unmercifully handled; that in
quest of *latent deformity*, his criticks
have neglected *obvious beauty*. If any
man supposes that the friends of the
poet admire him for those passages
which his censurers have cited as the
best effusions of his muse, he libels
common sense. We will not waste
one word of contempt on those, who
sneer at the humility of the poet's oc-
cupation. It is a rancorous compli-
ment paid to his genius, when his cri-
ticks abuse him, because his poverty
once compelled him to the drudgery
of a shoemaker. We are aware of, and
are ready to admit the justification of
some of his criticks, that they wrote
for the purpose of finding fault *somew-
where*, and lest they should not accom-
plish their object, adulterate a passage
with their own nonsense, and then
palm it on mankind as the poet's. One
of them, for instance, desires to know
what the bard means by the following
line:

"The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful
bow:"

and with propriety thinks, that as Ce-
res was never put to the patronage of
a dancing-master, she could not in-
struct her children in such a mode of
salutation. Now, if our critick does
not think it below his transcendent

dignity to read before he condemns, we would, with trembling diffidence, supplicate his attention to the preceding line:

"Shot up from broad rank blades, that droop below,

"The nodding wheat-ear forms a graceful bow," or curve.

We hope that he will hereafter wait until Bloomfield does write nonsense, and not manufacture it on his own anvil. That Bloomfield has faults, and some of an obtrusive kind, we are not disposed to controvert; there is an evident struggle between his genius and education, in which sometimes, though seldom, the latter obtains the ascendancy; but its reign is short, and is succeeded by a defeat unexpected and glorious. We will now briefly exhibit Bloomfield as nature sometimes has exhibited him; and as his criticks have displayed the incrustation only, we will now throw out some casual glimpses of the diamond.

When Genius is occupied with the delightful task of portraying whatever lies within the ken of its own observance, how brilliant is the sketch!

"The small dust-coloured beetle climbs with pain

O'er the smooth plantain leaf, a spacious plain;

Thence higher still by countless steps convey'd,

He gains the summit of a shivering blade;
And flirts his filmy wings, and looks around,
Exulting in his distance from the ground."

The appropriation of the feelings of a man, when climbing a dangerous precipice, to the small and dust-coloured beetle, who gains the "summit" of a leaf, is beautifully poetick, and leads to the belief that angels look upon all the efforts of human ambition with the same degree of insignificance.

Those who slaughter the lower orders of creation, not for subsistence, but amusement, will find the following description accurate; and those whose pleasures are not derived from torture, will see and admire in the poet's painting, what they would despise and shrink from in the original. The poet addresses a dog:

"When the warm pack in faltering silence stood,
Thine was the note to rouse the list'ning wood;

Rekindling every joy in ten-fold force,
Through all the mazes of the tainted course.
Still foremost thou! the daring stream to cross,

And tempt along the animated horse;
Foremost o'er fen or level mead to pass,
And sweep the showering dew-drops from the grass;

Till bright emerging from the mists below,
To climb the woodland's hill-exulting brow."

Moonlight is the time when lovers delight to ramble; probably some of our readers may find that the following description is not at warfare with nature.

"He views the white-rob'd clouds in clusters driven,

And all the glorious pageantry of heaven;
Low on the utmost bound'ry of the sight;
The rising vapours catch the silver light;
Thence Fancy measures as they parting fly,
Which first shall throw its shadow on the eye."

Even the foibles of this bard excite a vivid interest. We love to see Piety at the plough, while Infidelity too often resides in splendid mansions. Gratitude to God, and benevolence to mankind, assume a rustick dress. Fastidious is the taste that cannot pardon little opacities, where the countenance is elsewhere so luminous. We have no doubt that the rigid Johnson himself would have rejoiced in an opportunity to take such retiring merit by the hand, and to have assigned it a conspicuous place in his biographical temple. W.

MARTIAL.

Martial was a Spaniard, and born at Bilbilis about thirty years after Christ. As soon as he arrived at manhood he repaired to Rome. By his talents and flattery he recommended himself to the emperor Domitian. After his death he satirized his benefactor; and being disappointed in his hope of gaining the favour of his successor he returned to his native country, and died there at the age of seventy-five.

He has left fourteen books of epigrams; and so prolific was his muse,

that she is said to have produced no fewer than twelve hundred, three-fourths of which might well have been suppressed.

They have come down to us in the best order, as he himself arranged them; and they retain the dedications at the head of each book. If this be a subject of congratulation to the learned, it will certainly not console them for the loss of so many of the works of Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus.

Epigram is styled by Dryden the lowest sort of poetry; and it has been said that Martial, at the bottom of the hill, diverts himself with gathering flowers, and following insects very prettily. If he made a new year's gift, he sent with it a distich. If a friend died he wrote an epitaph. If a statue was erected he wrote an inscription. If he wished to please the great, his style was turned to panegyric.

The first book is, indeed, a panegyric on Domitian, against whom it would be more agreeable to peruse a satire. Then follow extravagant praises on the wonderful spectacles he exhibited to the people. This shows what importance the Romans attached to this species of magnificence, and at the same time how difficult it was to flatter this master passion of the emperour. Martial is often extremely reprehensible in the choice of his subject, and gives scope to an imagination not restrained by judgment or decorum. Sometimes he wearies the reader with the prolixity or ambiguity of his preambles. In giving praise and censure he appears to be governed more by prejudice or policy than by justice and truth; and he is more attentive to wit than to morals. But his composition has extraordinary merit. It is in general both correct and elegant; and his fancy is prolifick of beautiful images. In attack wit he surpasses every other writer, and is familiar with every kind of verse.

Pliny the younger observes of him, that perhaps his writings may not obtain immortality, but that he wrote as if he thought they deserved it.

The opinion of critics on the subject of Roman poetry has been this—that from the first Punick war to the time of Augustus, that is, in the days of its youth, it was strong and nervous, but not beautiful; in the Augustan age it combined both, was manly and polite; from the beginning of Nerva's reign to the end of Adrian's, tawdry and feeble.

It is a sufficient proof of the decline of learning, and of taste in the latter period, when we are told that Virgil and Horace were dethroned from their legitimate seat of empire in the public opinion, and that Lucan and Persius were the usurpers, who seized the sceptre, and reigned without control in their stead.

OF THE ORIGIN OF GRECIAN LITERATURE, AND OF THE EARLIEST WRITERS.

The invention of letters the Greeks derived from the Phœnicians, who being the first navigators, were led to invent written language for the greater security and despatch in their mercantile transactions.

As to their theology, it seemed more peculiarly their own; their oracles were peculiar; their worship of deified heroes connects them with the Gothick or Celtick nations; their sacrifices and funeral ceremonies were partly borrowed, and partly their own; but their fables of the Elysian Fields and Tartarus were taken from the Egyptians.

The Greeks, for their improvement in language, as well as in other arts, owed a great deal to the detached manner in which they lived in separate and independent states. The manners of two of the most distinct and distant nations in the world cannot be more different than were those of the Lacedæmonians and Athenians; though they dwelt in each other's neighbourhood. The laws and institutions of their several founders and legislators, no doubt gave a different cast to the minds of the people; and this, heightened by the continual jealousy and distance which prevailed between them, gave rise, in a great measure, to that disparity both in manners and language which forms one of the most agreeable contrasts in the world.

But the Athenians bore away the palm, if not for military glory and purity of manners, at least for their progress in the arts, from all the states of Greece.

The nature of their government was such as gave more scope to their natural genius

than the Spartan polity did to theirs. As their rulers were generally set up and supported by the people, it became an object of concern to the former to court the favour of the latter by all means in their power.

As nothing could be more popular and powerful than eloquence, therefore this art was cultivated with the greatest industry and application. All the flowers of rhetorick and all the graces of speech were employed to work upon the minds of the people. Hence their language, naturally sweet, became more and more harmonious. Pure, nervous, and copious in its expression; and in its pace soft and majestic, it supplied, like a fine and vast river, those rich harvests of eloquence, history, and poetry, that flourished to such a degree in this favourable soil, as rendered Greece the wonder of the world.

There never was a language so excellent as the Greek, nor ever will be; as there never was so pure and rich a fountain from which to draw one, nor so many happy and concurrent circumstances to favour its refinement. And that there never will be one to compare with it, we may judge from the mixed state of all modern tongues. Indeed the French, in point of accuracy, approaches it the nearest; but in every other respect, it is as much inferior, as the sound of a pipe is inferior to the sound of an organ.

Even in Homer's time, and probably before it, the Greeks must have made great progress in literature. His poems are the most excellent, not only in regard of invention and language, but even of judgment and contrivance, that ever the world saw.

What helps or assistances he had either from his contemporaries, or those that went before him, we cannot with certainty tell; but, it is extremely probable, that in his time, Greece was highly improved in laws, government, sciences, and arts.

Besides the active and inquisitive nature of the Greeks, the institution of the Olympic games greatly favoured their intercourse with other nations, and their consequent improvements.

Not only military exercises, feats of strength, and activity of body, were tried at this tribunal, and received proportioned honours; but prizes were proposed to the efforts of genius; and literary merit departed crowned with the wreath that was at first adjudged only to exertions of the corporeal kind.

On this occasion it was that Herodotus, the father of historians, put in his claim for glory; and, in a full assembly of all Greece, recited aloud those nine books of history, which are still extant; and which, on account of their peculiar sweetness and elegance of style, were honoured by this august assembly with the name of the nine Muses.

Thucydides, we are told, being then but a boy, was so taken with them at their recital, and with the praises which the author received, that he himself was inflamed with the like glorious ardour; and, from that moment, applied himself to the writing of history.

Hesiod mentions, in one of his poems, a contest that he had with a poetical rival, for the prize of poetry; and did he not add that he himself gained the victory, I should incline to believe that this rival was Homer; notwithstanding that Herodotus would make us believe the contrary, by placing Hesiod much later than Homer. I am so far of a different opinion, that I imagine he was a little elder, though still his contemporary. His total silence of Homer, during the course of his poems, very much countenances this opinion, and makes it probable that some rivalry and jealousy subsisted between them; as we find Virgil silent of Horace, perhaps for the same reason.

The simplicity of style observable in Hesiod is another argument in our favour. His subjects, indeed, are mostly didactic, and therefore less susceptible of embellishment than Homer's. In his *Theogonia* and *Shield of Hercules*, however, where he has most scope for the sublime, he exerts it indeed, but still with reserve and a tempered modesty. On the other hand, Homer, on great occasions, calls forth all his powers, and, though still simple in his language, blazes continually in the energy of his thoughts and fire of his descriptions.

As there is a striking similarity between the style of both poets, so it is probable that Homer, besides his expressions, might have borrowed his machinery from Hesiod. The *Theogonia* might have given him the first hint of introducing the gods into his work; which appears so useful an embellishment, that without it an epick poem loses half its beauty.

The *Shield of Hercules* may be considered as the prototype of the *Shield of Achilles*, and the very original from which it was drawn. After all, in point of genius, I think Hesiod bears hardly the same proportion to Homer, that Lucretius does to Virgil.

Homer was somewhat elder than Solomon, if he lived, as Herodotus says, 168 years after the Trojan war. But for the above reasons, I plant him near 200 years later, viz. about the first Olympiad, and a few years before the building of Rome.

It is observable that Hesiod's *Shield* has been imitated, not only by Homer, but by Virgil, Camoens, and Tasso, in their different poems, which proves what a beauty this poetical embellishment is deemed. The embroidered robe on the couch of Thetis, as described by Catullus, in his "Marriage of Peleus and Thetis," a poem, is another beauty of a similar kind.

About the time of Servius Tullius, flourished the seven wise men of Greece; to whom succeeded *Æsop* the first writer of fables; and *Pythagoras*, who first called himself a philosopher. Before him, they were called wise men or sages.

Then likewise flourished the lyric poets *Alcæus*, *Sappho*, *Simonides*, *Anacreon*, and *Pindar*. Nor must we forget *Minnernmus*, the first writer of love-elegies; whose maxim was:

Τὶ δὲ βίος, τὶ δὲ τιμὴν αἰεὶ χρεὼν Ἀφροδῖτης;

All these were masters and first performers in the art; and set the example to the Romans to follow their steps in the different departments in which they chose to shine.

In the "Gentleman's Magazine" which we scarcely need inform the reader is not only the oldest but the most respectable of the British Journals devoted to science and literature, the following article has recently appeared. The description, by an eye witness, of *Calpe's Rock*, so memorable for many a romantick adventure cannot but be interesting to most of our readers.

Particular description of the Rock of Gibraltar.

MR. URBAN,

Being at anchor lately in the Bay of Gibraltar, that wonderful place could not fail of exciting my curiosity to go ashore and examine more particularly the place. If the small account here subjoined should be worth preserving, it is at your service.

NAUTICUS.

The Rock of Gibraltar is most wonderfully situated; its shape very much resembles a barn, but is of different colours; it runs out into the sea its whole length, which is about three miles, the extremity of which is called *Europa point*, from its being the most southern part of all Europe. The East side is bounded by the Mediterranean sea, the West by Gibraltar bay, North by the Spanish lines, South by the Straits of Gibraltar. The north end is highest, being one mile and a half. In a fine day, from here a person may see almost to Malaga, and the beautiful town of Estanpona by the sea side has a most delightful appearance. On the hills the Sun shines long after he has set at Gibraltar. The hills in Grenada are beyond it. From the top of the Rock may be

seen the Straits of Gibraltar, *Cabrita point* (which with *Europa point* forms the bay) mountains in Spain, the town of Algeziras, the Queen of Spain's chair, the neutral ground, the Spanish lines, two rivers in Spain which communicate with the bay, very large rocks and hills in Africa, the town of *Cena*, *Apeshill* (Mount *Abyla*), and almost to *Tangier*, and many other places.

On the East side, at the bottom of the Rock, which is nearly perpendicular and very craggy, is *Cataline bay*: here is but one house; there are several caves or holes in the Rock where the fishermen live; there is a garden belonging to the house, where the owner sells wine, porter, fish, &c. to those who go about the Rock examining its parts. The lower part of this side is sand: on the higher part grows a plant of which brooms are made: here are a few guns on this side. Between the house and *Europa point*, high up in the Rock, is a cave, at the entrance of which are three stones, so much in the shape of men dressed in the Turkish habit, that I, as well as most other travellers, took them to be such, to the great amusement of my guide, who for that purpose asked me if I did not see three men sitting at the cave's mouth. Great part of this side Northward is sandy, at the bottom are also found muscles in plenty. On the West side at the bottom, is the town of Gibraltar, a very populous place, being some few of most nations, but chiefly English and Spanish; these two last are the languages chiefly spoken. On this side, higher up, nearer *Europa point*, is a very large cave, called *St. Michæl's*, the entrance is so very steep that it is descended with some difficulty; from this place are several avenues, or a great many windings and narrow places, of which no one has ever found the end, though attempted by many: some believe they go under the Mediterranean sea Eastward, but one or two go different ways; it is said that one goes through the Rock to the town, another finds its way out at a little distance from the entrance: the water keeps dripping

through the top, and forms several curious petrefactions, and some pillars are formed of great thickness, some hang like isicles; there are a great number of loose stones in the bottom. On this side near the north is a large old castle, called the Moorish Castle, being built by them when in their possession; it is all brick, but so thick that it has resisted a great number of shot, which may plainly be seen by its side; a continuation of the building to the sea side is formed by a kind of wall. Between this and the north end are several caves cut through the rock, out of which are pointed a number of guns in nearly all directions, but most command the land side, or Neutral Ground.* Each has its name, as St. George's Cave, Lord Cornwallis's Cave; the latter is very spacious. The magazines are also in the rock. To these places a soldier attends the company. The north end is very steep, almost perpendicular; here are also several guns and large mortars, with shot and hand grenades piled up in order and always ready. In looking southward along the top of the rock, the middle is considerably lower; but rises again at the other end, where is a single tower; and beyond that is Windmill Hill, where it descends sometimes gradually, sometimes steep, till it terminates in the sea, where it is called Europa point, as before mentioned; the lowest part between the north end and Windmill Hill is called the Saddle of the rock. Here are some buildings for the guns at North End: they point mostly to the Spanish lines and batteries, of which there are two; one battery north east commands the bay, the other on the west coast near the Mediterranean sea. From the north end to Windmill Hill the top of the rock resembles the ridge of a house or barn, so narrow that no one can walk on it, but very craggy. North End,† as before said, is half a

league high down to the Neutral Ground; the signal lower informs the town and the ships in the bay what ships are coming east or west, and of what nation.‡ Under the signal tower are two guns, one of which fires every night at sunset, and eight o'clock in winter, nine in summer, and daybreak every morning, called the sunset gun.

At Windmill Hill is a signal tower, but never used: sentinels are constantly at all these places. From Windmill Hill in the descent to Europa point is a large stone handsomely cut in the rock; here also are mortars pointing to the Straits: in this part is a red kind of earth, of which a few bricks are made: both prickly pears and geraniums grow here spontaneously, to a great height, and a specie of aloe, called Adam's Thread: but the thread when extracted appears more like horse-hair, being stiff if kept till dry; some make fishing lines of it; it is a curious plant, but has no offensive smell: in Spain it grows to about ten feet. Here is a stone also, of a slate colour, from which diamonds are extracted; but they are so very small as not to be worth the labour of breaking and searching for them. Great guns are also placed from Europa point to the north end, at the bottom of the Rock, of 32 and 42 pounders, with iron trucks. Several elm trees grow on the west side: and one very large one, my guide told me, was a locust or wild honey tree. In the gardens are cultivated orange-trees, palms, almond trees, &c. The west side is far from being a regular slope; in one place it is so steep that a large piece of rock is broken off, but it is secured with a kind of iron dogs to keep from rolling down upon the houses below. On the west side are two moles, one near the north end, and the other the south. Also a con-

always get on the lee side of the rock; people may take them, but are not allowed to kill one on any account.

‡ A stone thrown from this place, a person may count 130 quick, before it reaches the sea on the sea side.

* The only entrance by land.

† Monkeys inhabit this part; some very large, but whatever way the wind blows they

venient dock-yard, and a place where boats land, called the Ragged Staff: the Lazaretto* is also at the north end, where are also most of the small craft and merchants. Here is generally a kind of market held of fowls, pieces of raw sugar cane, &c.; to enter the town at this end you must pass the sallyport. Exclusive of the guns before mentioned, are many more at the north end, which make it impregnable; also grates ready to heat the shot if required. At the north end, part of the rock is blown up for building. From this place northward, is sand for a mile, called the Neutral Ground, where the Spanish lines cross the place from sea to sea: the two Spanish batteries are one at each extremity, and here are the Spanish sentinels.—Though Gibraltar is in Spain, yet it is called going into Spain when this place is passed going northward. By the sea side on the Neutral Ground, are found a variety of beautiful shells; on the east side are found innumerable quantities of razor fish, shell or knife-handled solens, and a great number of others of different descriptions, but no Echinites: but on the west side of Neutral Ground are Echinites, but no razor fish to be seen, and but few others; here are starfish and sea-eggs, or urchins prickly; and a Caput Medusa was found at the bottom of the bay in about 20 fathoms. The chief part of the town is between the middle of the rock and the Moorish Castle. The hospital, which has an elegant appearance, and the barracks, are nearer Europa point; also the burying ground: but the church (the only English one in the place) is adjoining to the gov. house, whither all the English repair; it is not very large; in this church, or more properly chapel, is interred gen. O'Hara, late governor of this place. The Spanish church is not far distant; in it are the images of the Virgin Mary, and several others in wax-work, dressed in black silk; and over the altar stands

the large figure of Joseph of Arimathea, at which all bow after returning from the altar; there are also a great many very beautiful paintings. Here are a number of Spaniards, whose customs and manners differ from the English in wearing cloaks, or some great coats, with only the left arm in the sleeve, the other thrown over the shoulder, and seldom go out but with a cigar or pipe in their mouths, but the former is chiefly perferred. There is also a sect which dresses different from others; their heads are shaved, and their beards grow, wear a kind of cap, a shirt with scarce any collar, white waistcoat, buttons down the middle, over that a red one, and outermost a short black kind of gown or coat, so contrived that all are seen, the red one buttoning but half way, and the outer one scarce at all.

Mount Abyla stands opposite to Gibraltar, or Mount Calpe, which are the Pillars of Hercules; the former has by no means a pleasing appearance: the top is in general enveloped with clouds. The town of Ceuta appears strongly fortified opposite Gibraltar.—Sancta Roque is about three or four miles, stands very high, and has a pleasing appearance; it is a stony soil, but productive, and there is a fine view of Gibraltar from St. Roque. On the top of a hill or mountain between St. Roque and Gibraltar, stands a small building, somewhat like a castle, called the Queen of Spain's chair; where it is said she with some friends retired, with a vow not to leave that place till Gibraltar was taken; how far that is true the reader must judge; however, it has a beautiful picturesque view, being the only building on the hill.

DUTIES.

From Burke's Maxims.

Neither the few nor the many have a right to act merely by their will, in any matter connected with duty, trust, engagement or obligation. The constitution of a country being once settled upon some compact, tacit or expressed, there is no power existing of force to alter it, without the breach of the covenant, or the consent of all the

* Near this place is a battery terminating in the east, called the Devil's Tongue.

parties. Such is the nature of a contract. And the votes of a majority of the people, whatever their infamous flatterers may teach in order to corrupt their minds, cannot alter the moral any more than they can alter the physical essence of things. The people are not to be taught to think lightly of their engagements to their governours; else they teach governours to think lightly of their engagements towards them. In that kind of game in the end the people are sure to be losers. To flatter them into a contempt of faith, truth, and justice; is to ruin them; for in these virtues consists their whole safety. To flatter any man, or any part of mankind, in any description, by asserting, that in engagements he or they are free whilst any other human creature is bound, is ultimately to vest the rule of morality in the pleasure of those who ought to be rigidly submitted to it; to subject the sovereign reason of the world to the caprices of weak and giddy men.

But, as no one of us men can dispense with publick or private faith, or with any other tie of moral obligation, so neither can any number of us. The number engaged in crimes, instead of turning them into laudable acts, only augments the quantity and intensity of the guilt.

I am well aware, that men love to hear of their power, but have an extreme disrelish to be told of their duty. This is of course; because every duty is a limitation of some power. Indeed, arbitrary power is so much to the depraved taste of the vulgar, of the vulgar of every description, that almost all the dissensions which lacerate the commonwealth, are not concerning the manner in which it is to be exercised, but concerning the hands in which it is to be placed. Somewhere they are resolved to have it. Whether they desire it to be vested in the many or the few, depends with most men upon the chance which they imagine they themselves may have of partaking in the exercise of that arbitrary sway, in the one mode or in the other.

It is not necessary to teach men to thirst after power. But it is very ex-

pedient that, by moral instruction, they should be taught, and by their civil constitutions they should be compelled, to put many restrictions upon the immoderate exercise of it, and the inordinate desire. The best method of obtaining these two great points forms the important, but at the same time, the difficult problem to the true statesman. He thinks of the place in which political power is to be lodged, with no other attention, than as it may render the more or the less practicable, its salutary restraint, and its prudent direction. For this reason no legislator, at any period of the world, has willingly placed the seat of active power in the hands of the multitude: because there it admits of no control, no regulation, no steady direction whatever. The people are the natural control on authority; but to exercise and to control together is contradictory and impossible.

As the exorbitant exercise of power cannot, under popular sway, be effectually restrained, the other great object of political arrangement, the means of abating an excessive desire of it, is in such a state still worse provided for. The democratick commonwealth is the foodful nurse of ambition. Under the other form it meets with many restraints. Whenever, in states which have had a democrattick basis, the legislators have endeavoured to put restraints upon ambition, their methods were as violent, as in the end they were ineffectual; as violent indeed as any the most jealous despotism could invent. The ostracism could not very long save itself, and much less the state which it was meant to guard, from the attempts of ambition, one of the natural inbred incurable distempers of a powerful democracy.

But to return from this short digression, which however is not wholly foreign to the question of the effect of the will of the majority upon the form of the existence of their society. I cannot too often recommend it to the serious consideration of all men, who think civil society to be within the province of moral jurisdiction, that if we owe to it any duty, it is not subject

to our will. Duties are not voluntary. Duty and will are even contradictory terms. Now, though civil society might be at first a voluntary act (which in many cases it undoubtedly was) its continuance is under a permanent standing covenant, coexisting with the society; and it attaches upon every individual of that society, without any formal act of his own. This is warranted by the general practice, arising out of the general sense of mankind. Men without their choice derive benefits from that association; without their choice they are subjected to duties in consequence of these benefits; and without their choice they enter into a virtual obligation as binding as any that is actual. Look through the whole of life and the whole system of duties. Much the strongest moral obligations are such as were never the results of our option. I allow, that if no supreme ruler exists, wise to form, and potent to enforce, the moral law, there is no sanction to any contract, virtual or even actual, against the will of prevalent power. On that hypothesis, let any set of men be strong enough to set their duties at defiance, and they cease to be duties any longer. We have but this one appeal against irresistible power:

*Sigenus humanum et mortalitatem nitis arma,
At sperate Deos memores fandi atque nefandi.*

Taking it for granted that I do not write to the disciples of the Parisian philosophy, I may assume that the awful author of our being is the author of our place in the order of existence; and that having disposed and marshalled us by a divine tactick, not according to our will, but according to his, he has, in and by that disposition, virtually subjected us to act the part which belongs to the place assigned us. We have obligations to mankind at large, which are not in consequence of any special voluntary pact. They arise from the relation of man to man, and the relation of man to God, which relations are not matters of choice. On the contrary, the force of all the pacts which we enter into with any

particular person or number of persons amongst mankind, depends upon those prior obligations. In some cases the subordinate relations are voluntary, in others they are necessary—but the duties are all compulsive. When we marry, the choice is voluntary, but the duties are not matter of choice. They are dictated by the nature of the situation. Dark and inscrutable are the ways by which we come into the world. The instincts which give rise to this mysterious process of nature are not of our making. But out of physical causes, unknown to us, perhaps unknowable, arise moral duties, which, as we are able perfectly to comprehend, we are bound indispensably to perform. Parents may not be consenting to their moral relation; but consenting or not, they are bound to a long train of burthensome duties towards those with whom they have never made a convention of any sort. Children are not consenting to their relation, but their relation, without their actual consent, binds them to its duties; or rather it implies their consent, because the presumed consent of every rational creature is in unison with the pre-disposed order of things. Men come in that manner into a community with the social state of their parents, endowed with all the benefits, loaded with all the duties of their situation. If the social ties and ligaments, spun out of those physical relations which are the elements of the commonwealth, in most cases begin, and always continue, independently of our will, so without any stipulation on our part, we are bound by that relation called our country, which comprehends (as it has been well said) “all the charities of all.”* Nor are we left without powerful instincts to make this duty as dear and grateful to us, as it is awful and coercive. Our country is not a thing of mere physical locality. It consists, in a great measure, in the ancient order into which we are

* *Omnes omnium charitates patria una complectitur. Cic.*

born. We may have the same geographical situation, but another country; as we may have the same country in another soil. The place that determines our duty to our country is a social, civil relation.

These are the opinions of the author whose cause I defend. I lay them down not to enforce them upon others by disputation, but as an account of his proceedings. On them he acts; and from them he is convinced that neither he, nor any man, nor number of men, have a right (except what necessity, which is out of and above all rule, rather imposes than bestows) to free themselves from that primary engagement which every man born into a community as much contracts by his being born into it, as he contracts an obligation to certain parents by his having been derived from their bodies. The place of every man determines his duty. If you ask *Quem te Deus esse jussit?* You will be answered when you resolve this other question, *Humana qua parte locatus est in re?**

I admit, indeed, that in morals, as in all things else, difficulties will sometimes occur. Duties will sometimes cross one another. Then questions will arise, which of them is to be placed in subordination; which of them may be entirely superseded? These doubts give rise to that part of moral science called *casuistry*; which though necessary to be well studied by those who would become expert in that learning, who aim at becoming what I

* A few lines in Persius contain a good summary of all the objects of moral investigation, and hint the result of our inquiry: There human will has no place.

Quid sumus? et quidnam victuri gignimur? ordo

Quis datus? et metæ quis mollis flexus et unde?

Quis modus argento? Quid fas optare?

Quid asper

Utile nummus habet? Patriæ charisque propinquis

Quantum elargiri debet?—Quem te Deus esse

Jussit?—et humana qua parte locatus est in re?

think Cicero somewhere calls *artifices officiorum*; it requires a very solid and discriminating judgment, great modesty and caution, and much sobriety of mind in the handling; else there is a danger that it may totally subvert those offices which it is its object only to methodize and reconcile. Duties, at their extreme bounds, are drawn very fine, so as to become almost evanescent. In that state, some shade of doubt will always rest on these questions, when they are pursued with great subtilty. But the very habit of stating these extreme cases is not very laudable or safe: because, in general, it is not right to turn our duties into doubts. They are imposed to govern our conduct, not to exercise our ingenuity; and, therefore, our opinions about them ought not to be in a state of fluctuation, but steady, sure, and resolved.

Amongst these nice, and therefore dangerous, points of casuistry may be reckoned the question so much agitated in the present hour: Whether, after the people have discharged themselves of their original power by an habitual delegation, no occasion can possibly occur which may justify the resumption of it? This question, in this latitude, is very hard to affirm or deny: but I am satisfied that no occasion can justify such a resumption, which would not equally authorize a dispensation with any other moral duty, perhaps with all of them together. However, if in general it be not easy to determine concerning the lawfulness of such devious proceedings, which must be ever on the edge of crimes, it is far from difficult to foresee the perilous consequences of the resuscitation of such a power in the people.

For The Port Folio.

Mrs. C. Smith is much admired by the ladies as a novelist, and not without reason. But though in this florid walk of composition, her genius is very conspicuous, we think that her poetical is still better than her prose style. Let us look at a little poem which she has just published, and see whether, under her management, a Cankered Rose does not still appear beautiful.

THE CANKERED ROSE.

As spring to summer hours gave way,
And June approach'd, beneath whose sway

VARIETY.

My lovely Fanny saw the day
I mark'd each blossom'd bower,
And bade each plant its charms display
To crown the favour'd hour.

The favour'd hour to me so bright,
When Fanny first beheld the light,
And I should many a bloom unite,
A votive wreath to twine,
And with the lily's virgin white
More glowing hues combine.

A wreath that while I hail'd the day,
All the fond things I meant might say,
(As Indian maids their thoughts array,
By artful quipos wove,)
And fragrant symbols thus convey,
My tenderness and love.

For this I sought where long had grown
A rosary I called my own,
Whose rich unrivall'd flowers were known
The earliest to enclose,
And where I hop'd would soon be blown,
The first and fairest rose.

An infant bud there cradled lay
Mid new-born leaves, and seemed to stay
Till June should call with warmer ray
Its embryo beauty forth;
Reserved for that propitious day
That gave my Fanny birth.

At early morning's dewy hour
I watch'd it in its leafy tower,
And heard with dread the sleety shower
When eastern tempests blew,
But still unhurt my favourite flower
With fairer promise grew.

From rains and breezes sharp and bleak,
Secur'd I saw its calyx break,
And soon a lovely flushing streak
The latent bloom betray'd;
(Such colours on my Fanny's cheek
Has cunning Nature laid).

Illusive Hope! the day arriv'd,
I saw my cherish'd rose—it liv'd,
But of its early charms depriv'd,
No odours could impart,
And scarce, with sullied leaves, surviv'd
The canker at its heart.

There, unsuspected, long had fed
A noxious worm, and, mining, spread
The dark pollution on its head,
That drooping seemed to mourn
Its fragrance pure and petals red
Destroyed ere fully born.

Unfinish'd now and incomplete
My garland lay at Fanny's feet;
She smil'd—ah, could I then repeat
What youth so little knows;
How the too-trusting heart must beat
With pain, when Treachery and Deceit
In some insidious form defeat
Its fairest hopes—as cankers eat
The yet unfolded rose.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constasy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constasy?

The story of Cinderella is very playfully told in verse by one of the classical contributors to The Anti-Jacobin.

So, the sad victim of domestick spite,
Fair Cinderella past the wintery night,
In the lone chimney's darksome nook immured,
Her form disfigured and her charms obscured.

Sudden her godmother appears in sight,
Lifts the charmed rod, and chants the mystick rite;

The charanted rite the maid attentive hears,
And feels new earrings deck her list'ning ears;

While, 'mid her towering tresses aptly set,
Shines bright, with quivering glance, the smart Aigrette;

Brocaded silks the splendid dress complete,
And the glass slipper grasps her fairy feet:
Six cock-tail'd mice transport her to the ball,
And liveried lizards wait upon her call.

SONG.

Tight lads have I sail'd with, but none e'er
so aightly
As honest Bill Hobstay, so kind and so true:
He'd sing like a mermaid, and foot it so
tightly,
The forecastle's pride, and delight of the
crew!

But poor as a beggar, and often in tatters
He went, though his fortune was kind with-
out end;
For money, cried Bill, and them there sort
of matters,
What's the good on't, d'ye see, but to suc-
cour a friend.

There's Nipcheese, the purser, by grinding
and squeezing,
First plund'ring, then leaving the ship like a
rat,
The eddy of fortune stands on a stiff breeze
in,
And mounts, fierce as fire, a dog-vane in his
hat.

My bark, though hard storms on life's ocean
should rock her,
Though she roll in misfortune and pitch end
for end,
No, never shall Bill keep a shot in the locker,
When by handing it out, he can succour a
friend.

Let them throw out their wipes, and cry,
 "spite of their crosses,
 And forgetful of toil that so hardly they
 bore,
 That sailors at sea, earn their money like
 horses,
 To squander it idly like asses ashore."

Such lubbers their jaw would coil up, could
 they measure,
 By their feelings, the gen'rous delight with-
 out end,
 That gives birth in us tars to that truest of
 pleasures,
 The handing our rhino to succour a friend.
 Why what's all this nonsense they talk of,
 and pother
 About rights of man? what a plague are they
 at?
 If they mean that each man to his mess-
 mate's a brother,
 Why the lubberly swabs, every fool can tell
 that.

The rights of us Britons we know to be loyal,
 In our country's defence, our last moments
 to spend,
 To fight up to the ears to protect the blood
 royal,
 To be true to our wives, and to succour a
 friend.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our new correspondent and name-
 sake is requested to peruse the follow-
 ing passage from a truly original writer.
 The poetry is sweet and the philoso-
 phy admirable.

I note sometimes in thee, dear Joe,
 And, faith, I'm griev'd to find it so,

A sneaking love of gold:

T'were worth a groat to know how first
 Avarice so free a bosom curst;

I fear me thou grow'st old.

But shall I tell thee how I heard
 A Bishop, with a sapient beard,

This folly once deride?

He said, indeed he *prov'd* it too,
 That Nature's *real* wants were few

And easily supplied.

Thend—n it—'s blood thou mak'st one swear,
 Why all this toil to split a hair,

And swell a useless heap?

When thou might'st glide along at ease,
 No bairns to breed, no wife to please,

And live like me, dog cheap.

Believe me, Joe, youth wanes apace,
 And see already every Grace

On tiptoe to be gone;

For hoary Age, with wrinkled mein

That scares each charm as soon as seen,
 Is hobbling briskly on.

Oh! then adieu to soft delights,
 To careless days and amorous nights;
 And hours of sweet repose.
 Anxiety succeeds, and Pain
 That shuts the languid eye in vain
 Nor rest nor slumber knows.

The vicissitudes of which "Sensi-
 tive" complains are inevitable. It is
 so in nature; it is so in life. *Non*
semper arcum tendit Apollo, says Ho-
 race, and a Scottish lady somewhere
 exclaims in a tone of the deepest des-
 pondency,

I have seen the Morning with gold the hills
 adorning,
 And loud tempests storming before middle
 day;

I have seen Tweed's silver streams shining
 in sunny beams,
 Grow drumly and dark as they roll'd on
 their way.

We can refer our correspondent to
 another lyrick bard for a similar senti-
 ment:

Dost thou repine, man? mark the rose,
 At morn, with vernal tints it glows,
 And breathes its sweets around;
 At eve, behold it pale and dead,
 To beauty lost, its fragrance fled,
 And withering on the ground.

Mark too the Morn: now full and fair,
 She shines, and Earth and Sea and Air
 Smile in the yellow gleam;
 Anon her glories disappear,
 And not a Star that gilds the sphere
 But yields a brighter beam.

But let it be remembered that
 growling thunder is succeeded by ge-
 nial softness, and that from our natu-
 ral love of variety life becomes more
 interesting from eternal change.

The tone of "Hilario" is in unison
 with George Colman's jovial muse.

That life is a journey no mortal disputes,
 Then we'll liquor our brains, boys, instead
 of our boots;
 And each toper shall own, on life's road as
 he reels,
 That a spur in the head is worth two on the
 heels.

"K" who has written on diffidence,
 has *modest* merit, and we shall be hap-
 py to encourage it again.

To "Mortimer" we render our
 thanks for a very elegant essay on the

fortunes or rather the *misfortunes* of men of genius. The subject is vast, interesting, and curious; and our correspondent has handled it with equal adroitness and sensibility.

Of "Peregrine" we shall make no *stranger*; or if we meet him in that guise, as a stranger we shall give him welcome.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

ELEGY

On the Death of a female friend.

Ah me! how silent is this midnight hour,
How sad the thoughts that chase the balm
of sleep,
Whilst faithful Memory with her magick
power,

Recals the lovely friend for whom I weep.

The friend for whom, when Youth and Pleasure
smil'd,

My artless Muse so fondly loved to sing,
Whose converse sweet, each transient
care beguil'd,

And gave new charms to Youth and Nature's
Spring.

But those are past, chill Autumn fades the
year,

And Sorrow presses on my aching heart;
Relentless Death beheld his victim near,
And aim'd too surely his envenom'd dart.

Then though no more I court the sportive
Muse,

Nor with her flowrets seek to strew my
way,

This once I ask, let not the Nine refuse
Their inspiration to my plaintive lay.

For oh! thou dear, though transient source
of joy,

To tempt thy stay in vain Affection tries;
Not thy lov'd husband; not thine infant boy,
Could long detain thee from thy native
skies.

The sweet companion of my happiest hours,
The cherish'd treasure of a mother's heart;
Thine was each tender name that life endears,

And thine each charm that nature could
impart.

And oh! how fondly have I loved to trace
The soften'd radiance of that eye benign,

Whilst the sweet smile of that expressive
face,

Most surely beam'd a ray of love divine.

Yet ne'er reflected that so fair a mind,
Such warm benevolence, such perfect love,
Not long to earth's low vale could be confin'd,
An exile from her kindred train above.

But he who gave that mind its every grace,
Who saw, well pleas'd, that she was pure
in heart,

Hath said that such shall see his sacred face,
And from his presence never shall depart.

Then henceforth let each murmur be suppress'd,

My heart be grateful such a friend was
given,

Through life she shone the fairest and the
best,

Then early found acceptance in the courts
of Heaven.

EPIGRAMS.

I know the thing that's most uncommon:
Envy, be silent and attend!

I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, and by rumour,
Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly,

An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

Has she no fault then? Malice says, sir,
Yes, she has one I must aver;

When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf and does not hear.

On a young lady walking in publick, with her breasts
nearly uncovered.

As pedlars, to allure the passers by,
Display their goods to catch the wandering
eye;

So you, mistaken maid, lay ope your breast,
And think that sight will recommend the
rest;

But, prithee, let it henceforth be conceal'd,
For charms like yours tempt most when least
reveal'd.

A GOOSE'S REASON.

A goose, my grannam one day said
Entering a barn, pops down its head.
I begged her then the cause to show:
She told me she must wave the task:
For nothing but a goose would ask
What nothing but a goose could know.

Pollio, who values nothing that's within,
Buys books, like beavers—only for their skin.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, February 28, 1807.

[No. 9.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

"Manners with fortunes, humours turn with
climes,
"Tenets with books, and principles with
times."

WHY is it, Mr. Oldschool, that so much has been said against Fashion and her votaries? As long as we are acquainted with the history of the polite world, and perhaps ages earlier, it has been the humour of more than half mankind to inveigh bitterly against the prevailing habits, manners, and opinions of the day. Why has no defence been advanced of the practices of every body? Is it because the accusers are too numerous or too respectable? Or is it not rather because no one has thought it worth his labour to deny assertions that nobody believed, or refute arguments that were devoid of reason? Whatever may be the cause, the fact is certain, that daws, generation after generation, have forever been pecking at honours above their reach, and condemning the times for their own follies, errors and vices. These *acti temporis laudatores* indulge themselves in sighing away Sundays, in fruitless railings at they know not what, and wishes that they could live, they know not how; until, filled with spleen, vapours, ennui, and other amiable companions of idleness, they exclaim

Let this pernicious hour,
Stand aye accused in the kalendar.

Now, for my part, I humbly conceive we are not a jot worse, less happy, or more uncomfortable than our ancestors were before us, or our posterity are likely to be in time to come.

I know a number of these discontented beings, and I have ever found that whatever their age, sex or condition may be, they have all turned *railers* because some favourite object in the hill of their ambition has vanished from their grasp before they could mount to its reach. They are generally of these three classes; coxcombs, madmen, and a numerous and respectable order of living things vulgarly cyleped *old maids*. And here let me observe, this term *old maids*, has no limitation of sex, but the male maids are quite as plentiful an article, and quite as uneasy as the female. Both together form a degree, sometimes termed tabbies, solitaires, or what you will.

The coxcomb is, perhaps, the most extensive circle in society, and indeed is diffused over every other. It is often used as a *nomen generalissimum*, and as such is perfectly understood. But besides its generic signification, it is used particularly; thus we say coxcombs in love, coxcombs in phisick, in law, in writing, and in fashion. The last species are they to whom I now allude. Discontented with every thing, but themselves, they assume

a prerogative of finding fault with all the world besides, and decry the practices of the present day, because forsooth, they have read or heard of better in another age or country.

By madmen I do not mean those who are so wild as to be caged or confined; or those who are so far gone as to show their distemper to the world, and who, therefore, pass unnoticed, however strange may be their conduct: no, they are those poor, disappointed, imposing maniacs, whose brains have been clouded by some unexpected obstacle in life. This may arise from difficulties in the great ladder of ambition, or in the circles of polished life, where losses at cards, or failures in wit are very apt to make men curse the one or the other; or, above all, in affairs of love. This love is a sore destroyer of reason, merriment and good fellowship. It is at best but a romantick, antiquated, unfashionable disease; and if unsuccessful, tortures the constitution mental and corporeal, more than all the disorders collected in the *Anatomic of Melancholie*. A disappointed lover is sure to find fault with every thing, and more especially with that fashionable intercourse which communicated the infection to his blood. Sometimes he falls into my third class of railers, and when that is the case, he is incorrigible indeed.

With the railing spinsters of forty, and upwards, I tremble to interfere, for they are "as full of quarrel as my young mistress's dog." In one respect, however, we cannot but commend their judgments; I mean, in their desires to restore dress to its ancient simplicity and innocence. The existing style of dressing must be wrong, improper, and indelicate of course; so it has been time out of mind; we must go back then for a proper period to imitate, until we arrive at the age of the bare-legged Britons; but they dressed fashionably, so we must retreat farther back still, and assume the fig leaves of mother Eve; or perhaps it were better to discard even those, as unnecessary encumbrances, and thus reform fashion altogether.

I must say, Mr. Oldschool, that I think we have every reason to be satisfied with the manners of our own day; and I most potently believe, their greatest enemies would rue the hour they should be thrown aside. Although they may not always give ardour to virtue and confidence to truth, yet they preserve the order of society, and tend to uphold the distinction between the man and the fellow; than which nothing can be more useful or important.

"Untune that string,

"And hark what discord follows, each thing meets

"In mere oppugnancy."

There may be, there must be, some evil practices in rogue; but would you extirpate every flower of the field because the luxuriance of the soil has given birth to some noxious weeds? The noblest things in nature are the most liable to abuse.

SALADIN.

An insect so contemptible as the Moth one would imagine to be unworthy the attention either of the naturalist or the philosopher. "The clown treads on it daily with his clouted shoon;" even children who chase the butterfly, neglect the Moth who has no splendour to attract their vagrant curiosity. But the eye of a poet seeth all things, as we read the ear of Jealousy heareth all things. A moral and female writer has thus cannobled this humble topic.

THE MOTH.

When dews fall fast, and rosy day
Fades slowly in the west away,
While evening breezes bend the future
sheaves;

Votary of vesper's humid light,
The Moth, pale wanderer of the night,
From his green cradle comes among the
whispering leaves.

The birds on insect life that feast,
Now in their woody coverts rest,
The swallow slumbers in his dome of clay,
And of the numerous tribes who war,
On the small denizens of air,
The shrieking bat alone is on the wing for
prey.

Eluding him on lacey plume,
The silver Moth enjoys the gloom,
Glancing on tremulous wings through twilight
bowers,
Now flits where warm nasturtiums glow,
Now quivers on the jess'mine bough,
And sucks, with spiral tongue, the balm of
sleeping flowers.

Yet if from open casement stream
The taper's bright as penny beam,

And strikes with comet ray his dazzled sight ;

Nor perfum'd leaf nor horn'd flower
To check his wild career have power,
But to the attracting flame he takes his rapid flight.

Round it he darts in dizzy rings,
And soon his soft and powder'd wings
Are sing'd ; and dimmer glow his pearly eyes,

And now his struggling feet are foil'd,
And scorch'd, entangled, burnt, and soil'd,
His fragile form is lost—the wretched insect dies.

Emblem too just of one whose way
Through the calm vale of life might lay,
Yet lured by Vanity's illusive fires,
Far from that tranquil vale aside
Like this poor insect suicide
Follows the fatal light, and in its flame expires!

OF THE GRECIAN PHILOSOPHERS.

Thales the Milesian, and Pythagoras of Samos, were among the earliest and best of the Grecian philosophers: the latter is said, and with great probability, to have understood the true system of the Universe; and taught the transmigration of souls, as borrowed from the Gymnosophists or Indian Bramins.

The former, who lived six hundred years before Christ, was both an excellent moralist and natural philosopher, for so early a period. He is thought to be the first Grecian who merited the name of an astronomer.

Anaximander, Anaximenes, and afterwards Anaxagoras, improved upon the former discoveries; but the latter in particular, who had a wild, but sublime and extensive genius, and more accuracy of judgment than his predecessors.

Zeno was the founder of the stoical school; and Epicurus of that one that goes under his name to this day: both went to extremes; one founding happiness on the chief good on apathy, or an insensibility to pleasure and pain; the other on pleasure alone. Another sect, called the Eclectic, embraced a middle course between the two.

Socrates, the wisest and best of all the philosophers, followed very much this middle path; and was the purest both in practice and doctrine, of all the Grecian sages.

On account of his dedicating his studies and doctrines chiefly to morality, he is said to have first brought Philosophy from the heavens and the stars, about which she had hitherto been employed, to dwell in cities and societies of men.

Socrates was perhaps one of the best and greatest men of antiquity. As Homer was in poetry, he was without doubt the great

fountain-head of all that was most valuable in the Grecian philosophy; and his morality seems to have approached the nearest of any to that of the great founder of the Christian faith.

In explaining his philosophy by familiar allusions and parables, he also resembled him.

The Greeks, therefore, at this period, were the most distinguished nation on earth for learning and arts. From the days of Homer and Hesiod, down to those of Sophocles and Euripides, we see them going on in one continued course of improvement. Philosophy went hand in hand with Literature; and, in the age of Aristotle, we believe it to be arrived at its highest pitch of refinement.

The excellent application which this philosopher made of it to poetry and eloquence; the laws he thence deduces with such justice and precision on the economy of these two arts, at once evince the uncommon acuteness of his genius, and point out a sure path to succeeding ages, to guide themselves in their intellectual exertions by the rules of right reason and common sense.

Plato, his cotemporary and fellow disciple, had merit; though of a different kind. He had more brilliancy of fancy than solidity of judgment; hence his diction is often more elegant than his reasoning is just. But he has made amends for this by the universal good tendency of his morals, the serious grandeur of his thoughts, and the extraordinary beauty and splendour of his style. Add to this a simplicity joined with majesty; in which perhaps none of his countrymen, if we except Homer, ever equalled him. Xenophon, was his worthy disciple.

Theophrastus and Cebes followed; the former, both a moralist and natural philosopher, trod the steps of his master Aristotle. His characters are equally eminent for that justness of painting and sweetness of style; and are imitated by Bruyere and others.

His history of plants is allowed great merit by the naturalists.

As for Cebes, he has immortalized his fame by that Tablature of human life that passes under his name. The Visions of Mirza by Addison are a kind of distant imitation of this beautiful allegory; and though very striking, hardly equal to the original.

OF THE GRECIAN ORATORS—DEMOSTHENES CHARACTERIZED.

Demosthenes who flourished somewhat later than the above-mentioned writers, may, with justice, be styled the Prince of Grecian eloquence. Isocrates charms by the harmony of his periods; Lysias and Isæus by a certain attic grace; Eschines by a manly and copious oratory; but De-

mostliness surpasses them all in fire, vehemence, precision, and closeness.

He excels in brevity, yet is clear and strong; his reasoning carries conviction in every word; he thunders, he lightens: he rolls his sentences with a kind of rapid harmony, yet seemingly without art; and in this way he overpowers us before we are aware.

From his conciseness arises his strength; he is never diffuse, nor, like Cicero, weakens his style by bestowing an additional word for the sake of rounding a period. He strives not to please, but to persuade; and his arguments are as strong and close as his style.

Upon the whole, he excels in that kind of eloquence which is the reverse of the copious, the sweet, or the flowery; his manner is ardent, concise, and simple; quite different from the Ciceronian, which is copious, flowery, and artificial.

What must we think of that eloquence that roused Greece, set on foot armies, shook the throne of Philip, and agitated the people to such a degree as to render them impatient to undertake the most arduous enterprises in defence of their country, and the destruction of tyranny? Such was the eloquence of Demosthenes.

OF THE GRECIAN DRAMATICK WRITERS.

Much about the above period flourished Sophocles and Euripides, these most exquisite tragedians, and glories of the Athenian stage.

Poetry now enjoyed her greatest triumph, when, to the most charming flowers of eloquence, she could join the wreath of virtue, and the palm of philosophy. Happy had this conjunction reformed the Athenian manners, as it delighted their fancy and wrought on their passions. But neither the sublimity of Sophocles, nor pathos of Euripides, produced this effect.

Eschylus, the father of Greek tragedy, was somewhat older than these; but still their cotemporary. He was the first who brought the drama from the Thespian cart to the stage. His character is sublimity and vehemence joined to rudeness and obscurity; which last throw a veil over his merit, and render him but little known. His two successours already mentioned, improved upon him considerably.

Euripides, as being the disciple of Socrates, is perhaps the most didactic and moral of all tragick authours, if we except Shakspeare. He is more pathetic than Sophocles, though not so sublime or descriptive. His diction, however, is sufficiently dignified and elegant; and his versification is possessed of the greatest ease, sweetness, and variety.

Besides the elegance, and pathos, so peculiar and delightful in these poets, one can never enough admire that chastity and purity of morals that predominate every where in their drama. Love, the hinge upon which modern tragedy seems to turn, is hardly noticed. The truth of history and nature is not violated to make room for a romantick passion that intoxicates the brain; and, if it does not corrupt, at best but amuses, without improving the heart.

As for Aristophanes, their cotemporary, and the father of the ancient comedy, notwithstanding his attick salt and elegance; he has too much of a rude buffoonery, and that too exerted against the most worthy characters, such as Socrates and Euripides, that cannot but disgust a well-formed taste, accustomed to the chaster strains of his two dramattick brethren.

Upon a comparison of these poets with the moderns, we must allow their plots are more simple and uniform; their characters in general more natural; their action and fable more important; and their language more harmonious and elegant. Their chorus, in particular, exhibits such a show of picturesque beauties as can hardly be paralleled in our times; besides its being in other respects, a suitable and agreeable accompaniment of the drama. However, it may be proper here to observe, that Milton has most happily imitated those choruses in his *Comus* and *Sampson Agonistes*; which display beauties of this kind not unworthy of the ancients.

On the other hand, the modern plays, from the strong mixture of love in them, are frequently more soft and tender than the ancient; but this tenderness too often degenerates into insipidity. Shakspeare alone, with little exception, has managed this passion with a true taste; no rant, no raving, no unnatural wildness; all the passions in him are touched with the hand of a master; and love, which appears among the rest, (accidentally introduced, not obtruded) speaks its own native language; the language of the utmost delicacy and tenderness.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE GREEK WRITERS.

We have now carried the Greek writers to the age of Alexander the Great, when their language arrived at its greatest refinement.

What particularly distinguishes them is, first, a certain delicacy joined with sweetness, peculiar to themselves: secondly, a certain chastised elegance approaching to dryness.

Examples of the first kind are, Herodotus, Xenophon, Theocritus, Anacreon.

Of the second are : Pindar,* Thucydides, Demosthenes, Aristotle, Theophrastus.

The more raised and elevated writers are Homer, Plato, Lucian, Sophocles, Eschylus, Euripides.

Upon the whole, the compositions of the Greeks, like their architecture, boast those simple and sublime beauties that are the picture of nature and truth only ; nothing is exaggerated or distorted ; all is delicacy, grace, and sweet simplicity. What an idea do they give of the virtue and purity of a people that in their best times had never their equals ; and still in their works shine to succeeding ages unrivalled patterns of beauty, simplicity, and unaffected greatness?

QUINTILIAN.

If any thing could give additional value to the writings of Quintilian, it is the epoch in which they were composed.

Marcus Fabius Quintilianus, was a Spaniard, born during the reign of the emperour Claudius, in the first christian century, and appointed by the government of Rome a publick teacher of rhetorick : he was also a barrister of great eminence ; and after the laborious exercise of his two-fold office for twenty years, he gave lasting celebrity to retirement by the composition of an immortal work.

All his promised visions of happiness were, however, quickly dissipated by the loss of his wife and two sons ; and he died in the year ninety-five, dejected in spirit, and poor in circumstances.

For fifty years the world were not in possession of his institutes, which were discovered by a monk of Florence in the tower of a monastery.

Quintilian is as praise-worthy for his resolution, as he is respectable for his talents. In a degenerate age he conceived the bold project of reviving sound eloquence, and of restoring it to its ancient rights.

He did this first by his example ; for his pleadings, which are unfortunately lost, are said to have been the only ones that recalled the age of Augustus. He saw the pure eloquence of Cicero and Hortensius, although

for a while sustained by Messala and Pollio, soon precipitated to its fall by a crowd of rhetoricians who every where opened schools for the art which they had disgraced. He became the restorer of learning ; and received the consular fasces from the emperour Domitian, as a reward for the instruction which he had given to his nephews.

His institutes were written when he was sixty years of age ; and though antiquity has transmitted his name to us with unbounded praise, and Martial calls him the glory of the Roman toga, still his invaluable work on the subject of oratory contains his most splendid eulogium.

It is divided into twelve books ; and comprehends not only a perfect system for the contemplation of the orators, but an able criticism on the works of the Greek and Roman classicks. The general purport of the two first books, are precepts worthy the attention both of parents and of tutors. He shows the advantages of early application to study, and the preference of publick to private education, on the ground, that it better qualifies youth to live in society, for which they were destined. A lecture may be of more avail when given to an individual ; but the form of publick schools, and the habit of publick and similar exercises, in his opinion excite genius by the spur of emulation. The sensations are more lively when they are not solitary, and learning in publick schools is diffused by contagion.

Quintilian conducts the young scholar through the instruction of his early years, to the study of eloquence ; and in addition to languages and grammar, he recommends musick and geometry, as the one forms the ear and gives him the sentiment of harmony, and the other accustoms him to accuracy and method. He requires from him who prepares himself for eloquence, what Cicero recommends in his treatise "On a perfect Orator." The peroration of his first book is a noble instance of the enthusiasm of an accomplished scholar. Youth are so susceptible of false taste, that he exhorts them to adhere to the perusal of

* It is said that Thucydides formed himself upon the concise manner of Pindar.

the best authours; recommends Livy in preference to Sallust, but places Cicero before all others.

When he enters upon the subject of eloquence, he discusses all the frivolous questions which were then in vogue, and which are very uninteresting to us. He denies what we consider as a truth, that eloquence is the art of persuasion; and asserts what we probably may deny, that the name of orator does not belong to him, who is not at the same time eloquent and virtuous. With respect to the first question he says, the definition is incorrect, since eloquence is not the only thing that persuades, for that beauty, and tears, and mute supplications, persuade also. When Antony the orator, pleading for Aquilius, suddenly tears off the habit of the accused and exhibits the wounds he had received in fighting for his country; the Roman people cannot resist the spectacle, but absolve the criminal. The answer seems easy and obvious; the Roman people were not persuaded, they were moved: and to speak correctly, beauty charms, tears soften, but eloquence persuades.

With respect to his second objection, the instance of Cæsar may refute it. Cæsar, in the opinion of Cicero, was a very great orator, but he certainly would not have allowed him to be a virtuous character.

All the world will agree with Quintilian when he exalts the art of speaking, and shows the preeminence which it gives to man above all other animals; and a more attentive perusal of the writings of Cicero and Quintilian on the subject might probably tend to supply the great desideratum in an English education.

The art of eloquence, like other arts, is the effect of habit; and in so enlightened an age and country, it seems strange that an accomplished orator should still be regarded as a phenomenon. When ever it shall become a fashionable part of the education of youth to learn to convey their ideas with as much care as they have acquired them, the wise senator and the able speaker will more fre-

quently be found in the same person; and no long exercise is required to evince the assertion of Horace, "that if the subject be well understood, words will spontaneously present themselves."

Quintilian, like Aristotle, mentions three kinds of oratorical composition, the demonstrative, the deliberative, and the judicial.

Funeral orations are of the first kind; amongst the ancients, these were delivered by the relations of the deceased.

Julius Cæsar, in pronouncing an eulogy on his aunt Julia, deduced their mutual origin from the goddess Venus on the one side, and from Ancus Martius, the fourth king of Rome, on the other. Thus, said he, you will find in my family the sanctity of kings, who are the masters of men; and the majesty of the gods, who are the masters of kings.

Marcellus had been one of the greatest enemies of Cæsar. Since the battle of Pharsalia he had retired to Mitylene, where he cultivated in peace that literature which he passionately loved. In an assembly of the people, his brother Caius threw himself at the feet of the dictator to obtain his return. Cæsar desired that the suffrages of the senators should be taken individually. He wished to hear Cicero on a question which might exhibit the sensibility of his friendship, and he was not deceived.

In place of a simple form of compliment, Cicero addresses to the dictator the most noble, the most pathetic, and at the same time the most patriotick speech, that gratitude, friendship, and virtue could dictate to an elevated soul. It is impossible to read it without admiration and emotion.

Blame is the predominant feature of another species of demonstrative eloquence, of which the first oration against Catiline, furnishes a specimen.

The deliberative eloquence is found in the writings of the historians, in the Philippicks of Demosthenes, and

in the orations of Cicero for the Manilian, and against the Agrarian law.

It may not be inopportune to observe that these Agrarian laws never were intended to attach upon private property, but only to divide certain conquered lands amongst a number of the poorer citizens. It was never a question, whether all the lands of the state should be equally divided amongst them, until the barbarians of the north enslaved all the polished countries of Europe. The most celebrated banditti of Rome, even the cut-throats of Catiline did not conceive this plan. When the tribune Rullus endeavoured to revive a law which was the stalking-horse of ambitious citizens, Cicero invited him to contest the point with him in publick, and nothing more was heard of that bugbear with which the tribunes had always been accustomed to terrify the senate.

The judicial kind of eloquence comprehends all the affairs which are brought before courts of justice. The most remarkable of this species was the dispute between Æschines and Demosthenes; and the defence of the latter is considered as the highest of the judicial kind.

In the Areopagus, a court remarkable for its purity, a crier was charged to interrupt the pleader, who wandered from his subject to endeavour to move the pity of the judges. In other courts, it was permitted the orator to assist himself with all his weapons; and in this art, Quintilian is of opinion that Cicero surpasses the Grecian orator.

In theory it seems either absurd or improper to attempt to make an impression upon a judge, who either is, or ought to be, an impassible being. Demonstrative eloquence is, in the opinion of Quintilian, susceptible of all the ornaments of art. Deliberative eloquence ought to be more severe and dignified; judicial eloquence, strong in proof and convincing in argument, free in expression, impetuous and impassioned, and lastly, powerful in exciting emotions in the judges. Of its five distinct parts, the

exordium is to render the judges favourable and attentive, the narration to explain the fact, the confirmation to establish it by evidence, the refutation to destroy the arguments of the adverse party, the peroration to resume the substance of the discourse, and to engrave on the minds of the judges the impressions which it is most necessary to give them.

In this part of an oration, sensible objects were found to have the greatest effect. We see a tremendous example of it when Antony placed before the eyes of the Roman people the bloody robe of Caesar. Quintilian mentions some instances in which the absurd exercise of this art entirely defeated its intention and its use. An advocate, pleading for a young woman whose husband had been assassinated, expected that a great effect would be produced if his portrait were exhibited to the judges at the peroration; but the persons to whom the office was entrusted, not knowing which was the peroration, every time the orator turned his head their way, failed not to hold out the portrait; which when the spectators beheld, they found that he whom the widow lamented so much was nothing but an old cripple. They immediately burst into laughter and thought no more of the pleader.

A certain person of the name of Glycon had brought a child into the court, with the hope that his tears and cries might soften his judges, and placed his tutor behind him to prompt him when he ought to begin. Glycon, full of confidence, addressed him at the critical period, and asked him why he wept? It is because my tutor pinches me! exclaimed the child. Thus ended all the hopes of the orator.

The business of a speaker is threefold, to instruct, to move, and to please. He instructs by reasoning, he moves by the pathetick, he pleases by elocution. In the latter are three predominant qualities, clearness, correctness, and ornament. Quintilian treats of the arrangement of words, of numbers, and harmony of periods. Every scholar, senator, and publick speaker,

will read him with pleasure and advantage; and although his object was to form his disciples for the Roman bar, and his work is more particularly applicable to their tribunals, yet it will open a wide field of instruction to every one who shall pursue the profession of the law in any age and in any country.

CLASSIFICATION OF CITIZENS.

(From *Burke's Maxims*.)

The legislators who framed the ancient republics knew that their business was too arduous to be accomplished with no better apparatus than the metaphysics of an under graduate, and the mathematics and arithmetics of an exciseman. They had to do with men, and they were obliged to study human nature. They had to do with citizens, and they were obliged to study the effects of those habits which are communicated by the circumstances of civil life. They were sensible that the operation of this second nature on the first produced a new combination; and thence arose many diversities amongst men, according to their birth, their education, their professions, the periods of their lives, their residence in towns or in the country, their several ways of acquiring and of fixing property, and according to the quality of the property itself, all which rendered them as it were so many different species of animals. Hence they thought themselves obliged to dispose their citizens into such classes, and to place them in such situations in the state as their peculiar habits might qualify them to fill, and to allot to them such appropriated privileges as might secure to them what their specific occasions required, and which might furnish to each description such force as might protect it in the conflict caused by the diversity of interests, that must exist, and must contend, in all complex society: for the legislator would have been ashamed, that the coarse husbandman should well know how to assort and to use his sheep, horses, and oxen, and should have enough of common sense not to

abstract and equalize them all into animals, without providing for each kind an appropriate food, care, and employment; whilst he, the economist, disposer, and shepherd of his own kindred, subliming himself into an airy metaphysician, was resolved to know nothing of his flocks but as men in general. It is for this reason that Montesquieu observed very justly, that in their classification of the citizens, the great legislators of antiquity made the greatest display of their powers, and even soared above themselves. It is here that your modern legislators have gone deep into the negative series, and sunk even below their own nothing. As the first sort of legislators attended to the different kinds of citizens, and combined them into one commonwealth, the others, the metaphysical and alchemical legislators, have taken the direct contrary course. They have attempted to confound all sorts of citizens, as well as they could, into one homogeneous mass; and then they divide this amalgama into a number of incoherent republics. They reduce men to loose counters, merely for the sake of simple telling, and not to figures whose power is to arise from their place in the table. The elements of their own metaphysics might have taught them better lessons. The troll of their categorical table might have informed them that there was something else in the intellectual world besides *substance* and *quantity*. They might learn from the catechism of metaphysics that there were eight heads more,* in every complex deliberation, which they have never thought of, though these, of all the ten, are the subject on which the skill of man can operate any thing at all. So far from this able disposition of some of the old republican legislators, which follows with a solicitous accuracy the moral conditions and propensities of men, they have levelled and crushed together all the orders which they found, even under the coarse unartificial arrangement of the monarchy, in

* Qualitas, Relatio, Actio, Passio, Ubi, Quando, Situs, Habitus.

which mode of government the classing of the citizens is not of so much importance as in a republick. It is true, however, that every such classification, if properly ordered, is good in all forms of government; and composes a strong barrier against the excesses of despotism, as well as it is the necessary means of giving effect and permanence to a republick. For want of something of this kind, if the present project of a republick should fail, all securities to a moderated freedom fail along with it; all the indirect restraints which mitigate despotism are removed; insomuch that if monarchy should ever again obtain an entire ascendancy in France, under this or under any other dynasty, it will probably be, if not voluntarily tempered at setting out, by the wise and virtuous counsels of the prince, the most completely arbitrary power that has ever appeared on earth. This is to play a most desperate game.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

SONG—BY DIBDIN.

If bold and brave thou can'st not bear
Thyself from all thou lov'st to tear,
If, while winds, war, and billows roll,
A spark of fear invades thy soul,
If thou'rt appall'd when cannons roar,
I pray thee, messmate, stay ashore:

There, like a lubber,
Whine and blubber,
Still for thy ease and safety busy,
Nor dare to come,
Where honest Tom,
And Ned, and Nick,
And Ben, and Phil,
And Jack, and Dick,
And Bob, and Bill,
All weathers sing, and drink the swizzy.

If should'st thou lose a limb in fight,
She who made up thy heart's delight,
Poor recompense that thou art kind,
Shall prove inconstant as the wind,

If such hard fortune thou'st deplore,
I pray thee, messmate, stay ashore:

There like a lubber, &c.

If pris'n'ner in a foreign land,
No friend, no money at command,
That man thou trusted hadst alone
All knowledge of thee should disown;
If this should vex thee to the core,
I pray thee, messmate, stay ashore.

There, like a lubber, &c.

In large bodies, the circulation of power must be less vigorous at the extremities. Nature has said it. The Turk cannot govern Egypt, and Arabia, and Curdistan, as he governs Thrace: nor has he the same dominion in Crimea and Algiers, which he has at Brusa and Smyrna. Despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose reign, that he may govern at all; and the whole of the force and vigour of his authority in his centre, is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his borders. Spain, in her provinces, is, perhaps, not so well obeyed, as you are in yours. She complies to; she submits; she watches times. This is the immutable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and detached empire.

The following old and humorous song was a great favourite of Burns. The two last stanzas have peculiar beauty, and the effect described in the last is acknowledged by many an honest fellow.

When I have a sixpence under my thumb,
Then I'll get credit in ilka town;
But ay when I'm poor they bid me gae by;
Oh, Poverty parts good company,
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
O cou'd na' my love come todlin hame.

Fair fa' the good wife and send her good sale,
She gives us white bannocks to drink her ale;
Syne that if her tuppenny chance to be sma',
We'll tak' a good scour o't and ca't away.
Todlin hame, todlin hame,
As round as a neap come todlin hame.

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
And two pint stoups at our bed's feet,
And ay when we waken'd we drank them dry;

What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I,
Todlin hame, and todlin hame,
Sae round as my love comes todlin hame.

Leeze me, on liquor, my todlin dou
Ye're ay sae good humour'd when wetting
your mou',

When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a flea,
That 'tis a blithe sight to the bairns and me
When todlin hame, todlin hame,
When round as a neap you come todlin hame.

Of all things, Wisdom is the most terrified with epidemical fanatacism, because of all enemies it is that against which she is the least able to furnish any kind of resource.

It is a great mistake, that the desire of securing property is universal among mankind. Gaming is a principle inherent in human nature. It belongs to us all.

When Southey, in a mood of political discontent wrote the following ingenious lines, there was no room for querulousness. The British Constitution to which he alludes was neither rotten nor decayed. It was more vigorous than ever. Although therefore the application to England cannot be made, yet he who in America adverts to what we once were, to what we might be, and to what we are, will soon see that the oak of our national strength and dignity is rotten to the very core.

THE OAK OF OUR FATHERS.

Alas for the oak of our fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

It grew and it flourish'd for many an age,
And many a tempest wreak'd on it its rage,
But when its strong branches were bent with
the blast,
It struck its roots deeper and flourish'd more
fast.

Its head tower'd high, and its branches
spread round,
For its roots were struck deep, and its heart
it was sound,
The bees o'er its honey-dew'd foliage play'd,
And the beasts of the forest fed under its
shade.

The oak of our fathers to Freedom was dear,
Its leaves were her crown, and its wood was
her spear:

Alas! for the oak of our fathers, that stood
In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

There crept up an ivy, and clung round the
trunk,
It struck deep in its mouth, and its juices it
drunk;

The branches grew sickly, depriv'd of their
food,
And the oak was no longer the pride of the
wood.

The foresters saw, and they gather'd around,
Its roots still were fast, and its heart still
was sound;

They lopt off the boughs that so beautiful
spread,
But the ivy they spar'd on its vitals that fed.

No longer the bees o'er its honey-dews play'd
Nor the beasts of the forest fed under its
shade;

Lopt and mangled the trunk in its ruin is
seen,

A monument now what its beauty has been.

The oak has received its incurable wound,
They have loosen'd the roots, though the
heart may be sound;

What the travellers at a distance green
flourishing see,

Are the leaves of the ivy that poison'd the
tree.

Alas! for the oak of our FATHERS, that
stood

In its beauty, the glory and pride of the wood!

EDMUND BURKE, speaking, on a certain occasion, of his own temper, has so exactly described the spirit of a virtuous adventurer, that we cannot refrain from copying the paragraph.

"*Nitor in adversum*" is the motto for a man like me. I possessed not one of the qualities nor cultivated one of the arts that recommend men to favour and protection. I was not *made* for a minion or a tool. As little did I follow the trade of winning the hearts, by imposing on the understandings of the people. At every step of my progress in life (for in every step I was traversed and opposed) and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to *show my passport*, and again and again to *prove my title to the honour of being useful to my country*. I have no arts, but *manly* arts. On them I have stood, and please God, to the last gasp will I stand.

It is laughable to find old Rétif de la Bretonne emulating the naïveté of Florian. There is as much difference between them as between a Satyr and a Grace.

Kotsebue, in his last Tour to Paris, mentions having met this old liquorish goat in a polite coterie; pour le coup, he ought to have said *il était amène la par la chaussure provoquant d'Amable*. (Vide Rétif's *Nouvelles Contemporaines*.) For the honour of the fair Parisians I hope Rétif's Adelaïde Martin, and Amable Gauthier are stories not founded on modern manners, but the offspring of a prurient brain.

IMPROMPTU,

After a visit to Mrs. —, of Montreal,

'Twas but for a moment—and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an
hour;

Her eye had a glow like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into
flower.

Oh! could we have stol'n but one rapturous
day

To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look, and imagine, and
say

Would be worth all the life we had wasted
till then!

What we had not the leisure or language to
speak

We should find some more exquisite mode
of revealing,

And between us, should feel just as much in
a week

As others would take a millenium in feel-
ing!

Gibbon, somewhere, talks in the following
style, which, doubtless, will be considered
as an abomination by every whig.

I was returned at the general elec-
tion for the borough of Leskeard. I
took my seat at *the beginning of the*
memorable contest between Great Bri-
tain and America, and supported with
many a sincere and silent vote, the
rights, though not perhaps the *interest*
of the mother country.

When I lov'd you I can't but allow
I had many an exquisite minute;
But the scorn that I feel for you now
Hath even more luxury in it.

Thus, whether we're on or we're off,
Some witchery seems to await you;
To love you is pleasant enough,
And oh! 'tis delicious to hate you.

From the Repertory.

COLIN AND ECHO.

Where lofty beeches form a shade,
Close by a river's side,
Young Colin sung of Adelaide,
And Echo thus replied:

Colin—O charming little Adelaide,
Indeed I love thee well;

Echo—well!

Colin—And many a tale my charming maid,
Of early love could tell.

Echo—tell.

Colin—But tho' my bosom fondly swell,
The tale I dare not try;

Echo—try.

Colin—And Echo too my heart will tell
Where now enchain'd you lie.

Echo—you lie.

Colin—But why should Colin linger here,
And mutual love forego?

Echo—go!

Colin—Yet would she not? ah! much I fear
The maid would answer no.

Echo—no.

Colin—And what should I, poor simple boy
Thus cover'd with chagrin?

Echo—grin.

Colin—O what if she, ah hopeless joy!
Should ask her Colin in?

Echo—in in!

Colin—O let me haste to Adelaide
And all her frowns defy.

Echo—fy!

Colin—And who for such a lovely maid
Would e'er refuse to die?

Echo—I.

Goldsmith has finely described the delights
of a *summer* evening in the country. One of
our own writers has, in the Monthly Antho-
logy, painted the brightness of his *winter* fire,
and we commend the artist for his ingenuity.

I like to sit in my study in a winter
evening, when the wind blows clear,
and the fire burns bright. If I am
alone, I sometimes love to muse loose-
ly on a thousand flits of the imagina-
tion; to remark the gentle agitations
of the flame; to eye the mouse, that
listens at his knot hole, and then runs
quick across the hearth; or dwell long
on the singing of the wood, when the
heat drives out the sap. I believe that
such reverie softens the heart, while it
relaxes the body, for thus the senses
are gratified in miniature. In the
first I have the *softest colours*, and the
sweetest and most various undulations,
and in the gentle musick of the green
stick there is melody for fairies. No
sense is particularly excited by my
grey, silk-footed, and crumb-nibbling
animal, but perhaps he might teach
me a lesson of prudence, not to set
out on a journey, till I have inquired
the dangers and difficulties of the way.
While I am in this state of lonely
musing, I sometimes lapse unknow-
ingly into grief; for *my guardians are*
dead, and *my friends are far from me*,
my years are hastening away, "and
evening with its hollow blast murmurs
of pleasures never to return." But

this state I do not like to indulge, for sorrow grows by musing: I therefore rouse myself from fears that dishearten, to studies that strengthen or exhilarate me; and when I have lighted a cigar, and put on more wood, I track Park to the banks of the Niger, or I mount the walls of Rome with "Bourbon and revenge," and close the evening with an act from Shakspeare, the best of poets and the wisest of writers.

SONG—BY DIBDIN.

A voyage at sea and all its strife,
Its pleasure and its pain,
At every point resembles life:
Hard work for little gain.
The anchor's weigh'd, smooth is the flood,
Serene seems every form,
But soon alas! comes on the scud,
That speaks the threatening storm.
The towering masts in splinters shivering,
The useless sails in tatters quivering,
Thunder rolling, lightning flashing,
Waves in horrid tumult dashing,
Foam along the dreary shore.
Still while tars sit round so jolly
The sprightly flute calls care a folly;
Aloft, afloat, aground,
Let but the smiling grog go round,
And storms are heard no more.

The voyage through life is various found,
The wind is seldom fair,
Though to the Straits of Pleasure bound
Too oft we touch at Care;
Impervious dangers we explore,
False friends, some faithless she;
Pirates and sharks are found ashore
As often as at sea.

A lowering storm, from envy brewing;
Shall at a distance menace ruin,
While Slander, Malice, and Detraction
A host of fiends shall bring in action,
And plant Care's thorns at every pore.
Yet round to sweet domestick duty
Some manly imp or infant beauty
Clings round his neck, or climbs his knees,
Each thorn's pluck'd out, pain's turn'd to ease,
And storms are heard no more.

The ship towers gaily on the main,
To fight its country's cause,
And bids the obedient world maintain
Its honours and its laws;
Nor from surrounding danger shrinks
Till sacrificed to fame;
Death dealing round, she nobly sinks
Only to live in name.
And so the man: his ample measure
Fill'd with alternate pain and pleasure,
Till long in age and honour living,
Life's strength worn out, a lesson giving

To those he leaves his well-got store.
Mild Hope and Resignation greeting,
The playful soul in inches fleeting
Makes onward to its native skies,
While gasping Nature pants and dies,
And storms are heard no more.

No species of architecture is better calculated for the dwelling of *heavenly pensive contemplation* than the Gothick; it has a powerful tendency to fill the mind with sublime, solemn, and religious sentiments; the antiquity of the Gothick churches contribute to increase that veneration which their form and size inspire. We naturally feel a respect for a fabrick into which we know that our forefathers have entered with reverence, and which has stood the assault of many centuries, and of a thousand storms.

TO THE MEMORY OF ADMIRAL NELSON.

Written in America.

To thy great soul all danger was the same,
The path of death was but the path to fame.
How near by deeds are mighty souls allied!
Thus Wolfe, and thus the god-like Theban died.

No vulgar death concludes a life so great,
The common actor meets a common fate:
A slow disease consumes his active fire;
Safe on the couch let such a soul expire:
But noble deeds should meet a noble doom,
And in the trophy find a glorious tomb;
A tomb that draws from ev'ry eye the tear,
A hero's tomb to all mankind is dear.
Fame crowns the valiant Nelson as he dies,
And makes the scene immortal where he lies.

I once thought that a man of much vivacity was not capable of entering into the details of business: I now see, that he, who is certainly a man of wit, can continue methodically the necessary routine of business, with the patience and perseverance of the greatest dunce that ever drudged in a counting house.

THE THREE SIGHS,

OR, SORROW, HOPE, AND BLISS.

Near yonder cliff there stands a cöt,
Long favour'd by the foaming tide;
When Edward left the much-lov'd spot,
With parting kiss fair Anna sigh'd—
"With Edward's presence bless'd today,
"But sad will be tomorrow:
"Adieu! adieu!" she scarce could say,
And heav'd the sigh of Sorrow.

Some months had pass'd in silent grief,
 When Reason's voice resum'd its sway;
 She knew complaint ne'er gave relief,
 So grew resign'd from day to day.
 Oft from the cliff she'd plaintive cry,
 "He may return tomorrow;"
 While thus she sang, Hope's rising sigh
 Reliev'd the sigh of Sorrow.

And now the vessel homeward steer'd,
 She saw the well-known token wave—
 (The faithful sight her bosom cheer'd)
 The token she at parting gave.
 Fond Edward cried, with ardent kiss—
 "Thou shalt be mine tomorrow!"
 While thus he spake, the sigh of Bliss
 Dispell'd the sigh of Sorrow.

Whom do the *jacobins* mean by the
 word *people*? That desperate crowd,
 studious of novelty, which a dema-
 gogue can rake from any kennel in
 any city? What honest man in the
 community but wishes that such crea-
 tures should be coerced to decency
 by the *whip* of the beadle. Grave
 authority, watching the ark of govern-
 ment, should hold no other language
 than *Dryden's*:

Nor shall the RASCAL RABBLE here have
 place,
 Whom men no TITLES gave, and God no
 grace.

SONG.

Lov'd friend of my youth! Why dwell you
 no more

Mid the scenes of affection so dear?
 Why still dost thou wander from home far
 away,

Why linger with strangers so many a day,
 Tho' the dark storm that shaded thy pros-
 pect is o'er,

Tho' fled is pale Misery's tear?

O say, is the form thou so fondly didst love,
 Eras'd from thy still valu'd heart?

Do the warm glowing feelings thou cherish'd
 awhile,

No longer the tear of remembrance beguile?
 O say, do the visions that happiness wove
 No longer their magick impart?

Ah! yet ere the gay tints of beauty are fled
 Ere the rose of delight blooms no more,
 Come wand'r'er belov'd! to Emma, O come,
 The tribute of rapture shall welcome thee
 home;

And the chaplet of bliss that once circled
 thy head,
 Affection's warm breath shall restore.

A linkboy asked Dr. Burgess the
 preacher, if he would have a light.

"No child," says the doctor, "I am
 one of the lights of the world." "I
 wish then," replied the boy, "you
 were hung up at the end our alley, for
 it is a devilish dark one."

Lines addressed to a Lady who had remarked that
 her heart was often sad when she seemed gay, and
 that she frequently retired to indulge her tears when
 the festive circle had withdrawn.

And canst thou act so false a part,
 As feign a joy thou dost not feel?
 And canst thou a dejected heart
 Beneath imposing smiles conceal?

Or rather—why should secret grief
 That gentlest bosom thus annoy?
 Why thus impel to seek relief
 From tears that stain the cheek of joy?

But I may not the cause inquire:
 The heart alone its sorrow knows,
 And oft delighteth to retire,
 By all unseen to weep its woes.

And sure the tear that dims thine eye,
 The sigh that heaves thy tender heart,
 Are dearer far than all the joy
 That mirth and jollity impart.

In a new work of uncommon excellence, one of the
 Royal Academicians, a man of various genius, at once
 a painter and a poet, thus poignantly expresses his
 contempt for the coxcombs of modern philosophy.

Ungrac'd, ungracious, dull, demure and vain,
 A cavilling, cold, pert, disputatious train;
 The nation's obloquy, the time's offence,
 Infest philosophy and torture sense;
 Pervert all truth, proscribe each finer art,
 Fire the weak head, and freeze the feeling
 heart;

Adrift in Passion's tempest turn the mind,
 And cut the moral cables of mankind;
 In patchwork of exploded follies wrought,
 Close quilted in good housewifery of thought,
 Their heads with straws from Rousseau's
 stubble crown'd,

Our metaphysick madmen rave around,
 With Kings and Priests they wage eternal
 war,

And laws and life's strait waiscoat they
 abhor,

As crafty means to check the mind's career,
 And put inspir'd philosophers in fear;
 To cramp the energies of soul and sense,
 And constitute enjoyment an offence.
 What food for ridicule! what room for
 wrath!

When Study works up Folly to a froth!
 When Dullness bubbling o'er Ambition's fire,
 In cloud and smoke and vapour will aspire;
 Through each foul funnel of the press will
 rise,
 And fill with fog the intellectual skies.

So many ridiculous things occur every day in the world, that men who are endowed with that degree of sensibility which usually accompanies genius, find it very difficult to maintain a continued gravity. This difficulty is abundantly felt in the grave and learned professions of law, physick and divinity; and the individuals who have been most successful in surmounting it, and who never deviate from the solemnity of established forms, have not been always the most distinguished for real knowledge or genius; though generally they are most admired by the multitude, who are very apt to mistake that gravity for wisdom, which proceeds from a literal weight of brain, and muddiness of understanding. Mistakes of the same kind are frequently made in forming a judgment of books, as well as men. Those which profess a formal design to instruct and reform, and carry on the work methodically, till the reader is lulled into repose, have passed for deep and useful performances: while others, replete with original observations and real instruction, have been treated as frivolous, because they are written in a familiar style, and the precepts conveyed in a sprightly and indirect manner.

MUSICK,

(By William Strode, who died in 1644.

When whispering streams do softly steal
With creeping passion thro' the heart;
And when at every touch we feel
Our pulses beat and bear a part;
When threads can make
A heart-string quake,
Philosophy
Can scarce deny
The soul can melt in harmony.

O lull me, lull me! charming air,
My sense is rock'd with wonders sweet;
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,
Soft like a spirit's are thy feet;
Grief who need fear
That hath an ear?
Down let him lie,
And slumbering die,
And change his soul for harmony.

The grand scale on which the beauties of nature appear in Switzerland and the Alps, has been considered by

some as too vast for the pencil; but among the sweet hills and vallies of Italy, her features are brought nearer the eye, are fully seen and understood, and appear in all the bloom of rural loveliness. Tivoli, Albano, and Frascati, therefore, are the favourite abodes of the landscape painters who travel to this country for improvement; in the opinion of some, these delightful villages furnish studies better suited to the powers of their art, than even Switzerland itself. Nothing can surpass the admirable assemblage of hills, meadows, lakes, cascades, gardens, ruins, groves, and terraces, which charm the eye as you wander among the shades of Frascati and Albano, which appear in new beauty as they are viewed from different points, and captivate the beholder with endless variety.

TO JANE ON HER BIRTHDAY.

Come, Queen of the Fairies, so rosy and gay,
We must crown you with flowers as the
daughter of May,
And pluck from these groups that enamel
the earth,
A garland to honour the day of your birth.

First the Cowslip so sweet, with her bright
yellow bells,
And the Violet, whose fragrance all other
excels,
And the blue Perywinkle just under the wall,
And the Hyacinth that rises so stately and
tall.

We'll forget not the Primrose so modest and
shy,
Nor her neighbour the Daisy that blushes
hard by;
Nor the powder'd Auricula gracefully bold,
With his cousin the Polyanth' crested with
gold.

From the Almond's pink blossom we'll bor-
row a spray,
And the rich scented Wallflower a tribute
must pay,
The Jonquil and Pansy their beauties unite,
And the sweet humble Lily be drawn to the
light.

With a garland so' beauteous, such bright
auburn hair,
What form with my Darling's can fancy
compare?
Yet a garland more beauteous her breast
may adorn,
Than courts the soft dew drops of May's
lucid morn.

If mild and good humour'd, obliging and kind,
 The fruits of the heart aid the blossoms of mind;
 If Duty and Love join with Spirit and Ease,
 They form the dear chaplet that always will please.
 Wear these in your bosom, my sweet little Jane,
 And the flowers that we prize will unfaded remain;
 Tho' beauty may vanish and fortune grow cold,
 Yet the garland of Virtue will never wax old.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

Still thought recalls those hours of bliss
 That swiftly in her presence flew;
 Again imprints the parting kiss,
 When scarcely we could say adieu.
 Still fondly treasures ev'ry word
 That flow'd persuasive from her tongue,
 Each vow that I with rapture heard,
 Each wish that in our bosoms sprung.

For The Port Folio.

SONG,

Translated from the Gaelick.

1.

Health and joy to the charmer I saw yesternight,
 Thy merits surpass Albion's beauties so bright,
 Innum'able gifts on thee Nature bestows
 Which rang'd by thy wisdom fresh graces disclose.

2.

For certainly Nature to thee hath been kind
 Whom she makes beauty's queen with no follies to blind;
 No pride, no conceit, not a fault we behold,
 Among females you stand like a diamond in gold.

3.

One third of thy beauties no words can express,
 Thy white heaving bosom, thy shape, air, and face;
 Thy colour so lovely, tap'ring fingers so fair
 Adapted to fancy-works tasteful and rare.

4.

While one Briton lives thy dear mem'ry remains,
 O, fairest of damsels! high blood fills thy veins;
 How sweet is thy breath, and what fire in thy glance,
 How graceful to musick thou mov'st in the dance.

5.

Thy teeth like the chalk-moisten'd coral surrounds
 Whence a voice more harmonious than organs resounds.
 Unless there should lurk imperfections unseen
 Thy symmetry equals bright Venus the queen.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The pedantry of the following rhapsody will, perhaps, find an excuse in the reading it displays. And I am sure that an attempt to extract amusement from a very irksome task, if it do not meet the general taste, will please those of your readers, who are employed in the education of youth.

THE DAY—PART I.

At seven just I lift my head,
 What, says Hurry, still in bed!
 You might have ta'en a morning walk,
 But, hark! the children how they talk.
 You'll hinder breakfast, quickly rise,
 A sluggard never gain'd a prize.
 Thus sharply rous'd, my vest I snatch,
 But stopping, turn to look my watch;
 What, only seven! Sloth exclaims,
 And rising too, my master dreams;
 As little ease to any falls,
 Why make it less ere business calls;
 Or longer from yourself conceal,
 That lounging 's better than a meal;
 Consider, sir, it 's hardly light,
 And pleasanter to sit at night:
 Besides you have three quarters good;
 It 's cold, and bears* dislike the wood.
 Up late, and rising early too
 Is more than mortal man can do.
 I'm sorry more I can't relate,
 For John† broke up the strange debate:
 "Sir, breakfast waits," on Sloth I frown,
 And bawl, I'm just a coming down.
 Good morning, sir, your eyes are red,
 Perhaps with laying long in bed,
 Or rather sitting up at night,
 Sir, one or t'other 's surely right.
 We drink our tea and munch our toast,
 As silent as the Samian host;
 And breakfast ends without a joke,
 For where's the wit where nothing 's spoke.
 I slowly move along to school,
 To exercise an irksome rule;
 Behold me come to Wilson's door,
 This morning 's cold! your lips are sore,
 Bit by the frost, I look for rain,
 Sit down, sir—No, I can't remain,
 Your servant, sir, it 's just my hour,
 Ha!—here 's a boat, some tidings sure.
 For longer stay I lack pretence,
 And therefore march to scatter sense.
 The school assembl'd, Dick proceeds,
 And from the British story reads

* Several bears had been seen in the road.

† The servant boy.

How Rosamond, that beauteous maid,
Was, for pure love, to death betray'd;
How stern Dunstan hating evil,
With pincers hot torments the devil,
Old Nick, as all the monks depose,
Roar'd loud while Dunstan burnt his nose,
And swore it prick'd him to the quick,
To lose his nose by such a trick.
Robert comes—this word? what gabble,
Silence! bless me! what a rabble;
This * sentence, sir, I can't explain,
Why Cæsar argues might and main,
That souls are mortal—death a sleep,
Where man shall neither sing nor weep.
Sir, sense for Libra can't be found;
Tut, man! it means a Roman pound,
There Nepos† gives the Roman praise,
But flattery always must debase;
This Atticus was each man's friend,
If gifts to friendship can pretend,
The vile, ambitious, and the proud,
The learn'd, wretch'd and the good,
Intreated humbly for his aid,
And always had their wants allay'd;
Time never blasts his cautious aim,
And truth confirms the dastard name.

Sir, Terence‡ paints a droll disease,
Which, trust me, doctors can't appease,
Phadria in a passion swore
His mistress' face to see no more,
Till two whole days were come and spent,
And out of town he quickly went;
These days to kill, apart from harm,
In dulness at his country farm;
But all in vain—he pass'd his house,
Nor knew it more than Madam Goose,
And looking round for sweet repose,
Back straightway to his mistress goes.

I'll thank you, master, to explain
What Ovid's|| florid lines contain,
Bold Jason begs his cunning wife,
To renovate his father's life;
His wife, submissive, gladly goes
Nine days and nights without repose,
To gather herbs through hill and dale,
Invoke the gods, and chant her spell.
Returning thence she fills a pot,
With vervain, hellebore, and soot;
With plants cut up by Luna's light,
Owls' bills and wings, a sorry sight,
The scales and entrails of a snake,
And eke the gizzard of a rake,
The liver of a stag she takes,
Because his life seven ages makes,
And also adds his head and chin,
With poppy juice to make it thin—

* Vide Cæsar's speech in Sallust.

† Vide Nepos' Life of Atticus and Plutarch.

‡ Vide Terence, Eunuch, Act 4, Scene 2.

|| Vide Ovid's Met. Book 7, Table 2.

She makes this curious mixture boil,
And stirs it till it's thick as oil:
Behold, she cuts old Eson's throat,
Whose senile blood 's too thin to cloat;
The blood expell'd, the juice she gives,
And notice, Eson's young and lives;
As fresh he looks as heretofore,
When twenty-three, tho' now fourscore.
Alas! we have no doctors nigh
To save us thus, so we must die.

There Horace,* in his usual way,
Instructs with tales like honest Gay;
A Roman had two sons, it seems,
For instance just like Dick and James;
To each he gives with prudent care,
Of his estate an equal share.
And feeling Death's relentless stroke,
Thus briefly to his children spoke:
My dearest Dick, when I survey'd
Your playthings broken and decay'd,
And given to the first you met,
Or lost or stolen without regret:
And you, dear James, with boding fear,
Hide yours in holes with anxious care,
I greatly fear'd that both your minds
Were ting'd with ills of diff'rent kinds,
Lest Dick should soon a spendthrift turn,
And James with love of money burn:
But hear a dying sire's advice,
It's short yet worth a wondrous price,
Your wealth 's enough, ne'er make it less,
Nor greater, nor for honour press,
Nor bribe a sycophant for praise,
Nor swell with pride at vulgar gaze,
And if your passions you must prove,
It's not a crime to fall in love.

Here Tacitus† vile wars relates,
And customs of barbarick states;
How ladies of true German blood,
To friends while fighting handed food;
Urg'd them to fight with might and main,
To die, or victory obtain;
Then, if their scars are all before,
They chant their praise from shore to shore;
But when base wounds deform their backs
They wish them stretched out on racks.

A truce—the writing 's now begun,
Be silent, what! already done?
Thus hold the pen, what shabby stuff,
Your paper 's spoil'd from rolling snuff.
Home now I run with eager speed,
Burnet's copious tracts to read;
But feeling soon my thoughts adrift,
I seek a little ease from Swift,
His wit my spirits soon recalls,
When, dinner sir, John loudly bawls:
I run with more than usual pace,
But not in time to hear the grace.

(To be continued.)

* Sat. 3, Book 2, line 169. † De moribus Germanorum.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 7, 1807.

[No. 10.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

If the Editor thinks the following effusion of fancy worthy of insertion it is at his disposal.

It was designed as a faint essay to express the inclination of the authour, and also the plan of education, according to his notion, most proper for the instruction of youth.

AURELIUS was a farmer of great respectability. The younger part of his life was spent in a populous city, where he not only acquired a knowledge of the world, but having access to a publick library he stored his mind with all kinds of information. His disposition inclining him to solitude and study, he relinquished a lucrative employment, and purchasing a small farm retired to give freedom to his inclination in philosophical inquiries. After spending some years in a state of celibacy he entered into a conjugal life with an amiable young woman, an orphan under the guardianship of a neighbouring farmer. In this state his happiness could only be increased by the blessing of offspring, in which he was speedily gratified, and before the fourth year of his wedlock found himself in possession of two charming boys, when heaven, as if desirous to satiate his felicity, granted him his wish, for his desire of having but few children was answered; Charles and Edward were his only offspring.

Blessed now with the fulness of happiness, he regaled himself in the bosom of felicity. His two sons grown to an age fit to receive instruction were taken under his own immediate tuition. Aware of the danger to which the morals of children are exposed, particularly at country schools, and how much the examples they there see militates with the endeavours of parents; he wisely sacrificed his own ease to the good of his boys, and undertook their education at the expense of his own liberty. The confinement and interference with business so generally adduced by parents to rid themselves of the trouble of educating their own children sunk into an atom, and the importance of

"Teaching the young ideas how to shoot,
"The wayward passions how to move,"

eclipsed and banished all other considerations from his regard.

Charles and Edward were now occasionally called from play, and taught the rudiments of language; and to encourage them Aurelius occasionally illustrated the numerous advantages and pleasure of knowledge; he likewise frequently offered a reward much more grateful to youthful minds: the privilege of riding, fishing, &c. By these means he wrought in them a fondness for learning, and hastened the progress of his pupils to the happy hour when their acquisition of

knowledge would enable them to join hands with him in promoting science. Having now advanced them to an ability to read and write, and to understand arithmetick, he put into their hands the elements of the mathematicks, thereby to frame their minds for just reasoning, and to give them a relish for truth. The boys enamoured with their new employment and animated with the clear certainty they perceived as they came to understand the propositions, bent with fresh vigour to their studies; and Aurelius had now the pleasure of seeing his pupils, though but lads, able to reason like men. Not satisfied with bare assertion, they demanded reasons, and this was the moment for their introduction into philosophy; convinced of this Aurelius considered the most proper part to commence. Natural philosophy he knew was very intricate, many of the causes of the phænomena of nature lay veiled in obscurity and altogether beyond the reach of their imperfect intellect. However, he at length concluded upon the physical part of natural science into which study the lads were ushered. Metaphysicks beside being more abstruse might, he apprehended, from their present state of intellect lead to infidelity or the renunciation of the important truth of divine revelation. He, therefore, prudently settled them to the simplest phænomena of nature, and as the most extensive and important part of natural knowledge depended upon chemistry, he first initiated them into that study: thence they were conducted to mechanicks, which completed what is termed experimental philosophy; and enabled them to understand the various operations and effects of nature. He was now gratified with seeing his boys acquainted with almost every part of physical knowledge, and taking disposition from his example they brought every thing practicable to the test of experiment.

Natural history was next imposed upon them, and finally he put into their hands the invaluable Essay on Human Understanding by J. Locke. Having now passed, through the in-

tended circle of knowledge, and arrived at an age suitable to acquire some occupation, Aurelius considered the most judicious manner for their introduction and exposure upon the theatre of the world; he knew vice was unbounded, no profession exempt from the imputation of it; and, therefore, concluded to give liberty to their inclination. When the two boys fixed upon agriculture, Aurelius, well satisfied with their choice, continued to instruct them, not only in theory, but imposing the practice upon them they became fully acquainted with both art and science, and by the will of their father settled on an adjoining tract of land where they lived and became respectable and highly useful men.

RUSTICUS.

For The Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The letter of your correspondent Theatricus purporting to be a sketch of the New-York performers is sometimes questionable in point of criticism and sometimes erroneous in point of fact.

The ages of Mr. Tyler and Mrs. Oldmixon are advanced a good five years a piece. Mrs. Villiers is said to be about thirty, and Mrs. Darley about twenty-six years of age. The truth is, that Mrs. Villiers is the youngest of three sisters, of whom Mrs. Wood of the Philadelphia Theatre is the eldest, and Mrs. Darley the second. Theatricus's criticism on Mrs. Villiers's acting gives a pretty faithful picture. She occasionally assumes (for so, I presume, your correspondent means to inform you) *both* the sock and the buskin. I sympathize with you in the pleasure with which you must have heard of the chastity of her chambermaids.

I differ very much with your correspondent on the merits of Messrs. Robinson, Martin, and Hogg. I believe Mr. Robinson to be modest, and this virtue is far from weighing little in my estimation; he may be intelligent, and he generally remembers his

part; but he has the most intolerable slowness of enunciation, and misplaced pathos, that it is possible for you to conceive. Upon offering his hand the other evening to a character with whom he was to make his exit, he made the following stately, affecting, and emphatic speech: "Give—me —YOUR—hand."

Mr. Martin I call remarkably insignificant. His manner of speaking is trivial, and his action inanimate. Theatrics gives you a wide circle of character, which Mr. Martin he tells you portrays with equal success. Perhaps I ought to leave this position as it stands; but I am tempted to say that I have once seen him perform an *Irishman* with rather more success than any thing else.

Mr. Martin has an unaccountable popularity in New-York; something like, give me leave to say, Mr. Fennel's in Philadelphia. I have never witnessed any extraordinary display of powers in this gentleman, and his forgetfulness of his part exceeds every thing that might hope for the indulgence of the house. I am assured however, from a quarter which leaves me no room to doubt the truth of the statement, that Mr. M. is *twenty* years younger than he is described to be in the letter of Theatrics.

So much for the minor particulars to be corrected or disputed; but what I and others have read with absolute amazement, is the account given you of Mr. Twaits. This gentleman is rather too fond of making a scaramouch of himself, to give entire satisfaction; but the faults laid to his charge by Theatrics, appear to me to have no existence. I have witnessed Mr. Twaits's performances a sufficient number of times to be able to declare, that Mr. Twaits *never offends against modesty*; nor do I think it creditable that he could at any time succeed in raising a laugh among the genteeler part of the audience, the boxes, of New-York, at the expense of modesty. The assertion is a little rash.

Theatrics tells you that Mr. Twaits's face is what the ladies call monstrous

ugly. I do not find that (at least all) the ladies of New-York are of this opinion; nor do I think that Theatrics, if he saw Mr. Twaits when he has taken less pains than usual to *beautify himself* (as in the first scene of *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*) would pronounce any such sentence. This expression, and others, occurring in your correspondent's letter, I suspect that he is in the habit of seeing the performers of New-York at a distance only, and that he has not seen them very often. As to Mr. Twaits's voice, it has always excited my admiration. It has an extraordinary compass and sweetness. It has an elegance which often forcibly (to my mind) contrasts itself with the inelegance of his character and the buffoonery of his action. I will add what it will give you satisfaction to hear, and what I repeat on good foundation, that, in private life, Mr. Twaits is entitled to more than common praise, whether as a man or as a student of his art. Though on the stage he is often no more than a *merry-andrew*, behind the scenes his judgment and genius are often resorted to in the most refined departments of the drama; and at home his hours are so spent as to render him eminently qualified for rendering this species of service. I have been much displeased with him in *Goldfinch*, whom he makes a stableboy; but, in his proper walk, he cannot but be an acquisition and an ornament to any theatre.

OBSERVATOR.

AUSONIUS.

Ausonius lived in the fourth century, and was preceptor to Gratian. By the interest of his royal pupil he was advanced to the consulship. In ancient times the poet and the statesman were frequently combined, but in modern ones the phenomenon would be very extraordinary.

No one excels Ausonius in imagination or invention, in strength of language or in keenness of wit. But his faults at least counterbalance his merit; for his fancy, which was inexhaustible, is never chastised by a sense

of propriety or decorum. His language is inelegant, and the inequality of his pieces is the consequence of negligence, an unpardonable fault in a writer. He who presumes to solicit publick attention, ought certainly to omit no means in his power to deserve it; and the useful qualities of diligence and accuracy, give respectability to moderate talents and atone for many defects in composition.

It should seem as if it had been impossible to corrupt the chastity of Virgil's muse; but the ill-placed industry of Ausonius has effected this unjustifiable purpose, and his *Cento Nuptialis* will be an eternal monument of his disgrace.

CLAUDIAN.

Towards the end of the fourth century, and in the reign of Honorius and Arcadius, Claudian wrote several poems, which are scarcely worthy the name of epick. His *Rape of Proserpine* stood highest in his own esteem, and the opinion of critics has confirmed the judgment which he formed of it. But genius not under the guidance of discretion, is ever found to be equally dangerous in writing and in conduct. His flights are often extravagant although beautiful, and his figures are too bold to be endured by the lovers of correct composition.

The purity of his language and the melody of his numbers, obtained him the praise of Scaliger. Of wit he has the happiest vein; and it is a subject both of surprise and concern, that as the latter part of his life was passed in retirement and literary ease, he did not employ it in correcting the inequalities of his work, and weighing them by that standard of taste of which, from his admiration of Virgil, he had formed no incompetent idea.

He would then perhaps have possessed much of the majesty of the Mantuan bard, and might have claimed the distinguished honour of exhibiting an exception to the corrupted style which deforms all the poetry, not only of his own age, but of the three centuries which preceded him.

Lives and Characters of eminent Greek Writers.

ANACREON:

A lyric poet, born at Teios, a city of Ionia, flourished about 432 years before the Christian era. Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, invited him to his court, and made him share with him in his business and pleasures. Pleasure he was fond of to excess; and his philosophy seems to have been entirely that of Epicurus, so that Polycrates could not have chosen a more accomplished master of revels.

His philosophy was to make the most of the present life, without reference to futurity. Notwithstanding his dissipation he lived to the age of 85; being choaked, we are told, by a grape-stone that stuck in his throat, as he was regaling on some new wine.

There is but a small part of his works that remain; for, besides odes and epigrams, he composed elegies, hymns, and iambicks.

His poems, which are extant, were rescued from oblivion by Henry Stevens. His manner in these odes is ingenious, but peculiar, and has never been rightly copied. Horace has imitated some of his beauties, particularly his Bacchanalian odes. But there is a kind of allegory in him, which, though generally natural, is somewhat obscure, and difficult either to imitate or explain!

His subjects are often trivial enough, but are rendered agreeable by his wit, which is of the laughing kind, abounding in smiles and graces, and tintured with satire. No author's temper was ever more strongly impressed on his works; for, by reading even a few odes, we see at once what kind of a man he was.

PINDAR:

The prince of lyric poets, was born at Thebes 520 years before Christ. He received his first musical instructions from his father, who was a flute-player; after which, according to Suidas, he studied under Myrtis, a lady of distinguished abilities in lyric poetry. He was afterwards the pupil of Corinna, a lady of equal genius in the lyric muse.

As Pindar's first essays were wild and luxuriant, on communicating his attempts to the last lady, she told him that he should sow with the hand, and not empty his whole sack at once.

Pindar, however, soon quitted these female leading strings, and became the disciple of Simonides, now arrived at an extreme old age. After which he soon surpassed all his masters, and acquired the highest reputation over Greece; but, like a true prophet, he was less honoured in his own country than elsewhere; for, at Thebes, he was often pronounced vanquished in the musical

and poetical contests by candidates of inferior merit.

Myrtis and Corinna afterwards disputed the prize with him at Thebes. He obtained a victory over Myrtis; but was vanquished five different times by Corinna. Perhaps this was owing, says Pausanius, to the latter's beauty, which influenced the judges.

Pindar had the mortification, before he quitted Thebes, to see his Dithyrambicks traduced, abused, and turned into ridicule by the comick poets of his time; and Atheneus tells us, that he was severely censured by his brother lyrickers, for his being a lipogrammatist, and composing an ode from which he excommunicated the letter S. Whether these censures proceeded from envy cannot be determined.

Pindar, however, upon leaving Thebes, became the idol of Greece, and was courted by all the heroes, princes, and potentates of his time. He seems often to have been present at the four great festivals of the Olympian, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian games, as may be seen from the odes he composed on these occasions, which are in the true spirit of lyrick poetry, sublime, full of rapture, wild and abrupt in their transitions, concise, obscure, and moral.

He also composed elegies on the death of great personages, which were esteemed as master-pieces of the kind; but none of them are now extant.

Pindar lived to the great age of 90; being, along with Anacreon and Sophocles, the longest liver of all the poets. Most others have been generally short-lived; which happens, perhaps, either from the delicacy of their bodily frame, the too frequent irregularity and misfortunes of their lives, or their intense application to study above their strength.

SOPHOCLES:

Was archon or chief magistrate of Athens, in which office he commanded the forces of the republick, and signalized himself by his valour on many great occasions.

He composed plays till he was very old, and retained his genius to the last; for he composed his Oedipus Coloneus, when, on account of his great age, he was alledged by his heirs, who wanted to grasp his estate, in a state of dotage. But producing this play before the judges who sat upon the cause, he said he would give up his title, if they thought a dotard could produce such a piece. Upon which he was honourably acquitted. Of 100 tragedies he is said to have written, only seven have been preserved to our time. He died aged 91; about 406 years B. C.

THEOCRITUS:

Was born at Syracuse; but lived at the court of Egypt, in the reign of Ptolemy Phi-

ladelphus, about three hundred years B. C. He was made keeper (by that prince) of the famous Alexandrian Library, and was succeeded in that office by Apollonius Rhodius, the authour of the Argonautick expedition, a beautiful poem still extant.

It is said, that, at his return to Syracuse, venturing to speak ill of Hiero, king of that city, he was put to death by his order. There are still extant his Idylliums in the Dorick dialect, with some other poems; all of great merit; particularly on account of their admirable simplicity, and the sweetness of the dialect in which they are written.

He may be justly considered as the father of pastoral poetry. Grace and simplicity are his characteristics. He is sometimes tender; often excels in description, and has, moreover, a kind of humour peculiar to himself. His first six Idylliums are all instances of the above beauties; although several of the rest are equally excellent. He represents the manners, pleasantry, and humour of peasants and shepherds, with peculiar propriety and exactness; and in this species of writing stands unrivalled.

DEMOSTHENES:

The prince of orators, flourished in the time of Philip, king of Macedon: somewhat prior to the age of Alexander.

No orator ever cultivated his parts to more advantage; or more overcame natural and almost insuperable defects, by practice, art, and diligence. It is said that he studied Thucydides with great exactness; and read him many times over before he began to compose. No orator was ever more laborious; and yet there is not the least appearance of labour or affectation in his style. He uses no circumlocutions, no idle parade of words; which might enfeeble the effects of his eloquence.

On the contrary, he comes to the point at once: his bold and decisive eloquence strikes like lightning; and produces instantaneous effects. And in this way he animated not only his countrymen, the Athenians, but by the matchless power of his oratory, gained over in one day the Thebans, their mortal antagonists, to join the common confederacy; and this too in opposition to the famous orator Pytho of Byzantium, employed by Philip against him. His oration struck the Thebans, though a dull people, with a kind of enthusiasm, and they instantly cried: "Come, let us take arms! let us march against Philip!"

The dispute between Eschines and Demosthenes is very famous. The affair was thus: The latter having rebuilt, at his own expense, the walls of Athens, the citizens out of gratitude honoured him with a golden crown, according to the decree of Ctesiphon to that purpose. But Eschines, out of jea-

housy and envy, censured this decree. The cause was to be pleaded before the people.

Nothing of the kind ever excited so much curiosity, or was pleaded with so much pomp. Vast was the concourse from all parts of Greece, says Cicero, and no wonder; for what sight could be nobler than a conflict between two orators, each of them excellent in his way; both formed by nature, improved by art, and animated by perpetual feuds, and implacable animosity.

These two orations may be justly considered as the master-pieces of antiquity, especially that of Demosthenes. Cicero translated the latter, a strong proof of the high estimation in which he held it. Unluckily for us, the preamble alone of that performance is now extant, which is sufficient to make us regret the loss of the rest. The oration of Eschines has come down entire; and is indeed a most valuable and finished piece, whether we consider the purity and elegance of the style, or the closeness and strength of the argument; and we may guess that nothing could make it lose its effect; but that it had to combat with Demosthenes, in whose harangue there was, no doubt, more of that force and fire that nothing can resist.

PLATO:

Plato was born at Athens 430 years B. C. He was a person of quality; being descended by his father from royal ancestors, and by his mother from Solon. In his youth he was much addicted to poetry. He first wrote odes and dithyrambicks, and afterwards epick poetry; which last, finding much inferior to Homer, he burned.

Soon after, meeting with Socrates, he was so charmed with his way of discoursing, that he forsook poetry; and applied himself wholly to moral philosophy. Eight years he lived with Socrates; in which time he committed, as did Xenophon, the substance of his master's doctrines to writing.

Upon Socrates's death, he retired in melancholy to Megara; where he was kindly received by Euclid, who had been one of that philosopher's first scholars. He afterwards travelled in pursuit of knowledge. From Megara he went to Italy, where he conferred with Eurytus, Philolaus, and Archytas of Tarentum. These were the most considerable of the followers of Pythagoras; and from them he borrowed his natural philosophy.

Thence he passed into Egypt; where he became acquainted with the Egyptian Theology; their skill in geometry, astronomy; and from their priests and wisemen, Pausanius says, he learned the immortality and also the transmigration of the soul. He at last travelled into Persia to consult the magi about the religion of the country; and he designed penetrating even into India to visit the Brachmans and Gymnosophists; but the wars in Asia hindered him.

Returning to Athens, he set up a school of philosophy in the Academy: a place of exercise in the suburbs beset with woods. His fame was so great that he was sent for to different courts, not only to teach the young men in philosophy, but also the laws of government. He went not to any of them, but gave rules of government to all.

He lived single, yet soberly and chastly. He was a man of great virtue, yet exceedingly affable and easy. He conversed civilly with all the philosophers of his time; although pride and envy were then at their height.

Aristotle, Hyperides, Demosthenes, and Isocrates, were all his scholars. This extraordinary man being arrived at 81 years of age, died a very easy and peaceable death, in the midst of an entertainment according to some; but, according to Cicero, as he was writing.

Plato may be called the prince of the Grecian philosophers that have left any thing in writing; and he appears to have come nearest to the spirit of his great master Socrates. His genius as well as his temper, seem to have been of a turn truly divine; and wholly devoted to virtue.

Vast and sublime in his conceptions, pure in his heart, and full of a simple but majestic eloquence, he instructs us with a pathetic philosophy that outshines all the ancients; and as he strikes the imagination more, so he likewise may be said to touch the heart more than any other writer of the same kind. Cicero knew the value of Plato, when he calls him the divine, by way of distinction from all other philosophers; and he certainly read and copied him more than any other.

His dialogues contain the quintessence of the Socratic philosophy, besides the addition of many noble conceptions of his own; and they are peculiarly excellent on account of their style, which indeed is the grand pattern of the dialogue style to succeeding writers. Cicero and Lucian, who are both eminent this way, must have profited much by having so good a master before them.

The method of throwing one's thoughts, upon any subject, into the form of dialogue, if done successfully, must be allowed to have peculiar force and vivacity; but yet, to succeed in it, is a work of difficulty. A certain liveliness of imagination, as well as acuteness and penetration of judgment, a quick comprehension of arguments on both sides of a question; together with a talent in drawing character, must join in forming the able dialogist. Shaftesbury, in his *Characteristicks*, has imitated the dialogue-style, with no bad success; although Xenophon, rather than Plato, seems to have been his favourite author. The first edition of Plato was published by Aldus at Venice in 1513.

CLERGY OF FRANCE.

When my occasions took me into France, towards the close of the late reign, the clergy under all their forms, engaged a considerable part of my curiosity. So far from finding (except from one set of men, not then very numerous but very active) the complaints against that body, which some publications had given me reason to expect, I perceived little or no public or private uneasiness on their account. On further examination, I found the clergy in general, persons of moderate minds and decorous manners; I include the seculars, and the regulars of both sexes. I had not the good fortune to know a great many of the parochial clergy; but in general I received a perfectly good account of their morals, and of their attention to their duties. With some of the higher clergy I had a personal acquaintance: and of the rest in that class, very good means of information. They were, almost all of them, persons of noble birth. They resembled others of their own rank; and where there was any difference, it was in their favour. They were more fully educated than the military noblesse; so as by no means to disgrace their profession by ignorance, or by want of fitness for the exercise of their authority. They seemed to me beyond the clerical character, liberal and open; with the hearts of gentlemen and men of honour; neither insolent nor servile in their manners and conduct. They seemed to me rather a superiour class; a set of men, amongst whom you would not be surprised to find a Fenelon. I saw among the clergy in Paris (many of the description are not to be met with any where) men of great learning and candour; and I had reason to believe, that this description was not confined to Paris. What I found in other places, I know was accidental; and therefore to be presumed a fair sample. I spent a few days in a provincial town, where, in the absence of the bishop, I passed my evenings with three clergymen, his vicars-general, persons who would have done honour to any church. They were all well-

informed; two of them of deep, general and extensive erudition, ancient and modern, oriental and western; particularly in their own profession. They had a more extensive knowledge of our English divines than I expected; and they entered into the genius of those writers with a critical accuracy. One of these gentlemen is since dead—the Abbe Morangis. I pay this tribute without reluctance, to the memory of that noble, reverend, learned and excellent person; and I should do the same with equal cheerfulness, to the merits of the others, who I believe are still living, if I did not fear to hurt those whom I am unable to serve. Some of these ecclesiastics of rank, are, by all titles, persons deserving of general respect. They are deserving of gratitude from me, and from many English. If this letter should ever come into their hands, I hope they will believe there are those of our nation who feel for their unmerited fall and for the cruel confiscation of their fortunes, with no common sensibility. What I say of them is a testimony, as far as one feeble voice can go, which I owe to truth. Whenever the question of this unnatural persecution is concerned I will pay it. No one shall prevent me from being just and grateful. The time is fitted for the duty; and it is particularly becoming to show our justice and gratitude when those who have deserved well of us and of mankind are labouring under popular obloquy and the persecutions of oppressive power. You had before your revolution about an hundred and twenty bishops. A few of them were men of eminent sanctity, and charity without limit. When we talk of the heroick, of course we talk of rare virtue I believe the instances of eminent depravity may be as rare amongst them as those of transcendent goodness. Examples of avarice and of licentiousness may be picked out, I do not question it, by those who delight in the investigation which leads to such discoveries. A man, as old as I am, will not be astonished that several, in every description, do not lead that perfect life of self-denial, with regard to wealth or

to pleasure, which is wished for by all, by some expected, but by none exacted with more rigour, than by those who are the most attentive to their own interests, or the most indulgent to their own passions. When I was in France, I am certain that the number of vicious prelates was not great. Certain individuals among them not distinguishable for the regularity of their lives, made some amendments for their want of the severe virtues, in their possession of the liberal; and were endowed with qualities which made them useful in the church and state. I am told, that with few exceptions, Louis the Sixteenth had been more attentive to character, in his promotions to that rank, than his immediate predecessor; and I believe (as some spirit of reform has prevailed through the whole reign) that it may be true.—*Burke.*

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Parties of pleasure are those where many people are apt to continue, forcing smiles, and yawning spontaneously for two or three hours after all relish is fled.

In this dismal condition many remain night after night, because the hour of sleep is not yet arrived;—and what else can they do?

What a listless situation! Without any pleasure where you are, without any motive to be gone, you remain in a kind of passive, gaping oyster state, till the tide of the company moves you to your carriage. And when you recover your reflection in your bedchamber, you find you have passed the two last hours in a kind of humming buzzing stupor, without satisfaction or ideas of any kind.

FINE GENTLEMEN,

Till they have been wound up by their valets, many seem absolutely incapable of motion. They have no more use of their hands for any office about their own person, than if they were paralytick: at night they must wait for their servant, before they can undress themselves and go to bed: in the morning, if the valet happen to be out of the way, their master must remain helpless and sprawling in bed, like a turtle on its back upon the kitchen table of an alderman.

One great source of vexation proceeds from our indulging too sanguine hopes of enjoyment from the blessings we expect, and too much indifference for those we possess. Young says—

“The present moment, like a wife we shun,
“And ne’er enjoy, because it is our own.”

Charlotte Smith, with great felicity of choice, has formed a beautiful bouquet

OF WILD FLOWERS.

Fair rising from her icy couch,
Wan-herald of the floral year,
The Snowdrop marks the Spring’s approach
Ere yet the Primrose groups appear,
Or peers the Arum from its spotted veil,
Or odorous Violets scent the cold capricious gale.

Then thickly strewn in woodland bowers
Anemonies their stars unfold,
There Spring the Sorrel’s veined flowers
And rich in vegetable gold,
From Calyx pale the freckled Cowslip born
Receives in amber cups the fragrant dews of morn:

Lo the green Thorn her silver buds
Expands to May’s enlivening beam,
Hottonia blushes on the floods,
And where the slowly trickling stream
Mid grass and spiry rushes stealing glides,
Her lovely fringed flowers fair *Maryanthes* hides.

In the lone copse or shadowy dale,
Wild cluster’d knots of Harebells blow
And droops the Lily of the vale,
O’er Vinca’s matted leaves below,
The Orchis race with varied beauty charm,
And mock the exploring bee, a fly’s aerial form.

Wound in the hedgerows oaken boughs
The Woodbine’s tassels float in air,
And, blushing, the uncultur’d Rose
Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there,

Her fillets there the purple Night-shade
weaves,
And the Brionia winds her pale and scol-
lop'd leaves.

To later Summer's fragrant breath
Clematis' feathery garlands dance;
The hollow Foxglove nods beneath,
While the tall Mullein's yellow lance
Dear to the mealy tribe of evening, lowers,
And the weak Galium weaves its myriad
fairly flowers.

Sheltering the coot's or wild duck's nest,
And where the timid Halcyon hides,
The Willowherb in crimson drest,
Waves with Arundo o'er the tides;
And there the bright Nymphia loves to lave
Or spreads her golden orbs upon the dimp-
ling wave.

And thou, by Pain and Sorrow blest,
Papaver, that an opiate dew
Conceal'st beneath thy scarlet vest,
Contrasting with the Cornflower blue,
Autumnal months behold thy gauzy leaves
Bend in the rustling gale amid the tawny
sheaves.

From the first bud whose venturous head
The Winter's lingering tempest braves,
To those which mid the foliage dead
Sink latest to the annual graves:
All are for food, for health, or pleasure given,
And speak, in various ways, the bounteous
hands of Heaven.

Never was there a jar or discord
between genuine sentiment and sound
policy. Never, no, never, did Nature
say one thing and Wisdom say another.
Nor are sentiments of elevation in
themselves turgid and unnatural. Na-
ture is never more truly herself, than
in her grandest forms. The Apollo
of Belvedere (if the universal robber
has yet left him at Belvedere) is as
much in nature, as any figure from the
pencil of Rembrandt, or any clown in
the Rustick revels of Teniers. Indeed
it is when a great nation is in great
difficulties, that minds must exalt
themselves to the occasion or all is
lost. Strong passions under the di-
rection of a feeble reason feeds a low
fever, which serves only to destroy the
body that entertains it. But vehement
passion does not always indicate an
infirm judgment. It often accom-
panies and actuates, and is even aux-
iliary to a powerful understanding;
and when they both conspire and act
harmoniously, their force is great to

destroy disorder within, and to repel
injury from abroad.

Dibdin, studious of nautical phrases and of the
manners of every mariner, is well qualified to de-
scribe the jolly tars of Old England. The following
is his latest drawing of some Tom Pipes or Jack Rat-
lin.

Jack dances and sings and is always content
In his vows to his lass he'd ne'er fail her,
His anchor's atrip, when his money's all
spent,

And this is the life of a sailor.

Alert in his duty, he readily flies,
Where the winds the tir'd vessel are
flinging,

Though sunk to the sea-gods or tossed to
the skies,

Still Jack is found working and singing.

Longside of an enemy boldly and brave
He'll with broadside on broadside regale
her,

Yet he'll sigh to the soul on that enemy's
grave,

So noble's the mind of a sailor.

Let canons roar loud, burst their sides let
the bombs,

Let the winds or dread hurricane rattle,
The rough and the pleasant he takes as it
comes,

And laughs at the storm and the battle.

In a fostering power while Jack puts his trust
As Fortune comes, smiling he'll hail her,
Resign'd still and manly since what must be
must,

And this is the mind of a sailor.

Though careless and headlong if danger
should press,

And rank'd 'mong the free list of rovers,
Yet he'll melt into tears at a tale of distress,
And prove the most constant of lovers.

To rancour unknown, to no passion a slave,
Nor unmanly, nor mean, nor a railer,
He's gentle as Mercy, as Fortitude brave,
And this is a true English sailor.

During a late war between France
and Great Britain, an English vessel of
superiour force took a French frigate
after an obstinate engagement. The
frigate was brought into a commercial
town upon the English coast, and the
officers were treated with great hospi-
tality by some of the principal inhabit-
ants: one very rich merchant in parti-
cular invited them frequently to his
house, where he entertained them in a
very magnificent manner. The first
day on which they dined with him, his
lady behaved with such peculiar atten-
tion to the prisoners, that she seemed

to neglect the other guests at her table. After the company had withdrawn, she said to her husband, that it gave her pleasure to perceive that the French gentlemen who had just left them, instead of giving way to vain repining, or allowing their spirits to be depressed by their misfortunes, had shown the utmost cheerfulness and gaiety during the whole repast; all except one, who seemed much dejected, and almost entirely overcome with the idea of being a prisoner. This she accounted for by supposing that his loss was greater, and she apprehended from the obstinate silence he had retained, and from the discontent and melancholy so strongly marked in his countenance, that the poor gentleman would not long survive his misfortune.

"I cannot imagine who you mean," said the husband.

The lady described the man so exactly, that it was impossible to mistake him.

"That unfortunate gentleman," said the husband, "is none of the prisoners; he is the captain of the English vessel who took them."

The following hunting song is so infinitely superior to the vulgar ditties of the English sportsman, that it challenges a place in every literary Journal. Nothing can be more sprightly than the measure, and nothing more classical than the imagery. A very ingenious parody of this admirable song was some years ago published in the eastern papers. It was the production of a Cambridge scholar, and was very playfully descriptive of the manners and habits of some of his college contemporaries. We hope the author, or the editor of this ballad, which is extremely honourable to the poet, will address it as soon as possible to The Port Folio.

Songs of shepherds in rustical roundelays,
Formed in fancy and whistled on reeds,
Sung to solace young nymphs upon holidays,
Are too unworthy for wonderful deeds.
Sottish Silenus to Phæbus the genius
Was sent by dame Venus a song to prepare
In phrase nicely coin'd and verse quite refin'd,
How once the States divine hunted the hare.

Stars quite tir'd with pastimes Olympical,
Stars and planets that brilliantly shone,
Could no longer endure that men only should
Revel in pleasures, and they but look on.
Round about horned Lucina they swarmed,
And quickly informed her how minded they were,
Each god and goddess to take human bodies
As lords and ladies to follow the hare.

Chaste Diana applauded the motion,
And pale Proserpina sat down in her place
To guide the welkin and govern the ocean,
While Dian conducted her nephews in chase,
By her example the father to trample,
The earth old and ample, they soon leave the air;
Neptune the water, and wine Liber Pater,
And Mars the slaughter to follow the hare.
Young God Cupid was mounted on Pegasus,
Borrow'd o' the muses with kisses and prayers;
Stern Alcides on cloudy Caucasus,
Mounted a centaur that proudly him bears,
The postilion of the sky, light heeled Sir Mercury,
Made his swift courser fly fleet as the air;
While tuneful Apollo the pastime did follow
To whoop and to hollo boys, after the hare.

Drowned Narcissus from his metamorphosis,
Roused by Echo, new manhood did take;
Snoring Somnus up started from Cimmeries—
Before for a thousand years he did not wake.
There was lame club-footed Mulciber boot-ed,
And Pan too promoted on Corydon's mare,
Æolus flouted, with mirth Momus shouted,
While wise Pallas pouted, yet followed the hare.

Grave Hymen ushered in lady Astrea,
The humour took hold of Latona the cold;
Ceres the brown too, with bright Cytherea,
And Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold,
Shamefaced Aurora, with witty Pandora,
And Maia with Flora did company bear;
But Juno was stated too high to be mated,
Although Sir, she hated not hunting the hare.

Three brown bowls of Olympical nectar
The Troy-born boy now presents on his knee;
Jove to Phæbus carouses in nectar,
And Phæbus to Hermes, and Hermes to me;
Wherewith infused, I piped and mused
In language unused their sports to declare,
Till the vast house of Jove, like the bright spheres did move,
Here 's a health then to all that love hunting the hare.

Taste for letters I think essentially necessary to the happiness of people of high rank and great fortune. If they are ambitious, the cultivation of letters, by adorning their minds, and enlarging their faculties, will facilitate their plans, and render them more fit for the high situations to which they

aspire. If they are devoid of ambition, they have occasions for some of the pursuits of science as resources against the languor of retired or inactive life. A taste for letters, I am almost convinced, is the only thing which can render a man of fortune tolerably independent and easy through life. Whichsoever of the roads of science he loves to follow, his curiosity will continue to be kept awake. An inexhaustible variety of interesting objects will open to his view—his mind will be replenished with ideas—and even when the pursuits of ambition become insipid, he will still have antidotes against ennui.

The early butterfly is thus described by Mrs. Smith.

Trusting the first warm day of Spring,
When transient sunshine warms the sky,
Light on his yellow spotted wing
Comes forth the early butterfly.

With wavering flight he settles now
Where pilewort spreads its blossoms fair,
Or on the grass where daisies blow,
Pausing he rests his pinions there.

But, insect, in a luckless hour,
Thou from thy winter home hast come,
For yet is seen no luscious flower
With odour rich and honied bloom.

And these that to the early day,
Yet timidly their bells unfold,
Close with the sun's retreating ray,
And shut their humid eyes of gold.

For night's dark shades then gather round
And night winds whistle cold and keen,
And hoary frost will crisp the ground
And blight the leaves of budding green.

And thou poor fly, so soft and frail,
Mayst perish ere returning morn,
Nor ever on the summer gale,
To taste of summer sweets be borne!

Thus inexperienced Rashness will presume,
On the fair promise of life's opening day,
Nor dreams how soon the adverse storms
may come
That hushed in grim repose expect their
evening prey.

A certain obliging ecclesiastick, had taken the trouble, at the earnest request of a Roman lady, to arrange matters between her and a French Marquis, who was put into immediate possession of all the rights that were ever supposed to belong to a

cicisbeo. The woman nauseated her husband, which had advanced matters mightily; and her passion for the Marquis was in proportion to her abhorrence of the other. In this state things had remained but a very short time when the Marquis called one afternoon to drive the Abbé out a little in the country. He declined the invitation, saying by way of apology: "Je suis dans les horreurs de la digestion." He then inquired how the Marquis's amour went on with the lady. "Ah, pour l'amour cela est à peu près passé": replied the Marquis, "et nous sommes actuellement dans les horreurs de l'amitié."

The ensuing merry poem is such a happy imitation of an ode of Horace, that our readers will peruse it with pleasure.

Ode, written by George Lord Viscount Townsend to Dr. Andrews, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin.

Ne sit ancillæ &c.

Blush not dear Andrews, nor disdain
A passion for that matchless dame,
Who kindles in all breasts a flame,

By Beauty's magick force:
What tho' on Dolly's lovely head
Summers twice ten are scarcely fled,
Is it, on that account, decreed
She must refuse of course?

Miltown, coeval with thy sire,
Durst to a blooming maid aspire,
And felt, or feigned, a lover's fire,
At seventy-three or more.
Bligh, who on Churchill's battles bled,
Took a young virgin to his bed;
No horny dreams disturbed his head,
Tho' shaking at fourscore:

Intrepid Lucas, lame and old,
Bereft of eyesight, health and gold,
To a green girl his passion told
And clasped the yielding bride!
Then, prythee leave that face of care,
Let not your looks presage despair,
Be jovial, brisk and debonnair,
My life you're not denied.

Nor think, my friend, because I prize
Her breasts, that gently fall and rise,
Her auburn hair and radiant eyes,
I envy your espousal;
No rival passion fires my breast,
Long since from amorous pains at rest,
Nay more, to prove what I've professed,
I'll carry your proposal.

A French Marquis paying a visit to an English gentleman, found an English newspaper on his table; it con-

tained a long and particular account of a debate which had happened in both Houses of Parliament; he read it with great attention; and then throwing down the paper, he said to his friend, "Mais mon ami, pendant que vos messieurs s'amuse à jaser comme cela dans votre chambre des pairs & votre Parlement; parbleu un étranger a voit beau jeu avec leurs femmes."

The poetry of Sir John Suckling is extremely sweet, and full of conceits, not without a deep tinge of the Goldsmith simplicity.

Upon the Patches worn by lady D. E.
I know your heart cannot so guilty be,
That you should wear those spots for vanity;
Or as your beauteous trophies put on one,
For every murder which your eyes have done;
No! they're your mourning weeds for hearts forlorn,
Which, tho' you must not love, you could not scorn;
To whom since cruel honour does deny
The joys could only cure their misery;
Yet you this noble way to grace them found,
Whilst thus your grief their martyrdom has crown'd:
Of which take heed you prove not prodigal,
For if to every common funeral
By your eyes martyr'd, such grace were allowed,
Your face world wear—not patches, but a cloud.

A certain person (whether a Frenchman or an Englishman, we cannot inform our readers) but who certainly was a courtier, and possessed the highest possible regard for all living monarchs, and considered them as no better than any piece of clay when dead, had a full length picture of his own sovereign, in the principal room of his house; on his majesty's death, to save himself the expense of a fresh body, and new suit of ermine, he employed a painter to brush out the face and periwig, and clap the new king's head on his grandfather's shoulders; which, he declared, were in the most perfect preservation, and fully able to wear out three or four such heads as painters usually give in these degenerate days.

SONG,

The crafty boy that had full oft essayed,
To pierce my stubborn and resisting breast,

But still the bluntness of his darts betrayed,
Resolved at last of setting up his rest,
Either my unruly heart to tame,
Or quit his godhead and his bow disclaim.

So all his lovely looks, his pleasing fires,
All his sweet motions and his taking smiles,
All that awakes, all that inflames desires,
All that sweetly commands, all that beguiles,
● He does into one pair of eyes convey
And there begs leave that he himself may stay!

And then he brings me where his ambush lay
Secure and careless to a stranger land:
And never warning me, which was foul play,
Does make me close by all this beauty stand
Where first struck dead, I did at last recover,
To know that I might only live to love her.

So I'll be sworn I do, and do confess
The blind lad's power, while he inhabits there;
But I'll be even with him nevertheless,
If e'er I chance to meet with him elsewhere:
If other eyes invite the boy to tarry,
I'll fly to hers as to a sanctuary.

One of those saucy travellers who have the presumption to deride what in their opinion is absurd in the customs or peculiarities of this privileged country, thus contemptuously describes the comforts of travelling in one of our stage-waggons. What is more provoking in this Englishman's sarcasm is that he is a republican.

To those accustomed to travel in so elegant a vehicle as an English mail-coach, an American stage must appear a wretched conveyance. It is a carriage similar to those often used for carrying wild beasts in the country parts of England. It has five rows of seats, including the driver's, and those it conveys are guarded against cold, snow, or rain, by leather curtains, which button to the body of the carriage, but which are often torn, and always in consequence of distension loose, and consequently admit a great deal of air. The baggage of all the passengers is crammed into the coach; and not unfrequently three passengers are impacted upon each seat. In the summer, when it is necessary to ride with the curtains up, the passengers

are exposed to clouds of dust, a burning sun, and sultry winds.

THE GUILTLESS INCONSTANT.

My first love, whom all beauties did adorn,
Firing my heart, suppress it with her scorn;
Since, like the tinder in my breast, it lies,
By every sparkle made a sacrifice.
Each wanton eye can kindle my desire,
And that is free to all which was entire.
Desiring more by the desire I lost,
As those that in consumptions linger most.
And now my wand'ring thoughts are not confin'd

Unto one woman but to womankind:
This for her shape I love, that for her face,
This for her gesture, or some other grace:
And when that none of all these things I find,

I choose her by the kernel not the rind:
And so I hope, since my first hope is gone,
To find in many what I lost in one;
And like to merchants after some great loss
Trade by retail that cannot do in gross.
The fault is hers that made me go astray,
He needs must wander that has lost his way;
Guiltless I am; she does this change provoke

And made that charcoal which to her was oak,

And as a looking glass from the aspect,
While it is whole does but one face reflect,
But being cracked or broken there are grown
Many less faces where there was but one:
So love unto my heart did first prefer
Her image, and there placed none but her;
But since 'twas broke and martyr'd by her scorn

Many less faces in her place are born.

To my lady E. C. on her going out of England.
I must confess when I did part from you,
I could not force an artificial dew
Upon my cheeks, nor with a gilded phrase
Express how many hundred several ways
My heart was tortur'd, nor, with arms
across,

In discontented garbs, set forth my loss:
Such loud expressions many times do come
From lightest hearts, great griefs are always dumb;

The shallow rivers roar, the deep are still;
Numbers of painted words may show much skill;

But little anguish and a cloudy face
Is oft put on to serve both time and place:
The blazing wood may to the eye seem great,

But 'tis the fire rak'd up that has the heat,
And keeps it long. True sorrow 's like to wine,

That which is good doth never need a sign.
My eyes were channels far too small to be,
Conveyers of such floods of misery:

And so pray think; or, if you'd entertain
A thought more charitable, suppose some strain

Of sad repentance had not long before
Quite empty'd for my sins that wat'ry store.

The conclusion of the above verses is so feeble and spiritless that it is omitted in this transcript.

In one of my visits to the Vatican at Rome, I was accompanied by two persons who had never been there before: one of them is accused of being perfectly callous to every thing which does not immediately touch his own person; the other is a worthy man: The first, after staring some time with marks of terror at the group, at length recovered himself, exclaiming with a laugh—"Egad, I was afraid these d—d serpents would have left the fellows they are devouring, and made a snap at me; but I am happy to recollect they are of marble."—"I thank you, sir, most heartily," said the other, "for putting me in mind of that circumstance; till you mentioned it, I was in agony for those two youths."—*Dr. Moore.*

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For *The Port Folio*.

B. B. HOPKINS & CO.

Classical, Literary, and Professional Booksellers, No. 170, Market-street, will in a few days put to press and publish with all convenient despatch,

SELECT SPEECHES,

Forensick and Parliamentary, with illustrative remarks,

By N. CHAPMAN, M. D.

The editor very respectfully acquaints the subscribers to the above work, that his success in the collection of speeches has exceeded his most sanguine expectations.—By the zealous and active exertions of a friend abroad, he has had procured and sent him, a numerous list of speeches of the eminent lawyers and statesmen, who have figured in Great Britain and Ireland during the last half century.—Among these he enumerates the late lord Chatham's, lord Mansfield's, lord Lyttleton's, (the younger) lord *Thurlow's*, lord *Wedderburn's*, lord North's, lord Germain's, lord Camden's, Mr.

Dunning's, Flood's, Grattan's, colonel Barre's, the present Mr. Sheridan's, and Mr. Erskine's, now lord chancellor, &c. &c.

He has also received the whole of the speeches of the late Mr. Pitt and Mr. Fox, recently collected and published in six octavo volumes, from which he will *copiously*, though *carefully* select such as are particularly recommended by the value of the matter, or the brilliancy of the style: and in order to gratify the eagerness which he presumes will arise, to possess these unrivalled specimens of eloquence, the leading volumes of the work will be principally devoted to their publication.

In short, the editor confidently assures the patrons of the work, that he will present them with a very complete exhibition of *modern eloquence*.

LIFE OF FOX.

We have perused a very amusing work entitled, "Recollections of the Life of the late Right Honourable Charles James Fox," &c. printed in New-York, and just published in this city by B. B. Hopkins & Co. and W. P. Ferrand. It is from the pen of B. C. Walpole, Esq. and exhibits a well-drawn portrait of the moral and political character of that celebrated orator and statesman. It is not, as is too often the case with works of this kind, a mere panegyrick upon the hero of the tale. The virtues and the vices which were almost equally conspicuous in the character of Mr. Fox, are placed before the reader in such a manner as to excite alternately applause and censure, admiration and disgust. Some judicious and discriminating comparisons are drawn between the character and conduct of Mr. Fox and his great and more consistent rival Mr. Pitt. A very interesting account is given of the separation which took place between him and his friend and political instructor, Mr. Burke, in the year 1791, and the inflexibility with which Burke adhered, to the end of his life, and even on his death bed, to his purpose of keeping up no intercourse with a man

whose principles he thought dangerous to his country; and this notwithstanding repeated overtures from Mr. Fox.

On the whole, we recommend this little volume to general perusal, as well calculated to afford both amusement and instruction.—*U. S. Gazette*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

THE DAY—PART II.

(Concluded.)

A second time the school collects,
To lessen still the soul's defects,
When James reads from the Mantuan bard
That death was Turnus' sad reward;
And also, that the Latian maid
Intreats to have her lover staid—
I bid him stop, for now-a-days,
The ladies mock the pains they raise.

I've laboured Sir, with all my might,
And yet the woman's* eggs a'nt right,
Th' ingredients of the cake are found,
Of honey just a Grecian pound.

I've drawn the angles and the lines,
Then look the table for the sines,
Come, to Geography attend,
And mark how far the States extend,
Behold, the globe before you stands,
With all its mountains, seas and lands;
We prove it round as cup or ball,
For valiant Drake sail'd round it all;
Of course the ancients call'd it vain,
This earth a wide extended plain,
On Atlas' shoulders made to poise;
Who firmly stood on a tortoise.
Nor can we trust the silly monk†,
Who said geographers were drunk
To think the earth e'er chang'd her place,
And thanked the Lord for special grace,
By which he proved it like a table,
Square, well jointed, rough and stable,
The steady change of night and day,
He solv'd, he said, the truest way;
A mountain rises near the lines,
Round which the sun forever shines:
When he's behind we pine in night,
And when before we roll in light!
But Galileo soon proclaims
These notions crude and idle dreams,
And made the bigots fiercely stare,
On telling that our earth's a sphere;
And that it mov'd by heaven's will,
While Sol himself stood nearly still.
One motion gave us day and night,
And one the varying year's delight.
He also taught the sun was greater
Than mother earth and all her matter,

* Questions in Algebra.

† See Robertson's dissertation on India.

And that the moon was little less
Than terra's half on which we press.
The nations heard him with amaze;
The monks and bishops wildly gaze;
The Pope himself by Mary swore,
Such lies were never broached before;
And calls a council to consign
This heretick to wrath divine.
The council met—the Pope arose,
And groaning humbly rends his clothes,
Then praying much for Peter's grace,
Proceeds to state this impious case.
“My dearest friends, these latter times,
The Scripture says, shall reek with crimes,
But what vile sins so mar the flock,
As those from an heretick stock:
Vile doctrines have been often taught,
With horrible damnation fraught,
But Galileo now essays,
To make us disbelieve our eyes;
The sun, he says, does hardly move,
An arrant lie as all can prove,
And also that he's ten times greater
Than mother earth with all her matter;
Tho' every man can see with ease
He's little larger than a cheese.
The moon, this heretick maintains,
Great mountains, seas and dens contains,
Yet we can see, with half an eye,
She's smaller than a pastry pye.
He also says the earth runs round,
But who e'er tumbled off the ground.
Such blasphemies at once convict
This man an impious heretick,
We, therefore, by our power divine,
His body to the flames consign;
His soul, where fire and brimstone rain,
Shall share in Satan's horrid pain,
Unless he instantly recants,
And humbly with contrition pants;
Our mercy then may pardon give,
And teach him in the truth to live.”

Our sage no martyr's courage vaunts,
And therefore hastily recants.
I now return from this digression
To mark the subject of your lesson.
My pupils yawn and cry alack,
No end appearing to my clack,
When William sees their dismal case,
He comes and says, with smiling face;
This word I can't perceive for blots,
The Rambler, speaking there of oats,
Their meaning Sir? Tut, worse and worse,
He calls them food for Scotch and horse.
But taking Johnson's sense amiss,
I turn, and bid the school dismiss.

At tea the children's harmless prattle,
Please us more than gossip tattle,
Or if our humour must have vent,
It's instantly on authours spent;
Dull Gillie's milk and water style,
Mad Heron's undiscerning file;
Delighting each in periods dark,
Afford us room for much remark;
Or if we're in a merrier mood,
We treat ourselves with better food,

Scriblerus, Dryden, Swift, or Pope,
Forbid our brightened souls to mope.
But if it happen that we dream,
Of glory and the Grecian name,
Great Homer sanctifies our rage,
Sublimely bright in every page.
The children cry; my book I seek,
Some hours to kill with musty Greek,
Or mathematicks deep but rare,
Withdraws my soul from eating care,
This done, I read a page of Locke;
Or dullness' sleepy powers invoke
To purify my plaguy rhymes,
And mark me for her own betimes;
Anon! my mind to nought attends,
But only thinks of absent friends.
One o' clock, the sentry cries,
Then whispers Prudence “save your eyes,”
Inclining this advice to keep,
I shut my book to go to sleep;
Stop, Conscience cries, with tone severe,
And first your day's exploits declare.
By dealing out some mental food,
I think I've done some little good;
To sin, in truth, I lack'd occasion,
Who does ill without temptation?
Breathing this I quench the taper,
Convainc'd that human life's a vapour.

N. N.

For The Port Folio.

TO LEYRIDA

By those soul-breathing eyes beaming brightly with blue,
Which enraptur'd I saw as I gaz'd upon you,
And the words you pronounced when you
vow'd to be true,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the blush of thy cheek that so softly beguiles,

By the sportful young Cupids that dance in thy smiles,
And all the wild tricks that they play in their wiles,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the wishes that often steal o'er my night-dreams,

By the morning distrusts that obscure the bright beams,
And the sorrows that flow in quick-falling streams,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the mem'ry of days, that, ah me long are past,

By the dark low'ring clouds that my joys have o'ereast,
And the pitiless storm that now howls with bleak blast,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the green rolling waves that so gently did glide,

When we walk'd by the stream at the mild
even-tide,
And in raptures thy lover conversed by thy
side,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the promise you made me while yet we
were young,

By the soft flowing accents I caught from
your tongue,

And the love-breathing notes which so
sweetly you sung,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the blossoms that then did so fragrantly
grow,

By the night-winds that now sweep in mur-
muring low,

And seem by their sad strains to echo my
woe,

I conjure thee to love me, Leyrida!

By the songs I have sung all attuned to thy
praise,

By the zephyrs that lingered to list to my
lays,

I conjure thee remember the quick-passing
days,

When you vow'd you would love
me, Leyrida!

SEDLEY.

For The Port Folio.

THE MISANTHROPE. A FRAGMENT.

Where wild Wautauga's angry waves
Thro' wilder mountains roar,
Where hungry wolves, from lurid caves,
Their frightful howlings pour,

Where eagles fix their airy seats,
Above the lonely stream,
Where Panthers find secure retreats,
And luckless ravens scream,

There will I dwell—with friendly bears,
I'll fix my social den,
And bid adieu to all the cares
Of faithless, savage men!

If passing clouds with fury driv'n,
Break on the mountain side,
And all the hail and rain in heav'n,
Come down to swell the tide,

If howling blasts sweep thro' the caves,
And mountain torrents roar,
And old Wautauga's foaming waves
Beat on the solid shore;

If lightnings flash, and thunders roll
And awful meteors play,
Secure from man my tranquil soul
Will bless the peaceful day.

Tho' central fires from sulph'rous beds,
With direful shocks explode,
Secure from man, no minor dreads
Shall visit mine abode!

No seeming friend's insidious wiles
Can e'er assail me there;
Nor will I dread the pois'nous smiles
Of the seductive fair!

Nor bloated Wealth, with shallow brain,
And silly pompous stride,
Shall vex my wounded soul again,
Or wake my dormant pride.

Cactera desunt.

For The Port Folio.

Scenes of delight! where many a day
Has pass'd on rapid pinions by,
Why turn I from your charms away,
Or view them only with a sigh!

Why have ye lost for me those joys,
That once were to my heart so dear,
When from a crowded city's noise
I brought a hermit's feelings here?

Ye are the same: as green your trees,
As richly do your blossoms glow,
As sweet a fragrance fills your breeze,
As pure your winding rivers flow.

Yet I—how chang'd a heart is mine!
I heedless through your beauties rove,
While doom'd, at distance doom'd to pine,
From her whose smile is life ~~and love~~ ^A.

EPITAPHS.

SELBY, YORKSHIRE, ...

Here lies the body of poor *Frank Row*
Parish-clerk and grave-stone cutter;
And this is writ to let you know,
What *Frank* for others us'd to do,
Is now for *Frank* done by another.

IN WREXHAM CHURCH-YARD.

Here lies John Shore,
I say no more;
Who was alive
In sixty-five.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES).

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 14, 1807.

[No. 11.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

To give a conspicuous place to the following article affords us peculiar pleasure, not merely from the subject, which is sufficiently agreeable, but because we have a very high respect for the literature and *principles* of its orthodox authour. He has had the glorious privilege of being educated in a seminary where sober Experience is venerated rather than madcap Theory, and where Fanaticism, both in Religion and Politicks is held in SOVEREIGN CONTEMPT by all the learned and the loyal.

IN the preface to the "Robin's Petition" p. 46, it is said "The Robin-red-breast of England appears to be not only a favourite of every family, but the very nightingale of the poets." This is an error* into which the Editor of The Port Folio has been led by ornithologists who have not given proper descriptions of these celebrated birds. The difference, however, between them is more than generick. They are of different species. Perhaps it would not be disagreeable to the readers of the English poets, to

* In this place the ingenious authour has misunderstood the Editor. The latter merely meant to say, in his metaphorical manner, that the robin was as great a favourite of the poets as the nightingale herself, and equally celebrated in their songs. He never dreamed of any other resemblance between these birds.

have a more accurate description of them than has hitherto been given.

The *rubecula*, or robin-red-breast of Europe, resembles, in colour, the robin of America, but it is in appearance much more neat and delicate; and its size is similar to that of the blue-bird of this country. Every infant is inspired with a superstitious respect for this bird as well as the wren;† being taught as soon as they can speak that

The robin and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.

There are some strokes which are delicately descriptive of the habits of the robin, in Peter Pindar's tale of the magpie and robin. Although a domestick bird, in the spring it retires to coppices, groves, lonely habitations, solitary churches, old castles and woods. In the legendary ballad of The Children in the Wood, it is poetically said that

Robin-red-breast, painfully,
Did cover them with leaves.

In its lonely retreats it continues to chant its morning and evening hymn, in notes mild, plaintive and soothing; but not various and loud as those of the nightingale; and

† From this similarity of colour, the American robin, which in reality is the red-breast thrush, was misnamed by the first emigrants to this country.

‡ I frequently see the wren in this country, but it is called by some other name.

it is not at all shy of the human observer. In the fall of the year it returns to the busy haunts of men, where, on the highest sprays of the elm or poplar, it hails the approach of the sun, or sings its requiem to departing day. When the ground is covered with snow, it familiarly enters the houses, and picks up the crumbs, to the great delight of the family, of whatever sex or age.

But, on the other hand, the nightingale is the most solitary of all the feathered tribes. It is a bird of passage which makes its first appearance about the 20th of April, and never is seen after July. There is no variety in its plumage, which is of the most delicate brown imaginable, and its eyes are of the purest black. Its haunts are the most solitary that can be found; but it frequently makes its abode in gentlemen's gardens, where the shrubberies are thickly interwoven with woodbine, honeysuckle, eglantine, and other aromattick shrubs which are capable of screening the songster from human observation, of which it is extremely shy. The quickset hedges which divide the fields in England, are thickly interwoven with the woodbine, honeysuckle, eglantine, nightshade, and other plants which afford a sombrous shade; and these situations are the resort of the nightingale, which never visibly associates, even with its own kind. This bird is a size larger than the robin; i. e. about the size of the American hangnest, here called the red robin. The poet who describes the Italian piper as overpowering and destroying Philomela, certainly did that feathered tribe great injustice; as no Cremona, or other instrument could ever equal the sweetness, force, clearness, and variety of the voice of the nightingale, which admits every kind and degree of modulation; from what musicians call G-bass to D in alt. The robin never sings in the night, or the nightingale in the day, unless in dark cloudy weather, or in the most gloomy covert. But all night long, for about three months, is a great part of Europe enraptured by their divine and enchanting sounds; which, in a still

night can be heard more than a mile. Simple ideas, as Mr. Locke has observed, cannot be described; therefore it would be useless for me to attempt describing the voice of the nightingale; nor can any musical instrument give any thing like an adequate idea of that divine melody. It was formerly my practice to stand hours, almost every night, at my chamber window, to hear that melody which, in my opinion, was superiour to the harmony Milton speaks of, which

— suspended hell,
And took with ravishment the thronging audience.

You one moment hear, as Walcot says, an

— unassuming sound,
Afraid dim nature's deep repose to wound.

that in an instant is swelled to the most powerful degree, which holds you, as it were, by enchantment, and you feel as if all nature were, at once, dissolved into the sweetest sensations of sound. But Milton shall speak for me again, as his words are more descriptive than any I can put together:

— A soft and solemn breathing sound
Rose, like a stream of rich, distill'd perfumes,
And stole upon the air that even Silence
Was took ere she was ware, and wish'd the
might
Deny her nature, and be never more
Still, to be so displac'd.

Mrs. Radcliffe has also touched this subject with a delicate hand. "It was musick so sweet, so solemn! it seemed like the hymn of angels descending through the silence of night! Now again it died away, and Fancy almost beheld the holy choir reascending towards heaven; then again it swelled with the breeze, trembled awhile—again died into silence! It paused; rose again in mournful sweetness, and then died in a cadence that seemed to bear the listening soul to heaven!"

For The Port Folio.

ON COMPOSITION.

The art of composition and the study of language have, of late, been sedulously cultivated. The precision, per-

spicinity and nervous elegance which are required in the present age, were unknown to many of our predecessors; and it is a curious speculation to trace how much of philosophy and metaphysical research depend on the accurate choice of phrases.

It has been often objected to the study of languages, that it is a search after words rather than ideas; but words are simply the signs of ideas, and are, in fact, the only means by which their originals can be conveyed. When we perceive the use of etymology in fixing the precise signification of words, we must allow that the study of various languages is not without its use; though we cannot deny even in our own, accurately considered, there are yet many unexplored mines of wealth, that every day refine and harmonize the English tongue: this the numerous publications of the age sufficiently attest, very few of which are now deficient in those graces of style which were formerly very rarely to be met with.

The abstract science of universal grammar is, perhaps, one of the most abstruse studies that can be pointed out. To reduce the principles of all languages to a few leading rules—to point out where vernacular idioms differ, and wherein they agree—to discriminate between the nice shades of almost synonymous expressions—to lead the way to nervous precision, judicious arrangement, and all the various beauties of composition, demand a mind, at once comprehensive and intelligent, an attention unwearied and acute, and a judgment well regulated and refined. Yet when we observe the variety of opinions in the world, on points which seem calculated to draw all thinking mind to one centre, we cannot help imagining such diversity to arise from a want of precision in terms, and to fancy that a perfect universal grammarian would be the best peacemaker in all the regions of philosophy! Far then be it from the candid and liberal mind to despise the researches of the grammarian or the etymologist; nor let the still humbler critic, who confines himself to the

simple investigation of those beauties of which the more scientific philologists point out the causes, be thought to labour in an ungrateful soil. Every one who adds a portion, however small, to the beauty of writings adds, at least, an equal quota to the allurements of literature; and he who develops the causes and principles of such beauty, and enables others to detect the hidden, yet attractive charms of arrangement and composition, opens to those who would otherwise be mere common readers, a new source of pleasure and amusement.

It has been remarked, that the nearer a language approaches to perfection, the fewer perfectly synonymous terms it possesses. The refinement which gradually improves every object, gives to every word a slight tinge of meaning, which its nearest synonyma cannot supply; and it is by attention to these delicate variations, that language has acquired the degree of refinement which at present adorns it: and of all the beauties which the delicacy (some call it fastidiousness) of the present age has taught us to admire, none can, perhaps, more obviously tend to the real improvement of language, than precision in terms.

It is always with something like disappointment and mortification that the thinking reader meets with ill-chosen words, in writers otherwise elegant and correct; and there are few mistakes of the kind which strike with greater disgust than where a term, which is derived from a philosophical root, is applied in an improper manner. The word *palpable*, for instance is often misused in lieu of *evident*, *apparent*, &c. Nothing can grate more harshly on the ear. It would be nearly as accurate, to talk of hearing a smell, or smelling a sound, as to convey the idea of feeling (that is touching) an appearance. *Palpable* so decidedly applies to those objects that are perceptible to the touch, that, when thus misused, it recalls Mrs. Slipslop to the reader or hearer's mind.

I mean not to remark on those colloquial barbarisms which often dis-

grace the conversation of many persons who would write, at least tolerable grammar; yet a very slight degree of attention might prevent such faults, without giving the least appearance of pedantry: but my present intention is, to observe on a few of the leading features of written language, in order to enable some readers to peruse a well-composed book with greater relish, and some writers to pay attention to circumstances which at present they disregard as trivial.

There ought to be general characters of wholeness in every composition, to which all inferior parts ought to tend. Every species of writing has its peculiar and characteristic beauties, and it is necessary to avoid, as a fault, those which belong to another class. The steady, didactic style of argumentative writing is disgraced, not adorned, by the brilliancy of imagination, or by pathetical appeals to the feelings. The page of history requires a clear and luminous style, neither involved in intricacy, nor tricked out in metaphor. The stronger passions may be allowed to employ figurative language, because the common tone of conversation is not sufficiently energetic to display their force; but the true pathos is founded on simplicity. In this manner, each style of writing has its own appropriate beauties, which cease to be such when forced into the service of other branches; and many thoughts and expressions, in themselves *admirable*, lose all their merit, and even become faults, when placed where they have no right to be found.

There are, however, beauties which belong equally to every style of writing, among which perspicuity holds a distinguished place. That book can never be well written which requires each page to be read over a *second* time, with additional care, and which yet leaves no impression on the mind, even after a *third* reading. Perspicuity relates both to arrangement and style, and in both conduces to imprint the subject on the mind, and to annex to it clearer and more luminous

ideas. Perspicuity of arrangement can rarely be obtained by a rapid writer, since it requires the situation of whole paragraphs to be changed; but then when it has been sufficiently attended to, every part of the work reflects lustre on the rest—the chain of reasoning is clearly perceived, the scope of the subject readily retained, and the particular arguments accurately remembered. All these advantages are assisted and embellished when perspicuity extends also to style, which demands a strict attention to grammatical construction, and the specific meaning of words. To attain this distinguished perspicuity, it is not only necessary that the common rules of grammar should not be violated, or the principles of syntax disregarded; but that all the niceties of construction should be punctiliously attended to, as they conduce even more to perspicuity than they do to elegance.

PHILANTUS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biography, says an Oxford scholar, is a branch of history, which, in point of importance and moral utility, ranks as high as any. The biographer, by his accurate researches supplies the deficiencies of the historian. What the latter gives us only in outlines and sketches, the former presents in more complete and highly finished portraits.

The name of VIRGIL is sufficient to ensure the attention of the reader.

About seventy years before Christ, the birth of Publius Virgilius Maro gave celebrity to Andes, a small village near Mantua. His education was begun at the neighbouring town of Cremona, a place remarkable for the formation of taste and the exercise of talents; and completed at Milan, the seat of all the ingenuous arts.

When the republican forces, under Brutus and Cassius, had experienced a fatal defeat at Philippi, and lands were divided amongst the soldiers of the conquerors, all the property of Virgil was included in the forfeiture.

This apparently unfortunate event was the cause of his future prosperity and eminence. In his distress he

wisely repaired to Rome, solicited and obtained the patronage of Mæcenas, by whose means and those of Asinius Pollio, he obtained an introduction to the Emperor Augustus, and was shortly after favoured with the restoration of his estate. By the liberality of his imperial patron and his courtiers, his circumstances soon became affluent.

It is almost unnecessary to observe of a writer, who is in the hand of every schoolboy, that his works are pastoral, agricultural, and epick.

In all his poems, critics have declared him to be a plagiarist. Besides his acknowledged imitations of Homer, they have accused him of borrowing from Ennius, Pacuvius, and Accius, as well as from his contemporaries Lucretius, Catullus, and Varius. Macrobius says, that his second book of the *Æneid*, which contains the fine description of the sack of Troy, was borrowed almost word for word from a Greek poet whose works are lost, and whose name was Pisander.

The first production of Virgil was his *Bucolics*, consisting of ten *Eclogues*, written in imitation of the *Idyllia* of Theocritus, begun in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and completed in three years.

It has been observed, that there is such an incongruity between the simple ideas of the swain and the polished language of the courtier, as to render it very difficult to reconcile them by any arts of composition; that the Dorick dialect of Theocritus must ever give to the Sicilian bard a preeminence in this species of poetry; that there are in the *Bucolics* of Virgil the native manners and ideas without any of the rusticity of pastoral life.

Those critics who give the preference to Virgil have said, that as he is more varied, he is also more elegant than Theocritus; that his shepherds have more spirit without ever having too much, that his harmony has an inexpressible charm, a mixture of sweetness and of art, which Horace considers with reason as a particular present which the Muses have made to him; that he interests more than

the Sicilian poet in the sports and amours of his rusticks, and has no negligence or languor; that it is impossible to read these poems without committing them to memory, or at least without desiring to read them over and over again.

In attestation of the excellence of the *Bucolics*, we are told that the Romans were so enamoured of them that they were frequently recited upon the stage, and that Cicero, hearing some of them, exclaimed, *Magna spes altera Romæ!*

His next composition was the *Georgicks*, the idea of which was taken from the *Works and Days* of Hesiod; but there is no other similarity than that of their common subject. Hesiod delivers his precepts of agriculture with the utmost simplicity: Virgil has embellished his work with all the dignity which sublime versification can bestow. It is addressed to Mæcenas, at whose request it was undertaken, and divided into four books. The first treats of ploughing; the second of planting; the third of cattle; and the fourth of bees, their food, polity, and diseases. The whole concludes with the beautiful episode of Aristæus and Eurydice. The *Georgicks* were written at Naples, and employed him seven years. Considered as didactic poems, and adapted to the climate of Italy, they have the highest claim to merit. As poetical compositions, their elevated style, the beauty of their similes, the sentiments interspersed in them, and the elegance of their diction, excite the admiration of every judicious reader. During four days which Augustus passed at Atella, on his return to Rome to refresh himself from fatigue after the battle of Actium, the *Georgicks* were read to him by the authour, who was occasionally relieved in his task by his friend Mæcenas.

It is suggested by Mr. Gibbon, that Augustus was highly delighted with the *Georgicks* from a motive less creditable both to himself and to the bard, than that of sound criticism and good taste. That he rejoiced in every thing which could reconcile his

soldiers to a peaceful life; and that the description given by Virgil of the repose and happiness of the country, gratified him as a politician, when he perceived the effect which it produced on the veterans of his army.

They insensibly became enamoured of the innocent and useful employments of agriculture, and waited with patience for a long course of years before the Emperour had established a treasury to repay them for their military toils.

In this instance, poetry, like music had "charms to sooth the savage breast;" and while it conveyed the soundest precepts of a useful art, was subservient to the most important purposes of the state.

The poems of Homer, and the laws of the epick, which had been so ably formed and promulgated by Aristotle, were an advantage to Virgil in his composition of the *Æneid*, which few poets have had so favourable an opportunity to enjoy.

The *Æneid* was written at the particular desire of Augustus, who was ambitious of having the Julian family represented as lineal descendants of the Trojan *Æneas*. The character of the hero of the poem has been said to be faulty on account of its coldness; that he was never warmed or impassioned, although perpetually in tears or at prayers; that his desertion of Dido is neither gallant nor heroick; that the description of the sports in the fifth book refrigerates the reader; and that the last six books deserve to be generally condemned. The foundation of a state which was to be the cradle of Rome, and the arrival of a stranger announced by ancient oracles, who disputed with a prince for the daughter of a king to whom that prince was betrothed, are the subjects of them. The different people of Italy divide between the two rivals, and raise in the reader an expectation of action and of interest. But what is the result? In place of these we find a monarch who is not master of his house, and has not a will of his own; who after having received the Trojans

with cordiality, permits his queen and intended son-in-law to carry on the war against them, and shuts himself up in his palace that he may take no part in it; Lavinia too, a mere mute, although the deadly contest is on her account; and the queen after the defeat of the Latins commits suicide, but excites no pity. Turnus is killed by *Æneas* without producing the least interest in the victory of the one or in the fall of the other. That the battles are an abridgment of those of Homer, with less diffusiveness, but with less fire also, and resemble petty skirmishes amidst barbarous colonies. That in the seventh book the poet carries us into a new world, and introduces us to personages absolutely unknown; Ufens, Tarchon and Mezentius are very different from Ajax, Hector and Diomed; and the antiquities of Italy, which flattery induced him to penetrate, are as obscure as those of Greece are illustrious. That the transient interest we feel in favour of the young Pallas the son of Evander, of Lausus the son of Mezentius, of Camilla the queen of the Volscians, cannot compensate for the want of that general interest which ought to move the whole machine of the epick.

If posterity, severely just, take cognisance of these defects, still sufficient merit remains in the *Æneid* to entitle its authour to the appellation of the prince of Latin poets, which his contemporaries bestowed upon him.

The second, fourth and sixth books are universally regarded as the most finished performances which epick poetry ever produced in any nation.

The filial piety and misfortunes of *Æneas*, after the catastrophe of Troy, strongly interest the reader in his subsequent adventures. The picture of that city in flames can never be enough admired.

The character of Dido appertains entirely to the authour, and has no model in all antiquity.

The prophetic rage of the Cumaean Sibyl displays the enthusiasm of the poet.

The episode of Nisus and Euryalus, that of the funeral of Pallas, and that of the buckler of Æneas, are the perfection of the art of painting.

Virgil is not more conspicuous for strength of description than propriety of sentiment, and when he takes a hint from the Grecian bard, he does not fail to improve upon it.

One instance may suffice.

In the sixth book of the *Iliad*, while the Greeks are making great slaughter amongst the Trojans, Hector, by the advice of Helena, retires into the city to desire that his mother would offer up prayers to the goddess Pallas, and promise her a noble sacrifice if she would drive Diomed from the walls of Troy. Immediately before his return to the field of battle, Hector has his last interview with Andromache, whom he meets with his infant son, Astyanax. Here occurs one of the most beautiful scenes of the *Iliad*, where the hero takes the boy in his arms, and pours forth a prayer that he may one day be superiour in fame to his father. In the same manner Æneas, having armed himself for the decisive combat with Turnus, addresses his son Ascanius in a beautiful speech, which, while it is expressive of the strongest paternal affection, contains a noble and emphatic admonition suitable to a youth who had nearly attained the period of manhood.

He certainly owed much of his excellence to the wonderful powers of Homer. His susceptible imagination was captivated by amiable traits of the *Odyssey*, and warmed by the fire of the *Iliad*. Improving the characters of the gods, he sustains their dignity with so uniform a lustre that they seem truly divine.

Mr. Gibbon observes, "that the more we know antiquity, the more we admire the art of this poet." His subject was narrow. The flight of a band of exiles, the combat of some villagers, the establishment of an ill-fortified town; these are the travels, so much vaunted, of the pious Æneas. But the poet has ennobled them, and he well knew by ennobling them how

to render them the more interesting. He embellished the manners of the heroic ages, but he embellished without disguising them. Father Latinus and the seditious Turnus are transformed into powerful monarchs. All Italy feared for its liberty. Æneas triumphs over men and gods.

"He never seems more master of his art than when descended to the shades below with his hero: his imagination appears to be enfranchised: Romulus and Brutus, Scipio and Cæsar, show themselves there such as Rome admired or feared them.

It adds much to the celebrity of Homer, that he wrote in an age when the intellect was not generally improved by cultivation, and that he was indebted for his inexhaustible resources to the capacity of his own mind.

Virgil, on the contrary, lived in a period when literature had attained to a high state of improvement. Perhaps Homer lived and died in a state of poverty; Virgil was enabled by the affluence of his circumstances to allot twelve years to the composition of his *Æneid*, which even at his death was unfinished, and by a pious neglect of the dying injunctions of its author, rescued from the destruction to which he destined it. The wish of the poet for the destruction of his work probably arose from his perceiving it to want uniformity, and unity. Had he lived, he would either have connected or obliterated the detached parts of the latter books.

A remarkable circumstance respecting the character of Virgil as a poet is the equable perfection of his style. It is at once the delight and despair of all who esteem and cultivate Latin poetry.

Where is the scholar, mature in years and judgment, who does not admire the colouring and the variety of his pictures, and that unvaried harmony, which does not only play upon the ear but penetrates to the soul? If he do not equal Homer in invention or in the richness of imagination in the aggregate, it has by some been contended that he surpasses him in the splendour of certain passages, in correctness, and in taste.

In the perusal of this fine poem, there is no part which strikes the reader more forcibly than the descent of Æneas to the shades below; and the effect it produces on the mind would be much less powerful if we were to assent to the hypothesis of a very learned critick, Dr. Warburton, that it is only a figurative description of the initiation into the Eleusinian mysteries.

Every one of the circumstances of the descent convinces Mr. Gibbon, that Virgil describes a real not a mimic world; and that the scene lay in the infernal regions, and not in the temple of Ceres. The singularity of the Cumæan shores, the lake Ævernus, the black woods which surrounded it when Virgil came to Naples, were suited to gratify the superstition of the people. It was generally believed that this dreadful flood was the entrance of hell, and an oracle was established on its banks, which pretended by magick rites to call up the departed spirits. The conversation between Æneas and the priestess may convince us that this was a descent to the shades, and not an initiation. "*Facilis descensus Averni,*" &c.

That every step may lead us to the grave is a truth, but the mysteries were open only a few days in the year. The descent of the mysteries was laborious and dangerous; the return to light easy and certain; but in real death this order is inverted. If we consider the awful scene as a mimic show exhibited in the temple of Ceres by the contrivance of the priest or the legislator, all that was terrible or pathetick disappears at once; the melancholy Palinurus, the wretched Deiphobus, the indignant Dido, and the venerable Anchises, "*tenuem sine viribus umbram.*"

The strictures of that able critick, Mr. Gibbon, on the fanciful and ingenious position of the bishop contained in his miscellaneous tracts, are worthy the attention of every scholar; and there will probably be few readers whom he does not convince, that the opinion which is opposite to his own would deprive the Mantuan bard of a

large portion of his deserved praise, as it would tend to make the spirit of one of the finest parts of the Æneid entirely evaporate in lifeless allegory.

Virgil is said to have received two thousand pounds from Octavia, the sister of the emperor, for the incomparable verses in which he introduces the name of her son Marcellus, whom she had lately lost. If this were the conduct of a courtier, how untrue is he to himself when he represents his hero assisting the Etruscans to punish their former tyrant Mezentius: Mr. Gibbon thinks that "such opinions, published by one who has been esteemed the creature of Augustus, show that, though the republick was subverted, the minds of the Romans were still republican." He is also of opinion that, had this part of the work been recited before the court, the reward given him for his former compliments to the reigning family would have been withholden.

In every point of view Virgil appears to advantage as a writer; it is undeniable that he does not merely recite the labours of rusticks or an uninteresting story of travels, but is a new Orpheus, whose lyre induces savages to depose their ferocity, and whose hero unites them by the ties of manners and of laws.

Æneas is the minister of celestial vengeance, the protector of oppressed nations, who launches thunder on the head of the guilty tyrant, but is softened by the unfortunate victim of his fury, the young and pious Lausus, worthy of a better father and a more propitious destiny.

Virgil determined to correct his poem, which he polished with a scrupulous and painful accuracy at Athens the renowned seat of eloquence and philosophy. In the delightful gardens of Epicurus, he conceived that he should have full leisure to complete an immortal work, but the arrival of Augustus from the East frustrated his design; and on his return to Rome with his imperial patron, he was seized with sickness at Megara, and expired at Brundisium in the fifty-second year of his age. The place

of his interment; and his tomb still exists within two miles of Naples near the road to Puteoli.

He is said to have written an inscription for his monument, which in two simple lines tells the place of his nativity and his burial, together with the subject of his poems. But the verses are so unworthy of his muse that they probably are spurious.

His fortune he divided between the emperor and his minister, and his friends Varius, Plotius, and Tucca. These bequests, the unsuspecting testimonies of gratitude and friendship, evince the goodness of his heart; and the proofs which posterity have received of the excellence of his understanding, and the correctness of his taste, will be acknowledged by them as long as learning shall be hallowed, and superiour talents regarded with admiration.

Lives and Characters of eminent Greek Writers.

XENOPHON:

An eminent general, philosopher, and historian was born at Athens; and became early a disciple of Socrates, who is said by Strabo to have saved his life in battle.

At the 50th year of his age he engaged in the expedition of Cyrus, and accomplished his celebrated retreat in fifteen months.

The jealousy of the Athenians banished him from his native city for engaging in the service of Sparta and Cyrus. He therefore retired to Scillus, a town of Elis; where he built a temple to Diana, and devoted his leisure to philosophy and rural sports.

Commotions arising in that country, he removed to Corinth, where he is said to have composed his Grecian history, and to have died at the age of 90, in the year 360 B. C.

His works are written with great exactness, and flow with a transparent clearness, a native purity and sweetness that are the very quintessence of Attick elegance. The best editions are those of Franckfort and Oxford.

His *Cyropædia* seems to be a philosophical romance rather than a history; in which the simplicity of the Persian manners affords an excellent moral lecture. The character of Cyrus is well delineated, breathing an air of humanity and justice that is seldom to be met with: his death-bed speech is particularly excellent; and the story of Panthea is so striking, natural and well told, that it affords the reader as much pleasure as any the finest tragedy in the world.

His *Memorabilia Socratis* are rather in a dry style; but yet they are an exact picture of the life and conversation of that divine man; even more so than the dialogue of Plato, who has intermixed a good deal of his own; and gives more scope to his imagination than Xenophon.

His *Anabasis*, or *Retreat* of the 10,000, which he himself conducted, and wrote, has been compared to Cæsar's Commentaries; but seems to have some faults. It is too uniform and regular, and not written in the easy manner of memoirs, such as those of Julius Cæsar. It must, indeed, be allowed to possess much beauty of diction and mastery in eloquence; both in particular descriptions, and several good harangues.

But Xenophon, in this work, is observed to be vain: he talks too much of himself, and omits no opportunity to set forth a certain Athenian to the best advantage. He praises, though with great address and delicacy, his moderation and evenness of temper, his resolution and foresight and undaunted courage; his religion and eloquence, &c. &c. His own harangues are always extremely laboured, and never fail of producing their effect. In a word, with all the veil of the most refined modesty with which he palliates and endeavours to cover his own praises, he is himself the hero of the piece, drawn indeed with masterly art and delicacy; but, under this veil, lurks a concealed vanity, which one would not have expected from a man of the first abilities, and one of the chief ornaments of the Socratic school.

Cæsar, in my opinion, evinced a higher soul, by talking always of himself with a peculiar reserve and modesty; and never but when he ought. Yet I would not hence conclude, that the latter was a better man than the former; for perhaps Cæsar, under a veil of greater modesty, concealed a greater pride and a higher ambition.

I am rather inclined to agree with Cicero, when he says, (among other high encomiums on Xenophon), that his Praise of Agesilaus and Economics alone, are such pictures and images of excellence as none but the best of men could describe, and the best of men practise.

Even this same vanity which we condemn in the character of Xenophon, is somewhat palliated, though not excused, when we consider it as incident to other men of great eminence.

Cicero was full of it; and for all his philosophy, managed it with much less delicacy than Xenophon.

Diogenes, and all the rest of the cynical sect, were exceedingly proud and conceited; although they can boast of no kind of comparison with the agreeable and smiling philosophy of Xenophon.

Lucretius, the great champion of Atheism, boasts, in the most ostentatious manner of his *aurea dicta* and glorious doctrines borrowed from Epicurus; whom he celebrates as another sun arisen to enlighten a darkened world.

Sully, in his Memoirs of Henry the fourth of France, often speaks of himself with a degree of vanity and ostentation; and cardinals Richelieu and de Retz were both vain men, though great politicians, but of much less honesty than Sully. Indeed cardinal de Retz saw his follies at last, and candidly confessed his faults.

It were endless to mention instances both among men of learning and men of business and of the world, guilty of this most insinuating and prevalent of all passions, vanity; and which is the more to be lamented as it is often combined with great parts; though from many instances to the contrary,

both ancient and modern, and from the most natural reflections on human nature, we may conclude, that it is seldom or never prevalent with men of the greatest parts. Modesty, on the contrary, is their characteristic. I instance Homer, Socrates, Plato and Virgil, among the ancients; and Shakspeare, Bacon, Boyle,* Milton and Newton, out of a hundred instances, among the moderns.

ARISTOTLE :

This chief of the Peripatetick philosophers was born at Stagira, a small city in Macedon, in the 99th Olympiad, about 384 years B. C.

He went to Plato's school at 18, and studied till he was 37. He differed from his master in several tenets; which produced their separation, and Aristotle set up a school for himself in the Lycæum. As he gave his doctrines walking along among his auditors, his sect assumed the name of Peripateticks. He died in his 63d year; two years after Alexander.

His genius seems to have been of the most comprehensive kind; various, acute, and penetrating; but logical, dry and didactic. He was an excellent rhetorician and critic; a natural philosopher of the first rank; and, on every subject he composed like a master. He wrote also of law, politicks, and poetry; and even composed in the latter art no mean poem.

The fault of his style is, that it affects extreme conciseness which renders it difficult and obscure. His Art of Poetry, alone, has afforded subject for volumes of commentaries.

ARRIAN :

Xenophon's style, which is elegantly simple, was followed as a model by many succeeding writers. But, of all others, Arrian, the disciple of Epicetus, who flourished under the emperor Adrian, copied his manner with most exactness and merit.

Resembling his master, in being a philosopher, a general and an historian,

* Sir Robert Boyle was among the first revivers of experimental philosophy: he was a great and good man, and remarkable for modesty.

he wrote the campaigns of Alexander the Great in seven books, in imitation of Xenophon, who composed those of Cyrus in the same number.

The beautiful simplicity with which this history is written, together with the fidelity of the narration, makes it highly interesting.

Swift, who was not the most easy man in the world to please in his reading, mentions, in a letter to Mrs. Johnstone, his having read over in an evening after coming home from a visit, 200 pages of this book.

The *Enchiridion* of Epictetus, said likewise to be composed by Arrian, is as remarkable for the beauty of its style, as for its morality. With what pleasure and profit have I often perused this excellent little book that contains such valuable maxims, both of moral and prudential conduct, expressed with such conciseness as the memory easily retains, such happy allusions as delight the imagination, and such justness and good sense as gain at once the assent of the understanding!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

A NEW HUNTING SONG.

Aurora, now summon the lads of the course,
Ye hunters from slumb'ring arise;
Behold how the sun in full splendour beams
forth,

How ruddy and bright seem the skies!
Then mount your fleet steed—to the meadows repair,
No pleasure surpasses the sight of the hare.

The sluggard that dozes his life-time away,
And censures the joys we partake;
May strut for a while in the sunshine of day,
But we deem his bliss—a mistake!
As we bound o'er the heath, blooming health
marks the face,
And the horn's mellow notes but enliven the
chace.

The foppling may boast of his BEAUTY and
ease,
And play with his mistress's fan;

Let him look in his glass—the reflection
may please;

Tho' he's more an ape than a man!
Unkenneled the hounds, to the meadows repair,
And let us, enraptur'd, give chase to the
hare.

Thro' life we some kind of a pastime pursue;
The statesman will dwell on the laws;
The critick will tell you what learning can do,
While the lawyer will gain a bad cause,
But we more exalted, breathe joy in the vale,
And taste true delight in a jug of mild ale!

Diana commands—now ye sportsmen arise,
The huntsman the summons proclaim;
Away to the woods, where the fox closely
lies.

The scent is now fresh on the plain,
Since the sun gilds the east, and the morning
is bright,
Let the sports of the day crown with rapture
the night.

“Do you really, in your conscience,” said an Englishman to a Scotchman, “imagine that the Forth is a finer river than the Thames?”—“The Thames!” exclaimed the north Briton, “why my dear sir, the Thames at London is a mere gutter in comparison of the Frith of Forth at Edinburgh.”—“I suppose, then,” said the Englishman, “that you do not approve of the view of Windsor castle?”—“I ask your pardon,” replied the other, “I approve it very much—it is an exceeding pretty kind of a prospect: the country appears from it as agreeable to the sight as any plain flat country, crowded with trees and intersected by inclosures, can well do; but I own I am of opinion, that mere fertile fields, woods, rivers, and meadows can never perfectly satisfy the eye.”—“You imagine, no doubt,” said the Englishman, “that a few heath-covered mountains and rocks embellish a country very much?”—“I am precisely of that opinion,” said the Scot; “and you will as soon convince me that a woman may be completely beautiful with fine eyes, good teeth, and a fair complexion, though she should not have a nose on her face, as that a landscape or country can be completely beautiful without a mountain.”—“What do you think,” said the Englishman, “of the palace of St. James’s?”—“It is,” exclaimed the

Scot, "a scandal to the nation; it is both a shame and a sin, that so great a monarch as the King of Scotland, England, and Ireland, with his royal family, should live in a shabby old cloister, hardly good enough for monks. The palace of Holyroodhouse, indeed is a residence fit for a king."—"And the gardens—pray what sort of gardens have you belonging to that palace?" said the Englishman; "I have been told you do not excel in those."—"But we excel in gardeners," replied the other, "which are as much preferable as the creator is preferable to the created."—"I am surprised, however," rejoined the south Briton, "that in a country like yours, where there are so many creators, so very few fruit gardens are created."—"Why, sir, it is not to be expected," said the Scotchman, "that any one country will excel in every thing. Some enjoy a climate more favourable for peaches, and vines, and nectarines; but by G——, sir, no country on earth produces better men and women than Scotland."—"I dare say, none does," replied the other: "so as France excels in wine, England in wool and oxen, Arabia in horses, and other countries in other animals, you imagine Scotland excels all others in the human species."—"What I said, sir, was, that the human species in no country excelled those in Scotland."—"You will then permit me to observe," said the Englishman, "that men being its staple commodity, it must be owned that Scotland carries on a brisk trade of *exportation*; you will find Scotchmen in all the countries of the world."—"So much the better for all the countries of the world," said the Scotchman; "for every body knows that the Scotch cultivate and improve the arts and sciences wherever they go. But there are various reasons," continued he, "for so many of my countrymen sojourning in London: that city is now in some measure the capital of Scotland as well as of England. Upon the whole, the advantages which England derives from the union are manifest."—"I shall be obliged to you," said the Englishman,

"if you will enumerate a few of them."—"Has she not," resumed the Scot, "has she not greatly increased in wealth since that time? Has she not acquired a million and half of subjects? Has she not acquired security? There is no door open now, sir, by which the French can enter into your country: they dare as soon be d—— as attempt to invade Scotland. Without a perfect union with Scotland, England could not enjoy the principal benefit she derives from her insular situation."—"Not till Scotland should be subdued," said the Englishman.—"Subdued!" repeated the astonished Scot; "let me tell you, sir, that it is a very strange hypothesis; if you are conversant in history you will find, that after the decline of the Roman empire, the course of conquest was from the north to the south."—"You mean," said the south Briton, "that Scotland would have conquered England."—"Sir," replied the other, "I think the English as brave a nation as ever existed, and therefore I will not say that the Scotch are braver; but I am sure, that rather than submit, they would try to subdue the English, and you will admit that the trial would be no advantage to either country."—"Although I am fully convinced," said the Englishman, "how the experiment would end, I should be sorry to see it made."—"Yet, sir, there are people of your country, as I am told, who endeavour to exasperate the minds of the inhabitants of one part of Great Britain against the natives of the other, and to create dissensions between two countries whose mutual safety depends on their good agreement; two countries whom nature herself, by separating them from the rest of the world, and encircling them with her azure bond of union, seems to have intended for one."—"I do assure you, my good sir," said the English gentleman, "I am not of the number of those who wish to raise such dissension. I love the Scotch; I always thought them a sensible and gallant people."—"You are a man of honour and discernment," said the Caledonian, seizing him eagerly by the hand; "and

I protest without prejudice or partiality, that I never knew a man of that character who was not of your way of thinking."

A SCHOOL ECLOGUE.

EDWARD.

Hist, Henry! hist! what means that air so gay?

Thy looks, thy dress, bespeak some holyday;
Thy hat is brush'd; thy hands with wond-
'rous pains,

Are cleans'd from garden mould and inky stains;

Thy glossy shoes confess the lacquey's care;
And recent from the comb shines thy sleek hair.

* What god, what saint, this prodigy has wrought?

Declare the cause; and ease my lab'ring thought.

HENRY.

John, faithful John, is with the horses come,
Mamma prevails, and I am sent for home.

EDWARD.

† Thrice happy who such welcome tidings greet!

Thrice happy who reviews his native seat!
For him the matron spreads her candy'd hoard,

And early strawberries crown the smiling board;

For him crush'd gooseberries with rich cream combine,

And bending boughs their fragrant fruit resign:

Custards and syllabubs his taste invite;
Sports fill the day, and feasts prolong the night.

‡ Think not I envy, I admire thy fate;

¶ Yet ah! what different tasks thy comrades wait!

Some in the gammar's thorny maze to toil,
Some with rude strokes the snowpaper soil,
Some o'er barbarick climes in maps to roam,
Far from their mother-tongue, and dear-
loved home,

Harsh names, of uncouth sound, their me-
mories load,

And oft their shoulders feel the unpleasant goad.

WILLIAM.

Doubt not our turn will come some future time.

Now Harry hear us twain contend in rhyme,
For yet thy horses have not eat their hay,
And uponsum'd as yet th' allotted hour of play.

HENRY.

** Then spout alternate, I consent to hear,

* Sed tamen, ille Deus qui sit, da Tityre nobis.

† Fortunate senex, hic inter flumina nota.

‡ Non equidem invideo, miror magis.

¶ At nos hinc all sitientes ibimus Afros,
Pars Scythiam, et rapidum Cretæ veniemus Oaxam.

** Alterais digetis.

Let no false rhyme offend my critick ear;
But say, what prizes shall the victor hold?
I guess your pockets are not lin'd with gold!

WILLIAM.

A ship these hands have built, in ev'ry part
Carv'd, rigg'd, and painted, with the nicest art;

The ridgy sides are black with pitchy store,
From stem to stern 'tis twice ten inches o'er,
The lofty mast, a strait, smooth hazel fram'd,
The tackling, silk, the Charming Sally nam'd;
And—but take heed lest thou divulge the tale
The lapet of my shirt supply'd the sail;
An azure ribband for a pendant flies:
Now, if thy verse excel, be this the prize.

EDWARD.

For me at home the careful housewives make,

With plums and almonds rich, an ample cake.

Smooth is the top, a plain of shining ice,
The west its sweetness gives, the east its spice:

From soft Ionian isles, well known to fame,
Ulysses' once, the luscious currant came.

The green transparent citron Spain bestows,
And from her golden groves the orange glows.

So vast the heaving mass, it scarce has room
Within the oven's dark capacious womb;

'Twill be consign'd to the next carrier's care,
I cannot yield it all—be half thy share.

WILLIAM.

Well does the gift thy liquorish palate suit;
* I know who robb'd the orchard of its fruit:

When all were rapt in sleep, one early morn,
While yet the dewdrop trembled on the thorn,

I mark'd when o'er the quickset hedge you leapt,

† And, sly, beneath the gooseberry bushes crept;

Then shook the trees, a show'r of apples fell,
And, where the hoard you kept, I know full well;

The mellow gooseberries did themselves produce,

For thro' thy pocket oozed the viscous juice.

EDWARD.

I scorn a tell-tale, or I could declare
How, leave unask'd, you sought the neigh-
bouring fair;

Then home by moonlight spurred your jaded steed,

And scarce returned before the hour of bed.
Think how thy trembling heart had felt affright,

Had not our master supped abroad that night.

* Non ego, te vidi, Damonis—

† ———Tu post carecta latebas.

WILLIAM.

On the smooth white-washed ceiling near
thy bed,
Mixed with thy own, is Anna's cypher read ;
From wreaths of dusky smoke the letters
flow ;

Whose hand the waving candle held, I know.
Fines and jobations shall thy soul appal,
Whene'er our mistress spies the sully'd wall.

EDWARD.

Uncon'd her lesson once, in idle mood,
Trembling before the master, Anna stood :
I marked what prompter near her took his
place,

And, whispering, sav'd the virgin from dis-
grace ;

Much is the youth bely'd, and much the
maid,

Or more than words the whisper soft con-
vey'd.

WILLIAM.

Think not I blush to own so bright a flame,
Even boys for her assume the lover's name ;
* As far as alleys beyond taws we prize,
Or venison pastry ranks above school pies ;
As much as peaches beyond apples please,
Or Parmesan excels a Suffolk cheese :
Or P—— donkeys lag behind a steed,
So far do Anna's charms all other charms
exceed.

EDWARD.

Tell, if thou canst, where is that creature
bred,

Whose wide-stretch'd mouth is larger than
its head ;

† Guess, and my great Apollo thou shalt be,
And cake and ship shall both remain with
thee.

WILLIAM.

Explain thou first, what portent late was
seen,

With strides impetuous, posting o'er the
green,

Three heads, like Cerberus, the monster
bore,

And one was sidelong fix'd, and two before ;
Eight legs, depending from his ample sides,
Each well-built flank unequally divides ;
For five on this, on that side three are found,
Four swiftly move, and four not touch the
ground.

Long time the moving prodigy I view'd,
By gazing men, and barking dogs pursu'd.

HENRY.

Cease ! cease your carols both ! for lo ! the
bell

With jarring notes, has rung out Pleasure's
knell ;

Your startled comrades, e'er the game be
done,

* Lenta salix quantum pallenti cedit olivæ.

† Dic quibus in terris, et eris mihi magnus Apollo.

Quit their unfinish'd sports, and trembling
run.

Haste to your forms before the master call !
With thoughtful step he paces o'er the hall ;
Does with stern looks each playful loiterer
greet,

Counts with his eye, and marks each vacant
seat ;

Intense, the buzzing murmur grows around,
Loud, thro' the dome, the usher's strokes
resound.

Sneak off, and to your places slyly steal,
Before the prowess of his arm you feel.

I remember a young gentleman, whom a strong and retentive memory of battles and sieges, often set a prating very *mal à propos*. One of his companions expressed much surprise at his knowledge, and wondered how he had laid up such a store. " Why, truly," replied he, with great frankness, " it is all owing to my bungling blockhead of a valet, who takes up such an unconscionable time in dressing my hair, that I am glad to read to keep me from fretting ; and there are no newspapers or magazines to be had in this country. I have been driven to history, which answers nearly as well.

Dr. Moore.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Dear Euphemia, why has heaven
The "breath of life" to mortals given,
And spirit from above ?

Dear Euphemia, lend thine ear ;
I will whisper—thou shalt hear ;
We only live to love.

Love is the good that God bestows
Amongst a thousand heavy woes,
Upon the human race ;
For life itself would be a curse,
And earth a hell, or something worse,
Without this sweet solace.

Ah ! who would be the sport of fate,
In this forlorn and stupid state
Of dull existence here ;
A prey to sorrow, toil and pain,
To cares and fears—a ghastly train !
If love should disappear !

When we are sunk in deep distress,
When sorrow, toil and fears oppress,
'Tis Love affords relief.
'Tis Love dispels the gloom of care,
Shakes off the torpor of despair
And calms the bursts of grief ;

Who would wish to see the sun
In his eternal circuit run,
Dispensing gaudy light!
To see the stars in armies rise,
And take their stations o'er the skies
On each succeeding night?

Or who could bear to see the moon
Repair her wasted orb so soon
In her accustom'd way?
Or still to see the rolling year,
When finished once, again appear,
And round the seasons play?

Or who would hear the trump of fame,
The ruthless deeds of war proclaim,
And talk of thousands slain;
Or tell when fate decrees a peace,
And bids the bloody conflict cease,
And kindle war again?

Say who could bear this endless round,
Where nothing but the same is found
Around, below, above?
Once having viewed these objects o'er,
Ah! who would wish to view them more,
Without the sweets of love?

The wandering course let Herschell trace
Of planets in ethereal space,
Or solar spots descry;
Two lovely eyes are brighter far,
Than Venus or the Georgian star,
Revolving in the sky!

But, dear Euphemia, walk with me,
We'll view the stars as well as he,
And talk their wonders o'er!
We'll talk of worlds in other spheres,
Where we shall dry our bitter tears,
And love for evermore!

Let those who will, admire the plain,
Where Ceres spreads her waving grain,
In gay, luxuriant pride:
Or let them climb the mountains high,
Where boundless prospects meet the eye
Of vales and rivers wide.

To me dejected and alone,
Let no romantick scenes be shown
To rouse the listless mind;
The wonders of the earth and skies
Pass like a dream before my eyes,
And leave no trace behind!

But let Euphemia hold my arm,
E'en barren rocks have power to charm,
And savage hills shall smile:
Elysian scenes of bliss shall rise,
And deserts bloom like Paradise,
Or some enchanted isle!

'Tis love that sends those pleasing dreams,
To those who muse by silver streams,
Or under shady trees;
Love gives a charm to myrtle bowers,
And lends a fragrance to the flowers,
And freshness to the breeze.

No longer, dearest girl delay,
Alas! the powers of life decay,
And frozen age comes on;
And thou thy folly shalt bewail,
When scenes of joy and pleasure fail;
And days of love are gone!

Ah! why that form divinely fair,
And why that mild, enchanting air,
Those sweet seducing wiles?
And why that glance of fond desire,
That eye that speaks a soul of fire,
Those heart-subduing smiles?

Why does thy breast with ardour glow?
Why dost thou look and languish so,
Consumed by hidden fire?
Why should thy bosom heaving high,
Present Elysium to my eye,
And kindle mad desire?

Like Moses on the mount I stand,
And view afar the promis'd land;
But never must be there!
Did I not looks and blushes see?
Didst thou not smile, and smile on me?
And must I still despair?

Oh! hide thy soul-transporting charms!
Or let me sink within thine arms,
In wild delirious joy!
Wilt thou, as Syrens did of old,
The story as by HOMER told,
Allure and then destroy?

PHILANTUS.

February 15th. 1807.

For The Port Folio.

A FAMILY PICTURE.

Seek not in publick places for a wife,
Be not deluded by the charms of sight,
Retirement only yields the friend for life,
Who shares your grief and doubles your delight.

When orient rays within your curtains peep,
And on her roseate face enliv'ning play,
What joy to view her rous'd from peaceful sleep,
Unfold her eyes on you and welcome day.

What joy! to tend the plants her hand has rear'd,
To trace their foliage and their various hues,
Some by affecting incidents endear'd—
Some by distinction of the moral muse.

What joy! to see your children gambol wild,
Or hear them prattle, with remarks acute,
To blend amusement with instruction mild
“And teach the young idea how to shoot.”

What joy! at evening, daily duties done,
To saunter with your lov'd to Prospect Hill

And catch the glories of the setting sun;
Till wand'ring "Contemplation has her fill."

Now as you homeward bend your musing
way,

Whilst fades the glimmering landscape on
the sight.

What joy! to hear her quote the pensive
Gray,
Or name some fav'rite author for the night.

What joy! that during day she leisure found,
To give industrious poverty relief,
To pour her balm into Affliction's wound,
To wipe the tear from furrowed cheeks of
Grief.

Such are the joys a rural wife bestows,
Each hour displaying something to admire,
But most her goodness with affection flows,
Should you (her first, last thought) her
aid require.

See her, when sickness lays you faint in bed,
Gently remove the candle's painful glare,
And cautious walk with softly stealing tread,
Your medicine or nutrition to prepare.

Her soothing accents charm away your pains,
Her gay encouragement your fears be-
guiles;

And tho' her mind a widow's thoughts sus-
tains,
Her looks beam confidence with cheering
smiles.

All day, all night her eyelids never close,
But seated silent anxious by your side,
How every breath is watched, if chance
you doze,
How quick, if restless, every want's
supplied.

When pitying heaven concedes her secret
prayer

And threat'ning Death withdraws his bran-
dished dart,

A tender sense of her assiduous care
More than her virgin charms shall win
your heart.

Now view her with her group of pledges
dear,

When on your pillow rais'd they round you
stand;

Each glist'ning eye full of a rapturous tear
They press with glowing lips your wi-
thered hand.

Now "gathering up her young" lest you
should feel

O'erpowered with joy, to nursery they
move,
And there, by her example taught to kneel
Uplift their little hands in grateful love.

Song, musick, dancing and the flowing bowl,
Nay e'en the youthful, warm, enamoured
kiss
Cannot so deeply interest the soul,
As this sweet scene of fond domestick
bliss.

—
For The Port Folio.

THE COUNTRY JUSTICE.

An Imitation of Goldsmith's Country Schoolmaster.
Beneath yon willow's shade whose pendant
boughs

Wave gently as the breathing zephyr blows,
There in his hall, where rogues and knaves
resort,

The country justice holds his little court;
A man he is whose solemn visage shrouds
His folly from the view of gaping crowds:
Whose bold decrees with mangled Latin
fraught,

For legal learning pass and solid thought.
Him trembling culprits eye, with fearful
glance,

When they unwilling at his call advance;
They scan each gesture, every feature trace,
And read their fortune in his changing face.
Yet he is kind—(whenever a bribe he sees)
And raises many a sinner from his knees—

Not that he e'er was of the numerous tribe
Whose self their judgment for "a paltry bribe."
His conscience ne'er will let him be at ease,
Till the bribe doubles, the conviction fees.
For half a league at least extends his fame,
'Tis certain he can read and write his name,
Judgments can sign, a bill of costs can draw,
And knows that murder is against the law.
In arguing too the neighbour's own strength,
None can surpass in noisiness and length.

Like rude barbarians rushing from the north
Whose number conquered more than war-
like worth,

His words pour forth impetuous to the fight,
And Reason's regulators are put to flight.

O. F. Q.

EPITAPH,

On a gamester's tomb-stone.

Here lies the body of All Fours,
Who lost his money and lost his hours;
If sir you want to know his name,
'Tis High, and Low, and Jack, and Game.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 21, 1807.

[No. 12.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

ON COMPOSITION.

AMONG the most common and unobserved faults, though it be one which involves the meaning of all writers, is the mistaking the active and passive states, both in nouns and verbs, and the mingling of the two in the different members of a sentence. Not to go far for an example, the word *perspicuity* is not unfrequently confounded with *perspicacity*; the former being the passive, the latter the active noun. We meet with numerous examples of mingling passive and active construction in different members of a sentence, in the very best of English writers. But it would lead me beyond my limits were I to enter critically on the subject; and produce vouchers for all that I advance. I mean merely to offer some light to those who wish to investigate the subject more curiously.

Another beauty which may be universally adopted, is the use of nervous or energetick expressions; the figure Metonymy, judiciously applied, is of great service in this respect. No description is vivid expressed in general terms; a few lively and well-chosen particulars give force to the whole, and impress the mind with stronger ideas. Description, however,

ought, by no means, to run out into a verbose detail of minute particulars; a few leading ones convey much more meaning.

To compress the most forcible ideas into the smallest compass, will ever be the first beauty of writing: yet pursued too far, that brevity which is the greatest cause of perspicuity will produce obscurity. Diffuseness of style must always be weak, languid, and prosaick: *prosaick* not in opposition to *poetick*, but to that manly energy which good language demands, whether in prose or verse. The judicious appropriation of epithets also confers much strength on expression; two never ought to be taken where one will suffice. Though the endeavour to discriminate between the most delicate shades of meaning is always laudable, yet, by seeking to express too accurately, elegance and strength are sacrificed at the altar of description, as we may often see the half-finished sketch of a portrait promising the most perfect likeness, and losing its expression when more exquisitely wrought by the laborious pencil.

Narrative should always be as concise as is consistent with clearness, where it is introduced as an illustration of any opinion. Where it is the principal business, it will allow of a little more diffusion; but many works would gain more in strength than they

would lose in size, by being compressed into a smaller compass.

The worth of expression must be estimated by the quantum of thought it conveys. Many writers have a great facility of expression, and yet make no permanent impression on their readers. This is the case very frequently in poetry, more so than in prose; and it must be confessed that, though the sterling weight of thought will sometimes excuse infelicity of expression in prose, yet it is directly the reverse in poetry, which often pleases from being happily worded, though from the paucity of idea, it glides over the mind, nor leaves behind it the smallest trace. It is however, necessary to good poetry, as well as to good prose, that both merits should be united;—that to strength of meaning should be added beauty of language and felicity of expression: and perhaps, a better criterion of the merits of writing can scarcely be found than the traces it leaves on the mind of an intelligent reader. The remembrance of a work will be clear or confused, in proportion as the work itself had a claim to either character; and yet it is observable, that the reader of reflection would rather, at some distance of time, reperuse the work he remembers best, than that of which he has a slighter recollection. I am, however, in this instance, alluding to books of argument or science, of which the remembrance and approbation will ever be in just proportion to their own perspicuity and the judiciousness of their arrangement.

In the sentence just finished, occurs an instance of construction which I should be puzzled to explain, but which shows, in part, what I mean with respect to the just agreement between the two members of a sentence. I had written, "*in just proportion to their own perspicuity and judicious arrangement*;" but in this construction, which can hardly be called *faulty*, I was struck with what appeared to me an incongruity, and altered the sentence as it now stands. I know not whether this will be deemed too fastidious, but at

least it serves to illustrate the opinions before advanced.

That more of the pleasure of reading, depends on language than is generally imagined, I am perfectly convinced. I would therefore advise all those who wish to be noticed among the *literati* of the age, to pay particular attention to the terms of their expressions, and the construction of their phrases. It is by no means necessary to the beauty of writing, that every period should be turned with the ponderous rotundity of Johnson's language; nor indeed is any peculiar manner necessary to produce the effect proposed: the language ought to vary with the subject, to be appropriate to it, and not to wear the same uniform character whether it be employed on serious or jocular subjects, on topics of feeling, or those of science and argument.

Voltaire, who wished to be thought a universal genius, as he attempted every kind of writing, is completely a mannerist; and every one of his works, be it grave or gay, historical, ironical, argumentative, or poetical, bears what is expressively called "*Le Sçeau de Voltaire*." (I speak from a cursory perusal of his works). Voltaire had, perhaps, a genius, as it is called, only for irony: this talent he possessed in the strongest degree: but Voltaire must not rest his future fame on any other of the numerous qualifications he laid claim to. As a poet, perhaps the genius of his language, rather than any deficiency in himself prevented him from rising above mere mediocrity! but as an historian, a philosopher, and above all, a philologist, I fear his claims to *universal genius* are very illfounded.

PHILANTUS.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A work has lately been published in New-York, entitled *Salmagundi*, or the Whim Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others. The motto is a ludicrous one:

In hoc est hoax, cum quiz et jokesez
Et smoakem, toastem, roastem, folkesez,
Fee, faw, fum. PSALMANAZAR.

With baked, and broiled, and stewed and
toasted,
With fried and boiled, and smoaked and
roasted,
We treat the town.

We should think our time, but ill spent, were it merely employed in criticising and animadverting on the trifling faults of this witty production. Its beauties so far predominate over the defects that we are inclined to pass them over in total silence. Its claims to excellence, are however, strong and decisive. It bears the stamp of superiour genius, and indicates its unknown authours to be possessed of lively and vigorous imaginations, a happy turn for ridicule, and an extensive knowledge of the world. Like the Spectator, its design is to mend the morals, correct the manners, and improve the taste of the age. What degree of success this plan may meet with is not easily to be determined; but the intention of its authours appears so praiseworthy, and the talents they display in the execution of the work so unquestionable, that we ardently wish them every encouragement which genius has a right to demand. For the amusement and gratification of your readers, we have made the following extract from the third number of the work, which is replete with wit and humour.

A LETTER

from Mustapha Rub-a-dub Kali Khan, Captain of a Ketch, to Asem Hacchem principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

Thou wilt learn from this letter, most illustrious disciple of Mahomed, that I have, for some time, resided in New-York, the most polished and most magnificent city of the United States of America. But what to me are its delights? I wander a captive through its splendid streets; I turn a heavy eye on every rising day that beholds me banished from my country. The Christian husband here laments most bitterly any short absence from home, though he leaves but one wife behind to lament his departure! What then must be the feelings of thy unhappy kinsman while thus lingering at an

immeasurable distance from three and twenty of the most lovely and obedient wives in all Tripoli? Oh Allah! shall thy servant never again return to his native land, nor behold his beloved wives who beam on his memory beautiful as the rosy morn of the east, and graceful as Mahomet's camel!

Yet beautiful, oh most puissant Bashaw as are my wives, they are far exceeded by the women of this country. Even those who run about the streets with bare arms, necks, (et cetera) whose habiliments are too scanty to shelter them either from the inclemency of the seasons, or the scrutinizing glances of the curious, and who, it would seem, belong to nobody, are lovely as the Houris that people the Elysium of true believers. If then such as run wild in the highways and whom nobody cares to appropriate, are thus beauteous, what must be the charms of those who are shut up in the seraglios and never permitted to go abroad? surely the region of beauty, the valley of the Graces can contain nothing so inimitably fair!

But notwithstanding the charms of these infidel women, they are apt to have one fault which is extremely troublesome and inconvenient. Wouldst thou believe it Asem, I have been positively assured by a famous dervise, (or doctor as he is here called) that at least one fifth part of them have souls! Incredible as it may seem to thee, I am more inclined to believe them in possession of this monstrous superfluity from my own little experience and from the information which I have derived from others. In walking the streets I have actually seen an exceeding good looking woman with soul enough to box her husband's ears to his heart's content, and my whiskers trembled with indignation at the abject state of these wretched infidels. I am told, moreover, that some of these women have soul enough to usurp the breeches of the men, but these, I suppose, are married and kept close, for I have not, in my rambles, met with any so extravagantly accoutred; others, I am informed, have soul enough to swear! yea, by the head of

the great Omar, who prayed three times to each of the one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets of our most holy faith, and who never swore but once—they actually swear! Get thee to a mosque good Asem, return thanks to our most holy prophet, that has been thus mindful of the comfort of all true Musselmen, and has given them no more souls than cats and dogs and other necessary animals of the household.

Thou wilt, doubtless, be anxious to learn our reception in this country, and how we were treated by a people whom we have been accustomed to consider as unenlightened barbarians.

On landing we were waited upon to our lodgings, I suppose according to the order of the municipality, by a vast and respectable escort of boys and negroes, who shouted and threw up their hats, doubtless to do honour to the magnanimous Mustapha, captain of a ketch. They were somewhat ragged and dirty in their equipments, but this we attributed to their republican simplicity. One of them, in the zeal of admiration, threw an old shoe which gave thy friend rather an ungente salutation on one side of the head, whereat I was not a little offended, until the interpreter informed us, that it was the customary manner in which great men were honoured in this country, and that the more distinguished they were, the more they were subject to the attacks and peltings of the mob. Upon this I bowed my head three times, with my hands to my turban, and made a speech in Arabick Greek which gave great satisfaction, and occasioned a shower of old shoes, hats and so forth: this was exceedingly refreshing to us all.

Thou wilt not yet expect that I should give thee an account of the laws and politicks of this country.—I will reserve them for some future letter, when I shall be more experienced in their complicated, and seemingly contradictory nature.

The Empire is governed by a grand and most puissant bashaw, whom they dignify with the title of President. He is chosen by persons who are chosen

by an assembly elected by the people, hence the mob is called the SOVEREIGN PEOPLE, and the country, FREE! the body politick doubtless resembling a ship, which is best governed by its tail. The present bashaw is a very plain old gentleman; something, they say, of a humourist, as he amuses himself with impaling butterflies and pickling tadpoles, he is rather declining in popularity, having given great offence by wearing red breeches, and by tying his horse to a post. The people of the United States have assured me that they are the most enlightened people under the sun; but thou knowest that the barbarians of the desert who assembled at the summer solstice to shoot their arrows at that glorious luminary in order to extinguish his burning rays, make precisely the same boast; which of them have the superiour claim, I shall not attempt to decide.

I have observed, with some degree of astonishment, that the men of this country do not seem in a hurry to accommodate themselves even with the single wife, which alone, the laws permit them to marry; this backwardness is probably owing to the misfortune of their having no female mates among them. Thou knowest how invaluable are these silent companions; what a price is given for them in the East, and what entertaining wives do they make! what delightful entertainment arises from beholding the silent eloquence of their signs and gestures! But a wife possessed of both a tongue and a soul—monstrous! monstrous! Is it astonishing that these unhappy infidels should shrink from a union with a woman so preposterously endowed?

When I have studied these people more profoundly I will write thee again; in the meantime watch over my household and do not beat my beloved wives, unless you catch them with their noses out at the window. Though far distant and a slave, let me live in thy heart as thou livest in mine: think not, oh friend of my soul that the splendours of this luxurious capital, its gorgeous palaces, its stupendous

mosques and the beautiful females who run wild, in herds, about its streets, can obliterate thee from my remembrance. Thy name shall still be mentioned in the five and twenty prayers which I offer up daily; and may our great prophet, after bestowing on thee all the blessings of this life, at length in a good old age, lead thee gently by the hand, to enjoy the dignity of a Bashaw of three tails in the blissful bowers of Eden.

MUSTAPHA.

I remain yours &c.

ANGLICANUS.

PLAUTUS.

About two hundred and twenty years before the christian era, Plautus was born at Sarsina in Umbria. No certain tradition of his family has reached us; but vague accounts of his failure in trade, and a consequent application to the most servile offices, have been attested and contradicted by different authors.

That he was poor, from whatever cause, there seems to be no doubt; but his poverty was probably a stimulant to his genius though it might be an enemy to the correctness of his writings.

He wrote twenty-five comedies, of which we are in possession of nineteen. His death happened about one hundred and eighty years before Christ, on which occasion his countryman Varro inscribed an epitaph on his tomb, of which the following translation may convey an imperfect idea:

"The comick muse laments her Plautus dead;

Deserted theatres show genius fled;
Mirth, Sport, and Joke, and Poetry bemoan,
And echoing myriads join their plaintive tone."

He who is unwilling to decide for himself on the merits of Plautus, will probably be perplexed by the varying sentiments of critics. He will be told by some that his uniformity is such as always to have the same personages in the drama. There is always a young courtesan, an old person who sells her, a young man who buys her, and who makes use of a knavish valet to extort money from his father;

a parasite of the vilest kind, ready to do any thing for his patron who feeds him; a braggadocio soldier whose extravagant boasting and ribaldry have served as a model for the Copper Captains of our old comedy. To these censures he will find it added, that the style and dialogues are tasteless; that the wit is buffoonery of the lowest sort; that he was ignorant of that species of gaiety which ought to reign in comedy, and of the pleasantry properly belonging to the theatre; that these should arise naturally from the character and situation of the actor, and be conformed to them exactly; that his dialogues are long narrations, interspersed with tedious soliloquies; that his actors come in and go out without a reason; that persons who are in a great hurry continue upon the stage a full quarter of an hour; and that he introduces the lowest prostitutes with the most vulgar and indecent language and manners.

The admirers of Plautus declare him to have a fertility of invention never equalled by any writer before or since his time, together with an unrivalled judgment in the choice and conduct of his fable; that his characters are drawn from nature; and that the richest vein of ease runs through all his works; the perusal of which is accompanied not with calm satisfaction but with infinite delight.

When we are considering these opposite opinions, we ought to recollect that Plautus had not only a great reputation in his own time, but preserved it beyond the Augustan age. Varro says, if the muses had spoken Latin, it would have been in the language of Plautus. Cicero and Quintilian each afford him a high encomium, notwithstanding Terence had already written. They particularly commend his knowledge of the Latin tongue, although he wrote before the language had arrived at perfection; and the former says, that his wit is elegant, urbane, ingenious, and facetious. Horace, indeed, says, "We have admired the verses and the jests of Plautus with a complaisance which may be denominated folly." But for five hundred years Plau-

tuſ was a favourite at Rome, although the language had become more polished and correct, and criticism and polite literature had made rapid strides. He must be confessed to have a fund of comick humour and gaiety; and that his imitator, Moliere, owes much of the approbation he has received to the original from which he drew his characters. In ancient comedy where shall we find more entertainment than in the *Amphitruon* and the *Menæchmi*?

Some apology may be made for the defects of Plautus, arising from the taste of the times in which he wrote. If his wit be often false, it was relished because it was the fashion of his day. A better taste in the publick would have produced an exuberance of finer wit in him.

It was not allowed to comick writers to represent on the stage any mistresses but courtezans: the delicacy of true love therefore could not be exhibited by the writers of the drama. If Plautus was careless, and poor, and mercenary, the vivacity of his genius counterbalances these defects. All the business and bustle of comedy are to be found in his scenes. Variety too belongs to him, for the incidents are equally numerous and pleasant.

He has also adapted his plays to theatrical representation; and in that respect he carries away the prize from the elegant friend of Scipio.

Such is the language of those who are admirers of Plautus; and if on a perusal of this authour we are induced to think that it is the language rather of panegyrick than of truth, let us not forget the thunder of applauding theatres which always attended the representation of his plays.

The general praise of his contemporaries, seconded by that of several succeeding ages of learning and of taste, is surely sufficient to disparage all the strictures of modern criticism.

If it be true that his jests are rough, and that his wit in general is coarse, bearing a similitude to the old comedy at Athens, it must be confessed that, more than any other comick writer, he has consulted his own genius;

and that his strength and spirit are such as to attract and gratify the attention of every reader who is not of a disposition more than commonly fastidious.

—

*Of the Origin of Roman Literature;
and of the earliest writers.*

Before the age of Alexander the Great, the Romans made but little progress in literature. Naturally rough and unpolished, addicted to war, and struggling in continual conflict, either with enemies abroad, or popular contention at home, their language remained long in a savage state.

Livius and Ennius, the one a tragick, the other an epick poet and satyrical, were the first who began to clear it from its rudeness; though they were far from polishing it to that degree of elegance which it afterwards attained.

The truth is, the taste of the Romans was, at that time, extremely coarse; relishing nothing but wild ribaldry and low wit. Their military songs upon the occasion of a triumph, were among their earliest specimens in poetry, and were a kind of lampoons, in an ironical and jocular style, throwing reproaches on the commanders; and they were danced and sung to by the soldiers in the procession. They somewhat resembled the *Dithyrambicks* at the Grecian *Bacchanalia*; which, though rude at first, afterwards gave rise to tragedy and comedy among that polished people.

So, among the Romans, the verses called *Fescennine*, or *Saturnian*, were no other than rude satyrical songs; which, from their being used at their festivals, or triumphs, came, at last to be admitted on their stage, accompanied with musick and dances. These, with little variation, for the space of 120 years, served instead of dramatick pieces; till *Livius Andronicus* undertook to write tragedies and comedies on the more enlarged and correct model of the Greeks.

Somewhat later, (viz. in the year of Rome 550), flourished Plautus, that indelicate, though witty, comick

poet; to whom succeeded Paccuvius and Accius, tragedians; all of whom contributed more or less to the refinement of their native tongue.

Plautus was of Sarsina, a small town in Umbria. He was some years younger than Nævius or Ennius, and died the first year of the elder Cato's censorship. His language is certainly excellent, and in the purest style, while his jests are rude and indelicate: he has several coarse and obscene touches; and has much the same fault with Aristophanes. At the same time, the humour of many of his scenes is strikingly just and comick; and above any thing of the kind in the Roman writers.

This is the constant opinion of Varro, Cicero, A. Gellius, Macrobius, and the most eminent modern critics; such as Lipsius, the Scaligers, Muretus, Turnebus.

But Terence, the friend and companion of Scipio Africanus, forming himself upon the model of Menander, surpassed all his predecessors in purity and elegance, and carried the Roman language, as far as the stage is concerned, to the highest pitch of perfection; while the justness and delicacy of his characters entitle him to the highest praise.

However, it is to be presumed, with all their success in comedy, that the Romans, in the tragick drama, fell far short of the Greeks, since none of their pieces in this way have reached us, except those of Seneca, although many were composed before his time by different authours. Of these, if we may judge from the remaining fragments, the style was nowise excellent; wanting the closeness and harmony of the Greeks.

But, were there not other and still greater deficiencies arising from the nature of tragedy, which no powers of art or language could supply?

In comedy the Romans might excel, as there the characters are taken from general life, with which all are acquainted; so that they had nothing to do but paint the manners as they saw them. In tragedy the characters were more particular, the action more

important; and in order that the whole might make a deeper impression, some story venerable for its antiquity was generally pitched upon, in which all the principal actors were persons of royal or noble birth; and sometimes gods and demi-gods were taken into the scene.

How then could the Romans, whose history extended backward only a few hundred years, easily find a story, either for its antiquity, grandeur, or other tragical consequence, sufficiently adapted to this serious and most important part of the drama? They were therefore, obliged to have recourse to the Grecian fable, which amply supplied them with subject; but of which all the best and most interesting parts had been already preengaged by the finest Grecian writers.

With these it was in vain to contend; as, besides the superiority of their language and fable, their genius seemed naturally more elevated, versatile, and inventive; had more sensibility with more passion; a nicer discrimination of character; in fine, they possessed all those requisites peculiar to poetry in general, but more especially that kind of it exhibited on the stage.

To prove the justness of this remark, one has but to read a few pages in Sophocles, Euripides, or Aristophanes; all of whom, besides their superiour excellence of style, far surpass the Roman authours in wit, humour, character, fable, passion, and sentiment.

One species of poetry, indeed, but of a different kind from the former, the Romans not only invented about this time, but afterwards carried to the greatest perfection. I mean Satire, the outlines of which being first sketched by Ennius, were thereafter more fully drawn by Lucilius; who, however rude in his versification and manner, showed by his matter, to what useful purposes this branch of the poetick art might be extended. Accordingly, his successors, Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, the first with the gentler weapons of smiling satire, the other two with the zeal and

eloquence of a noble indignation, attacked, ridiculed and stigmatized vice in all ranks, and wherever it was to be found.

Poetry has, in all ages, enjoyed a prescriptive right to serve in the cause of virtue; in satire she assumes her severest tone, and appears, as it were, in person, to brand the guilty, and vindicate the laws of morality. Dramatick and epick compositions instruct by example and indirectly: Satire carries on the work of reformation by a bold and open attack on whatsoever obstructs her course: she ranges over the wide extended fields of folly and vice; exposes and combats whatever is ludicrous in the one, or detestable in the other. In a word, mankind is her province; and her object the numberless foibles, caprices, and enormities of the human race.

The following character of the Irish Ladies is so correct, that those who already know them will be pleased to see it so accurately and candidly sketched, and those who do not, will be enabled to form a just conception of their excellence so far as the description goes. If Mr. Carr had added, that, with all the just claims they possess to dominion over the coarser sex, they are so mild in the exercise of it that there are much fewer of those husbands vulgarly called *Ferries*, in Ireland, than in any part of the same population in the world, he would have given a true finishing to the picture, and have completely investigated truth. Yet, it was these very women, who, during the American contest, so far swayed the Parliament of Ireland that they refused to grant money specially for carrying on that war.

People's Friend.

"The ladies of Ireland possess a peculiarly pleasing frankness of manners, and a vivacity in conversation which render highly interesting all they do and all they say. In this open sweetness of deportment the libertine finds no encouragement; for their modesty must be the subject of remark and eulogy with every stranger. I have been speaking of the respectable class of female society, but the same virtue is to be found in the wretched mud cabin. The instances of connubial defection are fewer in Ireland, for its size, than any other country of equal civilization. The appeal of

the injured husband to the tribunal of the laws is rare. A distinguished advocate at the Irish bar assured me, that for the last six years there have not been more than five actions of *crim. con.* and not so many for the preceding twenty years. Two of those actions were between persons of very unequal situations of life in point of fortune, and were by the bar supposed to have originated in collusion for the hope of gain.

"The modesty of the Irish ladies is the effect of principle, and not of any coldness in the organization of nature; in no country are the women more fruitful. The husband only feels the tender regrets of love when business tears him from his home; he rarely knows the pang of him,

"Who doubts, yet doubts; suspects, yet fondly loves."

"The instances of ladies 'living and dying in single blessedness,' are rare in Ireland. I saw only two old maids, and they were too amiable and pleasant not to convince me that their situation was their choice. The upper classes of Irish women are very handsome and finely formed; and if I did not apprehend that the reviewers would cry out against me, I would enumerate some of those whom I had the happiness of seeing; beginning amongst the married ladies with lady Denny Floyd, Mrs. Ridgeway, &c. The lower Irish countrywomen are so disfigured by the smoke of their cabins, and their feet are so enlarged by being exposed without either shoes or stockings, that I think them inferiour in complexion and form to the female peasantry of England. The commonest women in Dublin, are, however, in general remarkable for the delicacy of their hands and arms, and the whiteness of the bosom. They are also, in general, powerfully made, and able to protect themselves. In Dublin I saw a combat between an English footman and an Irish fishwoman, which was well maintained for some time, until, at length the footman got most soundly thrashed and was obliged to yield: the fair Mendoza received many severe blows, but the bystand-

ers never interfered; so convinced were they of the superiority of her stamina and pugilistick powers. In England the low Irishwomen by their valour alone, have established the right of carrying baskets in Covent-garden, that is, of conveying the vegetables and fruit purchased there to the house of the buyer in their own body.

"The ladies of Ireland are generally elegantly, and frequently highly educated; there are few who do not speak French fluently, and many speak it with the purity of its native accentuation. They also frequently add Italian to their accomplishments; and it is no unusual circumstance to hear a young lady enter, with a critical knowledge, into the merits of the most celebrated authours with a diffidence which shows that she is moved by a thirst for knowledge, and not by vanity. They are more highly accomplished in instrumental than in vocal musick: a greater musical treat can scarcely be enjoyed than to hear some of them perform their own Irish airs, which are singularly sweet, simple, and affecting. Those who have been present at a ball in Ireland, can best attest the spirit, good-humour, grace, and elegance which prevail in it. In this accomplishment they may rank next to the animated inhabitants of Paris. The balls in Dublin are very frequent, owing to there being such a poverty of publick amusement, and this circumstance has also a tendency to enlarge and strengthen the social circle. Many of the ladies have a little of that peculiarity of pronunciation which is coarsely called the brogue, but it is a very small portion of it, and is far from being unpleasant, as long as a stranger is susceptible of it, which is but for a very short time. It is but natural to suppose that the pronunciation of an English lady must be as perceptible to an Irish lady who had always been confined to her own country, as that of the latter is to the former. A fair friend of mine who had never been out of Ireland, said to me one day, that she knew such a lady to be an English

one, because she spoke "so strong."

"I know not how to make my reader better acquainted with the Irish gentry, than by the following description which Grattan has given of them: I think," said he, "I know my country; I think I have a right to know her. She has her weaknesses: were she perfect, one would admire her more, but love her less. *The gentlemen of Ireland act on sudden impulse, but that impulse is the result of a warm heart, a strong head, and great personal determination.* The errors incident to such a principle of action must be their errors, but then the virtues belonging to that principle must be their virtues also; such errors may give a pretence to their enemies, but such virtues afford salvation to their country."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy!

From The Northern Budget.

SNOW—An Impromptu.

This is *January twenty*,
When we should have sleighing plenty;
I am tired altogether,
Of such sour, unpleasant weather;
Easy 'tis to rain and blow—
Why is it so hard to snow?

See the *farmer*, wet and weary,
Stalking o'er the plain so dreary:
Oft he upward turns his *peepers*,
Blinking like a chimney-sweeper's;
Oft he cries, enraged with wo,
"Why the devil don't it snow?"

See the *merchant*, sorry fellow,
With a face all pale and sallow,
Sick with grief and quite bed-ridden,
All because there is no *sledding*!
Hear him cry, in accents slow,
"Oh! ye gods, why don't it snow?"

See the chap-fallen tavern-keeper,
Voluntarily a *weeper*!
See his bar-room, once so cheery,
Now forsaken, cold and dreary,
Hear him cry, with spirits low,
"Curse the luck—why don't it snow?"

Hear the sage *prognosticator*,
Blame the slippery tricks of Nature :
She so oft his judgment *bothers*,
That *he* knows no more than *others* :
Hear him roar, with wrinkled brow,
“Curse my stars, why don’t it *snow* ?”

Folks in ev’ry rank and station,
Join in fretful exclamation :
Taylors, tinkers, parsons, pedlars,
Sawyers, teamsters, smiths and fiddlers,
Rich and poor, and high and low,
Hop and swear—for want of *snow* !

For myself—though prest with sorrow,
Still in hopes ’twill snow tomorrow,
To be patient I endeavour :
Faith such times can’t last forever.
Hear the stormy south-east blow—
May it wait us hills of *snow* !

Oh ! ye gods who rule the weather—
Neptune, Jove—or both together,
Lend, for once, an ear propitious,
Hear our prayers and grant our wishes ;
Down your *frosty blessings* throw ;
Cover, smother us—in *snow* !

It is laid in the unalterable constitution of things:—None can aspire to act greatly, but those who are of force greatly to suffer. They who make their arrangements in the first run of misadventure, and in a temper of mind the common fruit of disappointment and dismay, put a seal on their calamities. To their power they take a security against any favours which they might hope from the usual inconstancy of fortune.

CATHARINE OGHEE.

Where weeps the willow o’er the stream,
Thy silver stream, O Lucan !
And sighs, as autumn’s evening breeze
Blows cold upon thy bosom ;
Beneath thy verdant bank inlaid
With wild flowers’ sweetest nosegay ;
The sweetest flower of all the vale,
There sleeps my *Catharine Oghee*.

How oft, alas ! at evening star,
We marked thy clear face dimple ;
How oft, beneath the moon’s bright beam,
We marked thy waters wimple !
And whilst her bosom’s dazzling snow
My glowing cheeks did pillow,
Ah ! what could match my joys beneath
The hoar-leaf weeping willow ?

I drank the musick of her tongue,
Inhaled her balmy kisses ;
I hung around her ivory neck,
Dissolved in chastest blisses :

But, woe is me ! that beam of love,
The valley’s sweetest nosegay,
Now sleeps beneath thy primrose bank,
My angel *Catharine Oghee*.

Accursed the fiend whose ruffian hand
Did tear that beauteous blossom,
Remorse, with scorpion stings, corrode
And canker in his bosom ;
For me remains the mournful joy,
With wild flowers’ sweetest nosegay,
When twilight comes, to deck the grave
Where sleeps my *Catharine Oghee*.

And when young spring the sprouting lawn
Shall star with amber showers,
I’ll seek the spot at early dawn,
And plant the sweetest flowers :
And when they hang their pensive heads
Beneath the sultry sun’s ray,
My tears shall make them bloom again
Their sweets round *Catharine Oghee*.
[Richmond Inquirer.]

My dear departed friend, whose loss is even greater to the publick than to me, had often remarked, that the leading vice of the French monarchy (which he had well studied) was in good intention ill directed, and a restless desire of governing too much. The hand of authority was seen in every thing, and in every place. All, therefore, that happened amiss in the course even of domestic affairs, was attributed to the government; and, as it always happens in this kind of officious universal interference, what began in odious power, ended always, I may say with out an exception, in contemptible imbecility.—*Burke*.

BEAUTY AND VIRTUE—A CONTRAST.

Where does beauty chiefly lie,
In the heart, or in the eye ?
Which doth yield us greatest pleasure,
Outward charms or inward treasure ?
Which with firmest links doth bind,
The lustre of the face or mind ?

Beauty, at some future day,
Must surely dwindle to decay :
And all its energy and fire,
Ignobly perish and expire ;
Low levelled with the humble slave,
Alike must moulder in the grave.

But inborn excellence secure,
Shall brave the storm and still endure ;
Time’s self subduing arm defy,
And live when Nature’s self shall die :
Shall stand unhurt amidst the blast,
And longer than the world shall last

POEM—BY S. SUCKLING.

There never yet was honest man
 That ever drove the trade of love;
 It is impossible, nor can
 Integrity our ends promote:
 For kings and lovers are alike in this,
 That their chief art to reign dissembling is.
 Here we are loved, and there we love,
 Good Nature now and Passion strive,
 Which of the two should be above,
 And laws unto the other give.
 So we false fire sometimes with art discover
 And the true fire with the same art do cover.

What track can Fancy find so high;
 Here we must court, and here engage;
 Tho' in the other place we die,
 'Tis torture all and cozenage.
 And which the harder is I cannot tell,
 To hide true love or make false love look well.

Since it is thus, God of Desire
 Give me my honesty again,
 And take thy brands back and thy fire,
 I'm weary of the state I'm in.
 Since if the very best should now befall,
 Love's triumph must be Honour's funeral.

MORTUARY.

Died, at Boston, Mr. Thomas Parker aged 50; an active naval officer in the revolutionary war. The following is an extract from his log-book.

"First part of the voyage, pleasant, with fine breezes and free winds. All sail set. Spoke many vessels in want of provisions—supplied them freely. *Middle passage*—Weather variable—short of provisions. Spoke several of the above vessels our supply had enabled to refit—Made signals of distress. They up helm and bore away. *Latter part*—Boisterous, with contrary winds. Current of adversity setting hard to leeward. Towards the end of the passage cleared up; with *quadrant of honesty* got an *observation*; corrected and made up my *reckoning*, and after a passage of fifty years, came into *Mortality Road*, with the calm unruffled *Ocean of Eternity* in view."

Farewell, honest Tom! in the harbour thou hast now reached, no *dead reckoning* is kept.—Your integrity in this life will there be your *protection*; your charitable deeds, your *role d'equiPAGE*; you will pass an approving *examination*; and we trust your soul

will be taken under the safe convoy of the *High Admiral* of the Universe. Though while on this station you met with "*Life's rubbers*,"

"Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 "When he, who all commands,
 "Shall give to call life's crew together,
 "The word to *pipe all hands*."

Copy of an inscription, on a monument erected at Newburyport to the memory of the late learned and pious Bishop Bass.

BENEATH THIS MONUMENT

are interred the remains of the Rt. Reverend Edward Bass, S. T. D. bishop of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. He was born at Dorchester, near Boston 23d November 1726; was admitted member of Harvard College, *Æt.* 13; received the honours of that University A. D. 1744, and was soon after inducted to the pastoral care of St. Paul's Church in this town; of which he was Rector for 51 years;

DURING WHICH TIME
 he always supported an UNSPOTTED
 CHARACTER,
 and discharged the various duties of his
 office with uncommon FIDELITY
 and EXACTNESS.

HE WAS A MAN
 of distinguished VIRTUE, of uncommon
 HUMILITY, of equal MODESTY, of
 sincere PIETY, and who firmly
 adhered to the cause of
 RELIGION.

HE WAS REMARKABLE
 for a peculiar URBANITY, a PLACIDNESS
 and SWEETNESS OF DISPOSITION,
 together with a VENERABLE
 and DIGNIFIED MANNER.

HE THUS BECAME
 The kind and tender HUSBAND, and the
 instructive and agreeable COMPANION;
 the warm and lasting FRIEND, and
 the true and faithful MONITOR.
 THUS IN HIM WERE UNITED
 the sound DIVINE and the learned SCHOLAR,
 the polished GENTLEMAN and the pious
 CHRISTIAN.

THE TEARS of an AFFECTIONATE PEOPLE
 afford the surest testimony of his
 SUPERIOUR VIRTUES;
 and on their HEARTS is his MEMORY more
 deeply engraved than on the HARDEST
 MARBLE.

HE DIED SEPTEMBER 10, A. D. 1803.
 "The just do cease from their labours, and
 their works do follow them."

AN IMITATION OF THE ADMIRABLE SONG
 "*Life let us cherish*."
 Enjoy life's pleasures, seize the fleeting
 phantom form,
 Snatch, ere they vanish, the roseate flowers
 of morn.

Why, potent Fancy, should we roam,
From social joys and tranquil home?
To catch the sweets which ancient Rome
Emit from mouldering clay?

Man idly gives himself to broils,
And treads the thorny path of toils,
And shuns the golden-decked soils,
Where social treasures bloom.

When heavy clouds obscure the day,
And loud the thunders round us play;
When these are hushed, oh! then how gay
The sun smiles forth at eve.

Who envy hate and malice shun,
Whose hearts to pity gently turn,
Angels shall gather round their urn,
And steep in tears their clay;

Who honour loves, and free bestows
A generous tear on others' woes,
To him, content in bounty flows,
And fills his cup with joy;

And when his days begin to fade,
And cares and sorrows on him tread,
Friendship will lend her hand in aid,
To help him on his way.

Oh Friendship! in all Nature's bow'r,
Thou art the sweetest, fairest flow'r,
To thee we owe the heart felt hour,
And all we here possess.

I have seen some of those who are thought the best amongst the *original rebels*; and I have not neglected the means of being informed concerning the others. I can very truly say, that I have not found by observation or inquiry, that any sense of the evils produced by their projects has produced in them, or any one of them the smallest degree of repentance. Disappointment and mortification undoubtedly they feel: but to them repentance is a thing impossible. They are atheists. This wretched opinion by which they are possessed even to the height of fanaticism, leading them to exclude from their ideas of a commonwealth, the vital principle of the physical, the moral, and the political world, engages them in a thousand absurd contrivances to fill up this dreadful void. Incapable of innoxious repose, or honourable action, or wise speculation, in the lurking holes of a foreign land, into which (in a common ruin) they are driven to hide their heads amongst the innocent victims of their madness, they are at this very hour, as busy in

the confection of the dirt-pyes of their imaginary constitutions, as if they had not been quite fresh from destroying, by their impious and desperate vagaries, the finest country upon earth.

Burke.

On reading the debates of Congress respecting Gen. Eaton's GOLD MEDAL.

Written at Gibraltar, by William Ray, one of the captives from Tripoli.

And is it then a subject of debate,
With these wise Solons in the house of state,
Whether should Derna's conqueror stand
or fall?

Or matchless bravery meet reward at all?
Whether should Eaton, unexampled brave,
Who fought to rescue and who bled to save
Three hundred hapless souls from chains and
death,

Whose lives hung trembling on a murderer's
breath;

Whether his name descend to future days,
On the bright medal of a nation's praise;
Or should his trophies be by all forgot,
Mix with the rubbish of the times, and rot?

"Small was his force—half naked were
his foes,

And, though so num'rous, easy to oppose!"
Thus argues Randolph, Clay the same avows
And fain would pluck the laurel from his
brows;

The sword of Vict'ry from his hand would
wrest,
And tear the badge of Valour from his
breast.

Then thank them not though Justice still is
found,
And grateful Honour wreaths his temples
round.

And was it nought those burning sands
to explore,

Where feet of Christians never trod before?
Where Freedom's banners ne'er had been
unfurled,
Since the bold Romans flourished o'er the
world?

Midst fierce barbarians whom no laws can
bind,

Wild as the waves and treach'rous as the
wind;

To rear the standard, and so long defend,
With less than twelve on whom he could de-
pend?

To storm a citadel of tenfold might,
And hold that fortress till the flag of white
Wooded him to yield it, at the voice of
Peace,

And give his captured countrymen release?
For Eaton's boldness first appalled the foe,
Who, awed like Pharaoh, let the people go.

When the blest. shade of Washington,
 above,
 Saw the bold chief through Lybian deserts
 move,
 The sword of vengeance waving in the sky,
 Resolved to free his countrymen or die ;
 The patriot few attending on his way,
 His visage beamed a more celestial ray ;
 To Warren and Montgom'ry showed the
 sight,
 Then sunk in glory and absorbed in light !
 Oh ! did he live ! did Vernon's boast again
 Shine in the field, or in our councils reign,
 His voice from Eaton never would withhold,
 Although with pearls enriched, the bur-
 nished gold,
 But by his hand would ardently be prest,
 The conscious symbol to his dauntless
 breast.

Then let mean envy Randolph's spite be-
 tray,
 And dart thy arrows, impious hand of Clay !
 The hand of Heav'n, for Heaven rewards
 the brave,
 Shall bless thee, EATON, e'en beyond the
 grave ;
 While gratitude shall warm Columbia's
 breast,
 Thy name shall live—thy merit stand con-
 fess ;
 Thy deeds shall brighten on th' historic
 page.
 Year after year, and age succeeding age,
 Wreaths of thy fame, transferr'd by bards
 sublime,
 Shall bloom forever mid the wreck of time.

MERRIMENT.

Soon after the duke of Norfolk had
 abjured the errors of popery, he vi-
 sited his seat of Worksop Manor, in
 Nottinghamshire ; as he walked in the
 garden, he asked some questions of
 one of the gardeners, who he found did
 not know him : " Your master," said
 the duke, " I am told, has changed
 his religion ; pray what do you think
 of it ?"—" Why," said the gardener,
 " I know not what to think of it ; I
 hope, however, his grace will make a
good protestant, for I have been told
 he made a *very bad catholic*."

Lady Wallace sent a very civil mes-
 sage to Mr. Harris, patentee of Co-
 vent-Garden Theatre, offering him a
 comedy of her writing for *nothing*.
 Mr. H. observed, that her ladyship
 knew the *exact value* of it.

The duke of Richmond being asked
 why he ordered a captain's guard to

mount near the kitchen, replied, that
 he wished to accustom the captains
 of militia to *stand fire*.

Once when John Kemble played
 Hamlet in the country, the gentleman
 who acted Guildenstern was, or ima-
 gined himself to be, a capital musician.
 Hamlet asks him—" will you play upon
 this pipe ?"—" My lord, I cannot."—
 " I pray you."—" Believe me, I can-
 not."—" I do beseech you," " *Well*
if your lordship insists on it, I shall do as
well as I can ; and to the confusion of
 Hamlet, and the great amusement of
 the audience, he played *God save the*
King.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

AN ELEGY

To the memory of my brother, who died in Jama-
 ca, Novr. 1801, of the yellow fever, in five days ill-
 ness.

1

Here shall Remembrance pour the silent
 tear,
 Though death detain thee from this vale
 of wo,
 Accept my friend, accept, if thou canst
 hear,
 'Tis all a brother's fondness can bestow.

2

No sullen whims our simple joys retard,
 When children lisping round our mother's
 knee,
 We shar'd her tender kiss, our wished
 reward,
 And heard her merry tale in silent glee.

3

Of wandering, thoughtless, through the
 pleasant groves,
 In rival haste we plait the flowery crown,
 And wish to know, for sudden fancy moves,
 Why shadows lengthen as the sun goes
 down.

4

When infant gambols ripen years destroy,
 And nobler pursuits reason's care demand,
 Parental love surveyed with anxious joy,
 Our progress equal as our minds expand.

5

Alas ! Misfortune rears her gloomy shade,
 The ties of Friendship are asunder torn,
 Disjoined afar no more we court the glade,
 Or scheme the pleasures of the coming
 morn.

6

For William's fancy splendid hopes conceives

Of wealth and honours on a foreign shore,
He grasps at empty forms, nor once perceives

The fatal danger which my tears deplore.

7

Come banish grief and think how short my stay,

Two lustres finished in the Western Isles,
In rapture I'll return to bless the day,

That crowns our future lives with fortune's smiles.

8

This beauteous fly, with wings of glittering white,

Late in its cell a scanty pleasure knew,
But now complete with powers of new delight,

It skims the air and sips the balmy dew.

9

My fancy mournful dwells on Scotia's shore,

And paints the feelings of our last adieu,

I stood dejected as the billows bore

My early friend forever from my view.

10

Propitious breezes swell the trembling sails,

And waft him safely to the destined land,

But there, alas! the direful pest prevails,

He pines in death and strangers round him stand.

11

As sickness flies, the planters call to arms,

For fierce Maroons their hostile banners wave;

He bravely joins to crush their dire alarms,

But ruthless wounds nigh sink him to the grave.

12

These dangers past, bright hope renews the dream,

Of coming raptures which no cares invade;

Fallacious hope—again his shattered frame,

The pest assaults—he sinks among the dead.

13

Perhaps his radiant shade around me flies,

To view the sorrows mortal scenes impart,

Oh grant bright Spirit, if no power denies,

A double portion of thy feeling heart.

14

That sympathick heart, whose greatest pride,

To sooth the anguish of the sons of wo,
Or gen'rously with smiles thy wealth divide
To mitigate or heal misfortune's blow.

15

A fleeting pain the greatest mis'ry ends,

When Death relentless hurls at us his dart,

But skilled in wo by cutting off our friends,

Continual pangs transfix the melting heart.

16

Low lies his head and cold his heart sincere,

My anguish hopeless still I'm pleas'd to mourn,

Nor like Pericles check the falling tear,

A tribute grateful to the hallowed urn.

N. N.

A new song adapted to the tune "Logie O Buchan."

1

On *Ythan's sweet banks I have frequently strayed,

Delighted with Jamie below the birch shade,

His eyes spake tho' the converse was sma'

O dool on the wars that took Jamie awa'.

2

The last time I saw him was in yonder green bower,

He gae me a rose, sayen look at this flower,

The colour, my dearest, is whiter than snaw,

An emblem of true love when I'm far awa'.

3

Its smell still remains when the colour decays,

And faithful love sweetens long life's latest days;

So think of the odour and colour so braw,

And your thoughts will embrace me when far, far awa'.

4

I gae him my bracelets wi' looks of despair,

And sighing we niffered locks of our black hair,

My big heart was bursting, nae tears came ava,

Alas! who shall sooth me when I'm far awa'.

5

Be cheerful my lassie, no dangers I fear,

The seraphs who guard us shall always be near,

Our wishes to sanction and hear when you ca'

For their aid to protect you when I'm far awa.

* A pleasant river in Buchan.

6

Preserved from the wars and the storms of
the sea,

I'll return never more to be severed from
thee ;
Our bliss shall be damped by no pleasures
ava,
And the purer for those that are past and
awa'.

ODE

TO DR. B——, OR TO GRATITUDE,

Written in a room overlooking Lake Ontario,
January 1, 1803.

1

Pale Indians shiver at their fire,
The dazzling snow our eye-balls stun,
The skaters from the cold retire,
The water freezes in the sun,
And yonder cataract displays
From columns Iris' golden rays ;
But Gratitude, sweet smiling guest,
The chilling cold expels and warms my
throbbing breast.

2

Hail Gratitude, soft-blushing maid,
By gods and men alike below'd,
Despatch'd to gentle Virtue's aid,
To make her duties more approv'd ;
With Goodness tripping on before,
You guide her to the wretched door ;
Again behind you hold her train,
Smile off her cautious fears and shake
your golden chain.

3

Anon you lead the heavenly choir,
The sainted host in rapture gaze,
You strike with love th' eternal lyre ;
And sound delightful notes of praise ;
While angels from on high proclaim
That men may join th' ecstasick theme,
To Gratitude alone is given,
The thankful soul of man to raise from
earth to heaven.

4

The offerings of a grateful heart,
O waft benignant nymph divine,
To B—— some pleasure thou'lt impart,
At sacred Truth's refreshing shrine ;
For there he studies Nature's page,
Or saunters with Sicilia's sage,*
Admires the depth of Bacon's mind,
And Newton lifting Nature's veil that
kept us blind.

5

Perhaps his mind illum'd portrays,
From systems free the human race ;
The native worth that man displays,
His various sources of distress,
By Freedom blest, a demi-god,
A beast when rul'd by Nero's rod,

* Archimedes.

And all his frame with ardour glows,
To sooth with healing balm, or banish
mortal woes.

6

O Truth, enrob'd in snowy white,
Your fav'rite's modest doubts dispel,
That he may spread your precious light,
And then inspire a nobler shell
To sound aloud his glorious name,
To class him with the sons of fame,
While Gratitude, celestial guide,
Each heart inspires to hail, their country's
boast and pride.

N. N.

ADDRESSED TO CARA.

My fortune and my hopes were gone,
My projects had an end,
And dreary is the world to one,
Who lives without a friend !

How dark it was ! A lurid shade
Of never-ceasing wo,
Enveloped me. No more I pray'd
For happiness below.

But kindness in thy face was shown ;
Or did I dream 'twas there ?
'Twas like a glimpse of hope to one
Abandon'd to despair.

Thus on a dark tempestuous night,
I've seen the lightnings play,
And cast a flash of heav'nly light
Across my clouded way.

Was I deceived ? with gloomy wo
No longer will I cope.
There's nothing sinks the heart so low
As disappointed hope.

The shipwrecked sailor on a spar,
To God for mercy cries—
He sees a spreading sail afar !
And hope illumes his eyes.

He cries in vain ; the passing gale
Bears all his hopes away ;
No more he sees the spreading sail ;
No more has strength to pray.

"No helping hand is nigh to save,"
In wild despair he cries ;
And with the next returning wave,
Without a struggle dies.

Was I deceiv'd ? Does Love offend !
Dost thou reject his claim ?
I'll call thee Cara—sister—friend,
Or some endearing name.

But, do not frown. A glance from thee
Of anger or disdain,
Would place a weight of grief on me,
Too heavy to sustain.

ANNIUS.

The following song was sung with great applause at a dinner given on St. Andrew's day at Montreal.

1

An Englishman calls for plumpudding and beef,
A Frenchman thinks soup of good victuals the chief,
A dainty potato the Irish have chose,
But Scotchmen delight in sweet castocks and brose.
O, the kail-brose of old Scotland,
O, the old Scottish kail brose.

2

The proud Dionysius was wonderful wroth,
And carot from his heart the Spartan black broth;
But had the Laconians given him brose,
The testy old codger had ta'en a good dose.

3

When honest St. Andrew arrived on our coast,
Of converts the father soon made a great host,
And these he commanded to plant a kail-yard,
From hunger's dire cravings a sweet luscious guard.

4

When Fingal, the hero invincible, hurled
Defeat and disgrace on the king of the world,
The chiefs he recalled from pursuing the foes,
And bade them prepare for a dish of kail-brose.

5

Our fathers since this when they go to a feast,
A dirk at their girdle, a plaid round their breast,
A good cutty spoon in their bonnets inclose
To sup the first dish that was always kail-brose.

6

The Danes finding no skill their best armies could save,
That Scotland in landing was always their grave,
No longer their lives they swore they'd expose
In battle with men always feeding on brose.

7

The English and Scotch in fierce battles engage
For ages too num'rous with slaughtering rage;
And shall we the bone of contention disclose,
Faith the one fought for beef and the other for brose.

8

At last on weak Jamie prosperity blows,
Who joined in himself the thistle and rose,
All his subjects, he said, might eat as they chose,
The English roast-beef and the Scotchmen kail-brose.

9

The peace to establish he made a grand feast,
And each nation's dishes were handsomely drest,
A roasted surloin and plumpudding oppose
A sheep's head, minc'd collops, fat haggis and brose.

10

Here's then to Saint Andrew who first gave us kail,
And Saint George who sent the fierce dragon to hell;
Henceforth let the thistle be join'd to the rose,
And roast-beef at dinner come after kail-brose.
O, the kail-brose of old Scotland,
O, the old Scottish kail-brose.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Of the few poetical remains of Plato, I send you a version of one. It is to be found in Laertius and in the Anthology.

When Time o'er the wilds of calamity rush'd
To wreathe Hecuba's chaplet of years,
With a grim leer, each hope as it budded,
he crush'd,
Every flower he water'd with tears.
Ah! how vivid the sunbeams that glanc'd on thy morn,
And gild'd each vapour of gloom;
But the tide wayward destiny pour'd on her dawn,
Now rolls back from my Agatha's tomb.

H. L.

Brunswick, Maine.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, March 28, 1807.

[No. 13.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

Tenet insanabile multos
Scribendi cacoethes.

Juv.

I RECENTLY received a letter from a 'venerable old friend,' announcing the afflicting intelligence of his having been seized with an agonizing fit of the gout, at the same time intimating a request that I should immediately repair to his country residence, for the purpose of administering those little consolatory offices of friendship, which, while they amuse the mind, contribute to allay the rigours of that terrible malady. On my arrival I found the good old man stretched on a sofa, attended by a grave looking old female, who has served him these thirty years, in quality of house-keeper.

Although his distorted features visibly indicated the keenness of his corporal sufferings, his superiour mind seemed by the exertion of the most manly fortitude and dignified resignation, to be perfectly tranquilized. After greeting my visit by a cordial salutation and hearty squeeze of his palpitating hand, we insensibly beguiled an hour or two in discussing the nature of his inveterate enemy, the gout; and by a mutual recital of those trifling incidents which had transpired during a pretty long absence.

It is now nearly a week since I entered his hospitable sanctuary, and, thanks to divine omnipotence, have the unspeakable felicity of seeing my dear old friend restored to a tolerable state of convalescence.

Happening, a day or two since, to be recreating my mind in his library, I accidentally espied a manuscript volume, which, on examination, I found interspersed with a great variety of the old gentleman's thoughts, and observations, from among which I have ventured to select the succeeding discourse. Although as a literary production, it cannot be fairly taxed with the ancient sin of originality, it will, nevertheless, be found destitute of that favourite modern figure of speech 'commonly termed nonsense.' It appears evidently to have been written under the pressure or influence of depressed spirits, and is strongly tinged with that serious melancholy and mild philosophy which form a prominent trait in the authour's character.

AMERICANUS.

"No circumstance tends more powerfully to suppress the swellings of ambition, and curb the arrogance of pride, than a dispassionate retrospection of our past existence. Like a fatigued traveller, who, after a toilsome pilgrimage, arrives at some commanding eminence, and thence retra-

ces the intricate windings through which he hath wandered, and views distinctively every obstacle that hath retarded his progression : on the one side he discovers that his feet have grazed on the brink of a precipice whence had they erred a single step, he would have been inevitably hurled into the realms of eternity. On the opposite side, he distinguishes a smooth path meandering through luxuriant fields, besprinkled with flowers of the most variegated tints and intoxicating redolence, which had he fortunately chosen would have both abridged and enlivened his disastrous journey. But, alas ! the circumscribed vision of this deluded mortal could not penetrate those recesses of danger which are every where obscurely interspersed throughout this delightful region : he discovers not the widely expanded jaws of destruction, which are ready to receive him were he again to remeasure his perilous pilgrimage. Thus is it with those travellers who are journeying onward to the goal of life ; most of them fancy their pursuits to have been mistaken, and their credulity and vanity flatter them into a belief that, were it possible to antedate their existence to the jocund period of adolescence, they would achieve some noble enterprize that would entitle them to a distinguished niche in the glorious register of immortality. Instead of having descended to pitiful artifices and trudged through all the mire of dishonour in amassing a gorgeous pile of useless wealth, they would have retired to ' academick bowers ' and treasured up a fund of erudition to purchase posthumous celebrity. Instead of having yoked themselves to illiteracy and vulgarity, gilded with the trappings of fortune, they would have allied themselves to women whose vivacity of feeling and exquisite culture of understanding would have reflected lustre on their reputations, and afforded solace to the imbecility of age. Instead of ascending the crazy ladder of Ambition, and cringing, with dastardly servility, for the attainment of rank and power, they would have withdrawn to some sequestered har-

let, where happiness might be participated without the wages of adulation, and pleasure derived without the accustomed homage of vice. By pursuing this natural train of reflections, what a deplorable mass of folly and imbecility doth humanity exhibit ; scarcely would the annals of mortality furnish one solitary being who could view, with unmixed approbation, the years of his departed existence ! But let us, for a moment, reverse the picture and take a retrospective glance of the numerous events, vicissitudes, and revolutions which have occurred during our past lives, and which, at this ultimate period, seem almost darkened by the mantle of oblivion. What an admirable field doth it unfold for the speculations of a *real* philosopher ! Here we perceive a family drawn from the blackest mists of obscurity, now rolling in all the luxury of opulence, and reared on the wreck of prostrate grandeur. Perhaps the occupations of the descendants are completely reversed, and those who were wont to ' threaten and command,' are now necessitated to perform the menial office of obeying. The man of mirth, whose well pointed irony and pungent witticisms were at once the envy and admiration of rival contemporaries, hath now terminated his career, and the brilliancy of his genius forgotten or buried in the tomb with his ashes. She whose gracefulness and exquisite beauty formerly aroused the frosty decrepitude of age, and maddened the impetuosity of youth, hath now faded into insignificant obscurity, and nothing is recollected but the cicatrized wounds of her former coquetry. Were every person to seize those auspicious moments after the mind has been mellowed by the impressive effects of a cruel calamity ; were their imaginations to conjure up the ghosts of their departed hours, in ' horrible succession,' I cannot divine a more powerful incentive to virtuous amendment than it would prove. We should be reproached with the remembrance of days, nay years of our time squandered away in the pursuit of visionary nothings. It would also

illustrate one of the noblest precepts of christianity; namely to be contented with the situations we are destined to fulfil, from a well grounded belief that a beneficent Deity in populating the universe, allotted to each individual his distinct line of duty and elevation. The splendid reputations acquired by the possession of genius and potency of erudition, instead of constituting a theme for the carplings of envy, ought rather to inspire us with pity and contentment. How frequently do we see a being, possessed of the utmost vividness of imagination or Promethean fire of genius, totally incapacitated for the ordinary duties of society; whilst his towering soul disdains the vulgar ploddings of honest industry, he presently finds himself pinched to the bone for the want of those useful qualifications which form the objects of his unmerited contempt. Surely this solitary reflection is of sufficient magnitude to alleviate all the pangs of mediocrity. It is, therefore, manifest, that Nature has acted with her accustomed wisdom, by gifting the majority of every community with moderate talents. Experience bears unequivocal attestation to her foresight. Men thus endowed seem expressly fitted to sustain the common duties of life, and support the great bonds of society. Fine parts are rarely accompanied with solidity of judgment, and, although mankind are generally disposed to yield the tribute of applause to the offsprings of genius, they are seldom either warranted or inclined to sanction their examples of practice by imitation. In a word, I am of opinion that Nature, in the dispensation of intellects, generally counterbalances mental inferiority by mingling with great talents some obvious defects, and that we ought, each one of us, to be satisfied with the degrees of felicity or infelicity which a just God hath awarded to us. It is the doctrine of an optimist, but the religion of a christian. By a practical adoption we are enabled to look on the past with complacency, on the present with approbation, and on the future with renewed confidence."

For The Port Folio.

The review of the Northern Summer has, it seems, drawn on the author the animadversions of some disciple of Shaftesbury. As if the world was not already convinced that ridicule is not the test of truth, R. F. is determined by exemplification to settle the point beyond the reach of controversy. His wit is so exceedingly keen that one can almost perceive its point. He has proclaimed himself an advocate for the Northern Summer. Those passages which others consider as the *souff maigre* of this production to his palate are grateful delicacies. Gifted with a never-failing relish for every thing that is presented him, he disdains the squeamish particularity of an Epicurean, and regales his appetite with every dish in the bill of fare without discrimination. Where repetition tires or insipidity disgusts the majority of readers of taste, he is thrown into ecstasy. His attention receives a new impulse from every trite anecdote, every ebullition of levity. His passion for the little Swede is so totally unaccountable that one is inclined to suppose

"Nunc illum habet ista secundum."

The trash of literature has ever been the favourite diet of superficial readers. Their stomachs are too weak for the digestion of strong and solid food. Refinement of taste is to be acquired by a patient diligence and severity of thought which gentlemen of the abovementioned description wholly disclaim. They are most pleased when least subjected to the torture of reflection. The delicate minds of these Rule of Three gentry are ready to revolt when a writer is so unreasonable as to require them to compare circumstances or to balance probabilities. Transported with whatever they read, they wonder at the blindness of those who cannot discern beauties where none exist. For them the most languid pages of the most languid novel are not without their charms. Viewed through a flattering lens, tedious digression become agreeable

aberrations, absurdities of character are amiable eccentricities, and new-fangled expressions pass for originality of sentiment. Whilst I must be permitted to be so much of a heathen as to envy R. F. this extraordinary faculty of extracting entertainment from every book which accident may throw in his way, let me congratulate him on the abundant materials which the present age must afford him for its gratification. Each new magazine must be a treat; each romance a banquet. He should take up his residence at Leipsick.

Not deigning to descend to a particular justification of Mr. Carr, our critic contents himself with avowing simply his general admiration. There may be a circle of acquaintance in which his decision has the authority of a ukase: but he must pardon our insensibility if we, whose doom it is to reside without its circumference, should be unaffected by the focus of intelligence which irradiates it. We hope that at the present day it is no very great crime to refuse obedience to authority to which we are not amenable. As we were not accessory to the elevation of R. F. to the chair of dictatorship in matters of taste, we flatter ourselves that to be a little sceptical about his abilities to reign is an offence at least within the benefit of clergy. We have read his manifesto, but we cannot applaud what we do not admire: we are at a loss how to believe in opposition to conviction. And let me tell that gentleman that it is not for a usurper in the arts or sciences whose talents are yet to be known, to attempt by sarcasm and the use of strong epithets to reconcile his subjects to the submissive yoke of non-resistance and passive obedience. We would beg permission to continue our stupid preference of the travels of Smollet and the Tour to the Hebrides, to Robinson Crusoe and the Stranger in France.

R. F. has descended from Lake Huron so saturated with knowledge that one is disposed to credit the force of climate in operating miracles on the human intellect. A genius

whose scintillations in these latitudes eludes the nicest opticks, translated to the banks of Saint Lawrence beams with a splendour unrivalled by the Ursa Major itself. Has R. F. conversed with the magi of the Pontawattimies? Or has his Pegasus opened another fountain of inspiration on some Northern Helicon? The rapidity with which the rays of knowledge appear, in certain instances, to pass into the brain has put me to the necessity of making these inquiries. Unacquainted, however, with any hypothesis that can satisfactorily solve so singular a phenomenon, I sometimes imagine that there must be some secret virtue in travelling. Whether it is that our ideas, from the effect of motion, are jolted from their chaotick state into order and arrangement, or whether from the same cause the dense particles of matter are separated from spirit (for they appear at times to intrude) and resuming their stations leave the latter to act with its wonted energy, I cannot say. But, at all events, believing that our traveller has derived considerable benefits from the last, I beg leave to prescribe to him another excursion the ensuing summer.

R. F. talks of fools, of shreds of knowledge, and is lavish in the use of *empty, splenetick, and morose*. To the pungency of this vulgar rhetorick my feelings are callous: it is the common refuge of defeated argument. The abstruse learning on wagers is so familiar to the graduates in this art that I deem myself peculiarly fortunate in not being betted into conviction. I shall be accused of vanity (I own with some reason) in presuming to expose myself to the attacks of a gentleman of R. F.'s profound erudition. The depth of his research and the tenacity of his memory are really uncommon. It was new to see the same person conversant with Pope and with Horace: but when, in addition, we find him read in fables, he seems something supernatural. We are told, indeed, by a late poet of observation and talents that to read in English, and quote in Latin and Greek, is a trick of no very

Recent origin. This may unravel R. F.'s extensive knowledge as a linguist, which at first blush provokes our incredulity. Considering the infinite pains taken by this tribe of literati to acquire *reddendo verbum pro verbo*, the reputation of scholars, it were almost a pity to expose their ingenious devices.

R. F. appeals to a Roman poet if a book of travels may not be enlivened by variations in style and occasionally by poetick effusions. To show this did not need the authority of Horace, who (by the way) is here writing on the drama. Before we leave Horace I would ask, pray Mr. R. F., did you ever encounter a passage in that writer where he says "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam?*" The fault of the Northern Summer is, that the quotations are too frequent and long; that the original poetry is done *invita Minerva*.

R. F. is startled at the mention of juries and outlawries. Why they should so disconcert him he best can tell.

It is remarked by R. F., with great sagacity, that execration of mercy is an inconsistency; it is admitted. By a mistake in the transcribing, "execration" has crept in the room of "exclamation" which was the word intended. His objections to "candour being merited," &c. are unfounded, and worthy of the school of Hypercriticus. To this learned academy, and R. F. its learned president I resign the discussion of such intricate points. I will debate with no man "about Sir Archy's great grandmother."

As R. F. makes no attempt to refute the criticisms on the Northern Summer what could have occasioned his appearance in The Port Folio is, at first view, matter of surprize: a little consideration, however, leads us to the discovery that the whole is the product of finesse. Yet rocked in the cradle, his infant Tour round the Lakes had been confined to the smiles of its fond and partial father. With the ambition of the Medici, he resolves to invest it with the toga though not advanced to puerility and introduce it to the publick notice. Application is

made to the Editor of The Port Folio. He is modestly asked by R. F. to invite him to rescue from obscurity his darling child, to stand godfather and prepare the way for a favourable reception. Supported now by the countenance of Mr. Oldschool, he has secured a retreat behind an apology, should the sequel teach him the proneness of parental affection to overrate what is its own.

Some conjecture, not without probability, that this eagerness to announce his "Tour round the Lakes" has prompted R. F. to a premature illumination of the columns of The Port Folio with the corruscations of his genius. The invective against J. S. in all verisimilitude was originally designed to repel the anticipated attacks of the British Critick or Boston Repertory. Though not a little prejudiced in favour of his offspring, yet retaining some symptoms of distrust, his mind haunted with prodigies, presages, and omens, seems to forebode its cruel and untimely fate. No doubt he has inspected, with care, the entrails of beasts, and watched with solicitude the flights of birds. The stern spectres of the Anti-Jacobin and Edinburgh Reviews stalk before his fancy, and fill his breast with continual alarms. Thus circumstanced, he determines to forestal the publick opinion, and open the campaign with offensive operations, hoping that the magick of his name and the terrour of his arms will silence all opposition and leave him to reap, without interruption, an ample harvest of wealth and renown. This opinion is corroborated by remarking, that his publication in The Port Folio is adapted from the general terms in which it is conceived to answer any person or any subject. Endued with a lucky pliancy of character, it may be employed with equal advantage in the refutation of objections to the Farmer's Boy or the Jerusalem Delivered.

The "Tour round the Lakes" is expected with considerable anxiety. I hear that all is finished, except the quotations and a few choice tables. As the extracts from Pope and Horace

may constitute, in no small degree, the merit of the book, it should not be pushed on with too much celerity. It will, of course, contain at stated intervals some specimens of original poetry. It is not unlikely it will be found a depository of much useful knowledge, and of many important discoveries. Some perhaps too sanguine in their theories have predicted it will be made appear in proper time and place, that the Falls of Niagara are 137 feet high, that Lake Erie is situated in North America, and that Canada is a province of the British Empire. A friend of mine, whose imagination, it is true, was a good deal heated by expectation, has said, he should not be surprised if it turned out to be colder in the Tropicks than in the Torrid Zone, and conceited he could name the very page where this extraordinary fact would be brought to light. All agree that we shall have a new edition of the *Little Swede*.

There are those who pretend to have seen, in manuscript, the following advertisement: "Now in the press and shortly to be published, A Dissertation, from the pen of R. F., on the relative merits of Godwin and Smollet, wherein the superiority of the former in happy wit, propriety of diction, fertility of invention and delineation of character is demonstrated, (in the form of queries) and made manifest and palpable, beyond all possibility of contradiction. N. B.: R. F. begs leave to inform the publick that he intends writing, very shortly, a vindication of Carver's Travels, wherein by a very curious fable and sundry extracts from the French Grammar, he pledges himself to prove, in the most incontestible manner, that the said Carver, for elegance and accuracy, is second only to the *little Italian*. He therefore, earnestly solicits children, and others who have not already imbibed prejudices against this amusing Traveller, to abstain from reading his book until the *Vindication* appears; and on no account, to contravene this interdiction. He has ascertained from Chequicoko, an Indian chief, that Carver was a man of talents, and was

three whole days among the Indians." P. S. The authour has good reason to assure the publick that this last work will outstrip all his former productions: He tenders his compliments to the Reviewers for their kind notice of his last writings and desires them to be informed that he defies the snarls of criticism, having already digested a series of queries which will fully refute them.

There has been no instance (I believe) of a book without its correspondent readers. Thus R. F. admires the Northern Summer. With an intrepidity truly admirable, he proclaims himself its champion; throws the glove, and, denouncing sorcery and witchcraft, avows his determination to maintain the contest till the stars appear in the evening. Whether he will prove recreant is yet to be decided. It certainly is no very easy task to vindicate the reputation of a writer without adducing a single argument in his defence. A Quixote in letters, no danger, however imminent, no enterprize, however extravagant, not even the dread of a blanket, can deter R. F. from his desperate purposes. His illustrious predecessor, we are told, mistook Inns for Castles; with an equal propensity to errour, R. F. mistakes sarcasm for wit, Carr for Moore. It cannot be long before his fame will reach the ears of some German commentator, and he will be taken into pay. Whatever may be the result, this lineal representation of Bell deserves the thanks of Mr. Carr for his generous effort to arrest the progress of the Northern Summer in its rapid descent to the grave of oblivion. Whilst the tomb already opens to receive it, he interposes his voice, and claims a suspension of the dreadful sentence which condemns it to death. Should the romantick project of this Literary Saviour be crowned with success, he will, no doubt, proceed to resuscitate an innumerable host of plays, novels, romances, and travels that now lie buried in a state of suspended animation beneath the rubbish of a whole cętury and were thought to

have experienced the fate of Lucifer. Even the heroes and heroines of the British Album may hope for a resurrection. Anna Matilda and Della Crusca, her amorous swain, with imaginations warmed by anticipation, will be summoned to new interviews. *Nonis jam nascitur ordo .redit et Virgo.* Gratham, Parsons, Morton and Laura Maria will string their lyres anew, and with odes and sonnets hail the glorious epoch of the restoration of nonsense. Again will

"Thrales' grey widow with a satchel roam,
"And bring, in pomp, laborious nothings home;
"Robinson forget her state, and move
"On crutches o'er the grave to Light o' love.

Bertie will once more twitter

"His namby pamby madrigals of love,
"In the dark dingles of a glittering grove."

Scarcely rested from repelling these Goths and Vandals from the empire of Literature, the immortal Gifford and his worthy coadjutor must rise to new labours. "*Iterum ad Trojam magnus mittetur Achilles.*"

Able captains will be appointed to superintend the various provinces of the arts and sciences. I doubt not they will find the fortune of Diocletian and his colleague in defending us against this new invasion of barbarians. *Sub Teucro duce nil desperandum.*

Pointing against the pigmy race the irresistible artillery of Wit and Satire whereon they move, they will scatter defeat and dismay.

Ecce ferunt ferrumque ignemque Jovemque, In Danaos classes!

Where shall we then find R. F? *Ubi nunc facundus Ulysses?* Numbered, I doubt, with the slain. For services more signal than those of the Roman Emperours, mankind will not hesitate to encircle their brows with fresh laurels and celebrate their victory with the honours of a triumph.

Already, in fancy, I hear the cries of its parent for the "Tour round the Lakes." But tears, prayers and entreaties are of no avail. A couplet or a note fixes its destiny forever. Stationed on the same shelf with the

Northern Summer, and Political Justice, and covered with dust, it moulders away under the silent touches of time, or devoted to the use of the culinary department contributes to serve up more palatable dishes.

J. S.

Of the Roman Historians, Philosophers and Orators.

As the Romans increased in opulence and empire, the sciences flourished of course; for, besides poetry, eloquence, history and philosophy, made no contemptible figure, even before the age of Augustus.

Scipio and Lælius were themselves learned, and encouraged learning in others. Cato the elder was an able orator, and well versed in the Grecian literature; which he made himself master of at a very advanced age. Philosophy and rhetoric were publicly studied at Rome by the young nobility, under different masters. And those who intended a more complete course, were commonly sent to Athens, as to a superiour school to finish, in the precincts of the Academy or the Lycæum, where Plato and Aristotle had prelected that education which was then held fashionable; or even necessary to arrive at any distinguished eminence in the republick.

About this time flourished Panætius and Posidonius the philosophers; Polybius, that eminent and philosophical Greek historian; Vitruvius, the famous Roman architect; and Diodorus Siculus, the universal historian; all of whom lived somewhat prior to the Augustan period.

Lucretius their contemporary, and the patron of Epicurism, seems the first poet that professedly made poetry, the handmaid of philosophy. He has had many followers; some, perhaps, who have embraced more rational systems; but few who equalled him in genius. His style is luminous, simple, harmonious, strong; the beginnings and conclusions of his books are at once warmed with the fire of divine poetry, and illuminated with the purest moral philosophy. Although we re-

ject his system, we must admire his genius.

The Anti-Lucretius by cardinal Poignack, though possessed of great merit, is inferior by many degrees: it likewise labours under material errors, by adopting the Cartesian system, which, in natural philosophy, is little better than that of Epicurus.

About the time of Cicero, both philosophy and oratory were carried to the greatest height. The senate and the forum gave full scope to the latter; and we are not to wonder that the Romans, during the flourishing state of liberty, were excited to practise and excel in eloquence; considering the prodigious effects it has in a popular government.

Cicero, in his book *De Claris Oratoribus*, after enumerating those that were most remarkable in Greece, reckons up a long list of illustrious Romans that had distinguished themselves as orators, for more than a century antecedent to his own time.

However, it is to be observed, whatever figure these orators made, or others that flourished in a subsequent period, that none of their works have been preserved; which makes it probable that they contented themselves with temporary harangues, which they seldom committed to writing, and suffered to perish, as soon as the purpose for which they were composed, was answered.

The same may be said of their philosophy, which, however it may have resounded in the schools then existing, found none of its professors so far capable of writing, or emulous of future fame, as to sit down and transmit to posterity the doctrines of their different systems.

Cicero alone, to vindicate the fame of his countrymen, and establish his own, has handed down to us, now, in the loud voice of oratory, now in the graver tone of philosophy, an ample and eternal treasure of learning on both subjects. In his works we have the quintessence of the Grecian wisdom enlarged and illuminated with the diffusive light of his own genius.

In oratory, he was inferior to Demosthenes alone, having less fire, vehemence, and closeness; but in all his works there is a flowing ease, a modulated harmony, a purity, a clearness, and beauty peculiar to himself, a love of virtue and learning, a fullness of information, and comprehension of ideas; delivered in a vein of elegance that is lively and animated, and uniformly supported in his orations, epistles, philosophical discussions, and other pieces. So that it excites wonder that one man could have amassed so much knowledge, and digested it in such a regular manner; one too exercised in the storms of the state, and whose whole life was one continued series of important business, public honours, trials, and misfortunes.

Simplicity of style seems to have been the distinguishing characteristic of the Ciceronian age. Besides its two principal poets, Lucretius and Catullus, its historians show an excellent example in this respect. In Cæsar's Commentaries and Nepos's Lives, though written in the plainest style imaginable, there is a beautiful simplicity, both in the thought and expression that cannot fail to please a just taste, upon an attentive perusal. The manner, indeed, of these writings does not strike at first; as being divested of that pomp of language, which other historians studiously affect, in order to gain upon the reader.

Cornelius Nepos writes always in a brief impartial manner; his candour and simplicity are truly valuable; and his style somewhat more raised than the other's.

But Cæsar possesses an excellence of an higher kind; he writes his own history, yet with the utmost modesty; talks of himself in the third person with the greatest indifference: praises nothing he does; is never severe or bitter against his enemies: A strong, and almost singular example of a great mind, neither admiring its own performances, nor condemning those of others; but, as intent on high designs, and capable of still greater ex-

erfions, always modest, grave, cool, and dispassionate.

The character of Catullus is beauty, elegance, and simplicity: his subjects generally short and easy; among these his imitation of Sappho, and the Epithalamium are the best. His poem called Atys is also very good; likewise that on the death of his brother. But the most valuable of the larger pieces is the Marriage of Peleus and Thetis; possessing at once excellent description, pathos of sentiment, and the most beautiful simplicity of style. The tender and affecting story of Ariadne can never be too much admired. It is surprising how little this poet's merit is adverted to, even by the learned of this age.

Tibullus and Propertius, the two great masters of Roman Elegy, lived somewhat later, and have superlative merit in this branch of poetry; emulating, if not surpassing their Grecian models, Mimnermus and Callimachus.

From the elegance of their diction, and their frequent allusions to Roman customs and Greek antiquities, they ought to be more studied than they generally are, as besides their poetical attractions, they inform the reader of many particulars not to be found in other authours.

Propertius, especially, abounds in these allusions, which, together with a more figurative style, renders him more difficult than Tibullus; which last, though in general less tender and pathetick, is more easy, chaste and natural. Propertius, indeed, seems to have had a heart entirely composed of love, his reason yielding to its full control; and in spite of affronts, disappointments, cruelties, still submitting to the commands of a beautiful, wanton and imperious woman.

I think it is Mr. Hume who stations Dr. Parnell by the side of Catullus; not, certainly, that the Divine resembles the Heathen in the voluptuousness of his imagery, or the licentiousness of his expression, but because they are both so distinguished for elegant simplicity. One of Dr. Parnell's minor poems is so remarkable for its ease and vivacity, that we cannot forbear inserting it as a perfect model of that style which in Phædrus, in La Fontaine, in old Isaac Walton, in Goldsmith, in Florian, has always pleased, and of which men never tire.

When spring came on, with fresh delight,
To cheer the soul and charm the sight,

While easy breezes, softer rain,
And warmer suns salute the plain,
'Twas then, in yonder piny grove,
That Nature went to meet with Love.

Green was her robe and green her wreath,
Where'er she trod 'twas green beneath;
Where'er she turned the pulses beat,
With new recruits of genial heat;
And in her train the birds appear
To match for all the coming year.

Raised on a bank where daisies grew,
And violets intermixed with blue,
She finds the boy she went to find;
A thousand pleasures wait behind,
Aside a thousand arrows lie,
But all unfeathered, wait to fly.

When they met the Dame and Boy,
Dancing Graces, idle Joy,
Wanton smiles, and airy Play,
Conspired to make the scene be gay:
Love paired the birds through all the grove,
And Nature bid them sing to Love:
Sitting, hopping, fluttering sing,
And pay their tribute from the wing,
To fledge the shafts that idle lie,
And yet unfeathered wait to fly.

Tis thus, when spring renews the blood,
They meet in every trembling wood,
And thrice they make the plumes agree,
And every dart they mount with three,
And every dart can boast a kind
Which suits each proper turn of mind.

From the towering eagle's plume,
The generous hearts accept their doom;
Shot by the peacock's painted dye,
The vain and airy lovers die:
For careful dames and frugal men,
The shafts are speckled by the hen;
The pyes and parrots deck the darts,
When prattling wins the panting hearts;
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young;
And fledged by geese the weapons fly,
When others love, they know not why.

All this, (as late I chanced to rove)
I learned in yonder waving grove;—
And see, says Love, who called me near,
How much I deal with Nature here;
How both support a proper part,
She gives the feather, I the dart.
Then cease for souls adverse to sigh,
If Nature cross you, so do I;
My weapon there unfeathered lies,
And shakes and shuffles through the skies,
But if the mutual charms I find,
By which she links you mind to mind,
They wing my shafts, I poize the darts,
And strike from both through both your hearts.

TERENCE.

That a native of Africa, the purchased slave of a Roman senator, whose name he afterwards bore, should acquire the highest reputation as a comick writer, is so singular a fact in literary history, as would, at first view, induce us to withhold our assent from it.

But when we consider that his generous master not only conferred upon him his freedom, but furnished him with the means of acquiring all the accomplishments of a scholar, and introduced him to the acquaintance of the most learned men in Rome, our doubts will vanish, and our admiration will decrease.

The friend of Scipio and Lælius, the associate of Lucretius and Polybius, must have had the best opportunity of improving his natural talents by every thing which polishes the manners and improves the mind.

The disadvantage of humble birth was thus happily removed by such an introduction into society, and such a patronage as genius can rarely boast. The gem was rescued from the dark caves of ocean, and its pure brightness still irradiates the world.

Terence was born about a hundred and ninety-four years before Christ; and upon a careful review of the models of the Greeks, willingly surrendered the palm of originality to be the imitator or translator of the elegant Menander.

He began to write at twenty-five years of age; and his dramattick labours were probably confined to the short period of ten years.

But it was a period of bodily health and mental vigour; for its fruits were not only rich but abundantly copious; since we have to lament that only six of his plays have reached us, out of more than a hundred which he produced.

The fine moral or rather truly christian sentiment exhibited in the *Andrian*, his first play, where it is said, that man is interested in all the concerns of his fellow beings, might well be received with that thunder of applause, which succeeding ages have not failed

to repeat; it was the harbinger of a lasting fame; and though the sentence be perpetually quoted it is never heard without approbation.

In the choice of his subjects there is a certain dull uniformity, partly arising from the restrictions placed upon the ancient drama. No mistress could be represented on the stage who was not a courtesan; but Terence has endeavoured to attach a considerable interest to the character by representing his females as infants stolen from their parents and sold by fraud or accident. He has also given them a degree of respect, by exhibiting them as endued with a passion for a single object on whom they lavish all their tenderness, and constancy, and for whom they consider the world well lost.

He has been said to have no buffoonery, licentiousness, or grossness, but to have been the only one of the comick writers who has brought the language of gentlemen on the stage; the language of the passions, the true tone of nature. But surely the impudence of servants throughout his plays would induce the reader to imagine that the license of the Saturnalia had been perennial, and furnishes a contradiction to this assertion of his panegyrists.

If we concur with them in thinking that the moral of his drama is sound and instructive; that his pleasantry has good taste; that his dialogue unites clearness, precision, and elegance; and that he penetrates to the inmost recesses of the heart; we must allow with the opponents of his fame, that we should be better gratified by finding more force of invention in his plots; more interest in his subjects; more genuine spirit in his characters. Julius Cæsar seems to have appreciated his merits justly when he said: "And you, *Demi-Menander*, are placed near our great writers, and you deserve it by the purity of your style. Could but the beauty of your composition have joined to itself that comick vein which was possessed by the Greeks; then would you not have been their inferiour in the dramattick

list. That is what you want, Terence, and what I so much regret."

Terence began his career with the happiest auspices. When he had composed his *Andrian* and presented it to the ædiles, who were in the habit of purchasing dramatick works for the gratification of the people at the shows, before they would conclude a bargain, they sent it to Cæcilius for his opinion.

The old man ordered Terence to read a part of it to him as he was lying on his couch. Before he had finished the first scene, Cæcilius raised himself up with evident marks of surprise and pleasure and invited him to supper. He afterwards heard the whole of the piece, and bestowed upon him such praises as were equally creditable to both the parties.

His Eunuch received more approbation than any of his plays. It was acted twice in one day; and the sum of thirty pounds, for which he sold the copyright, was hitherto without precedent in the annals of the Roman stage.

It is, I believe generally confessed, that the style of Terence is the perfection of the Latin language. It is equally celebrated for accuracy and elegance. No forced antitheses, no glaring ornaments deform it; and it has stood the test of the severest criticism in the closet. The poetry of Terence compared with that of the Augustan age, has been said to be the Ionick order, compared to that of the Corinthian; not so splendid or so rich, but equally if not more exact and pleasing. If it excel the language of his age, it was the language spoken in the accomplished families of the Lælii and the Scipios; and perhaps we may ascribe to the advantage derived from their elegant conversation, those well written dialogues, which Cicero and Quintilian conceive him unable to have composed without their assistance.

That Terence is a cold and a tame writer will not willingly be confessed by those who have witnessed the exhibition of his plays at one of the first seminaries of youth in England.

Those scenes cannot be wholly destitute of fire which display so vivid a portion of it on their classic stage. An audience of scholars and of critics will perhaps always be in doubt, whether a larger portion of the pleasure they receive from the representation be due to the composition of the authour, or to the talents and spirit of the performers.

During the first three ages of Roman comedy, the writers were the servile imitators of the Greeks. But soon after the time when Terence had quitted Rome, Afranius and others whose compositions are lost, delivered the stage from the tyranny of foreign personages, and exhibited those pieces only in which the stories and the character were Roman.

Horace applauds the spirit of those who ventured upon this innovation:

"Nec minimum meruere decus vestigia
Græcæ

"Ausi deserere, et celebrare domestica
facta."

From this period comedy was divided into two species, which took their names from the different habits of the two countries. The Roman comedy was subdivided into four kinds; the first of which, borrowing its name from the dress of plain citizens, was called the *togata*, and when persons of distinction were introduced, the *prætextata*. This was of a serious nature, perhaps like the sentimental comedy of modern times.

The second was of a comick cast, deriving its name *Tabernaria* from a town or place of residence where the persons met whose characters were exhibited.

The *Atellana* was the third species, in which the actors not speaking from written dialogues, trusted to the spontaneous effusions of their fancy; and it had this privilege, that the spectators could not oblige them to unmask. Another exclusive advantage also belonged to the actors in the *Atellana*; they retained the right of freeman and the power of enlisting in the army.

The curious account given by Dr. Hurd of the *Satyr*s, *Mimes*, and *Atellances* is worthy an attentive perusal.

He shows us that the latter was an entertainment so called from Atella, a town of the Osci in Campania. The language and characters were both Oscan, and their provincial dialect was a source of pleasantry at Rome.

In these three species the sock was always worn by the performers.

The fourth species, the *Mimus*, was a sort of farce, in which the actors were barefoot.

At the funeral of *Vespasian*, we find from *Suetonius*, that his character was represented in a mimic piece according to the Roman custom.

The leading feature of *Vespasian's* character was avarice, of which a remarkable instance is recorded. A town in Italy was about to erect a statue to him; when he said to the deputies, stretching out his hand, "Gentlemen, here is the basis whereon you must erect your statue."

In allusion to this circumstance, the actor *Favor Archimimus*, who played the part of the emperor, having asked the directors of the ceremony, what would be the expense of his interment, and finding that it would amount to some millions of crowns, cried out, "Gentlemen, let me have a hundred thousand crowns, and you may throw my body into the river."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

SIR SIDNEY SMITH.

Says Fame to other day, to the Genius of Song,
A favorite of mine you've neglected too long;
He's a sound bit of oak, a son of the wave,
The scourge of dire France, Sir Sidney the brave,

Whose wreath from his country, the hero's
bright crown,

The Grand Sultan decks with the gem of renown.

Whose wreath, &c.

Madam Fame, cries the Genius, no bard in
my train,
Of Sir Sidney's desert can equal the strain;
Buonaparte alone can best sing his merit,
His laurels and glory, his valour and spirit.
Whose wreath, &c.

Neptune swore it was true, for so active was
he
That he never can rest with Sir Sidney at
sea;
As some feat or other he's always perform-
ing,
Either burning, or sinking, or capt'ring, or
storming.
Whose wreath, &c.

Master Neptune, said Mars, I claim as my
son,
A share of the glory Sir Sidney has won;
Though a brave British tar, as a soldier he'll
fight,
All Egypt resounds from morning to night.
Whose wreath, &c.

Since Fame and their godships thus jointly
agree,
Sir Sidney a hero on land or on sea;
With justice, brave Turks, from so bright an
example,
Proclaim him the wonderful Knight of the
Temple.
Whose wreath, &c.

While George of Old England, and Selim
the Great,
Hold firm their allegiance 'gainst Gaul's hy-
dra-state,
The Lion and Crescent triumphant shall
reign,
And Sidney do honour to both o'er the main.
Whose wreath, &c.

The whole scheme of our mixed constitution is to prevent any one of its principles from being carried as far, as taken by itself, and theoretically it would go. Allow that to be the true policy of the British system, then most of the faults with which that system stands charged will appear to be, not imperfections into which it has inadvertently fallen, but excellences which it has studiously sought. To avoid the perfections of extreme, all its several parts are so constituted, as not alone to answer their own several ends, but also each to limit and control the others: insomuch, that take which of the principles you please, you will find its operation checked and stopped at a certain point. The whole movement stands still rather than that any part

should proceed beyond its boundary. Thence it results, that in the British constitution, there is a perpetual treaty and compromise going on, sometimes openly, sometimes with less observation. To him who contemplates the British constitution, as to him who contemplates the subordinate material world, it will always be a matter of his most curious investigation, to discover the secret of this mutual limitation.

— *Finita potestas denique cuique
Quanam sit ratione, atque alte terminus hæ-
rens ?*

TOMORROW.

A bankrupt in trade, fortune frowning on
shore,
All lost save my spirit and honour;
No choice being left but to take to the oar,
I've engag'd in the Mars, Captain' Connor:

But tho' the wind calls me, some few words
to say

To Polly these moments I borrow;
For sorely she'll grieve that I leave her
today,

And must sail on the salt seas tomorrow.

Nay weep not; though Fortune her smile
now denies,

Time may soften the gipsy's displeasure;
Perhaps she may throw in my way some
rich prize,

And send me home loaded with treasure.

If so lucky, oh! doubt not, without more
delay,

Will I hasten to banish your sorrow:
And bring back a heart which adores you
today,

And will love you as dearly tomorrow.

But ah! the fond hopes may prove fruitless
and vain,

Which my bosom now ventures to cherish;
In some perilous fight I may haply be slain,
Or o'erwhelm'd in the ocean may perish.

Should such be the fate of poor Tom, deign
to pay

To his loss a fit tribute of sorrow;
And sometimes remember our parting today,
Should a wave be my coffin tomorrow.

ADDRESS TO A NAIAD.

BY MRS. LE NOIR.

O'er Nymph of this salubrious fount,
Who many an age unpriz'd,
Didst waste thine urn adown the mount,
Unnoticed and despis'd,

'Till youthful but discerning eyes,
Remark'd thy modest worth,
Bade the neat edifice arise,
And led thee fath'ring forth.

How like a timid village maid,
New-raised from mean abode,
Thy silent waters meek obey'd,
And wonder'd, as they flow'd!

Late the rank nettle veil'd thy home,
The rushy bank beneath;
Now roses deck thy Gothick dome,
And aromatics breathe;

While lawney slopes and woodlands green,
And mountains softly blue,
Entwine thee with as fair a scene,
As ever pencil drew.

Here at thy shrine shall languor sink,
And oft for succour turn,
And life and health and vigour drink
From thy restoring urn.

The lowly shall the boon receive,
The poor relief command;
For you the gen'rous sanative
Prepar'd by Nature's hand.

And those more blest in wealth and state,
Blind Fortune's special care,
Whom common pains assimilate,
And bend with want and care;

While Heav'n-directed Nature pours
A balm for every woe,
Of her may learn to deal their stores,
And bid their fountains flow.

A poor fellow with a mask on his
face, and a guitar in his hand, assem-
bled his Italian audience by the songs
he sung to the musick of his instru-
ment, and by a thousand merry stories
he told them with infinite drollery; at
length, when the company was most
numerous, and at the highest pitch of
good humour, he suddenly pulled off
his mask, laid down his guitar, opened
a little box which stood before him,
and addressed the audience in the fol-
lowing words: "Ladies and gentle-
men, there is a time for all things; we
have had enough of jesting; innocent
mirth is excellent for the health of
the body, but other things are requi-
site for the health of the soul. I will
now, with your permission, my honou-
rable masters and mistresses, enter-
tain you with something serious;
something for which you will have
reason to bless me as long as you live.
Here he shook out of a bag a great
number of leaden crucifixes. "I am
just come from the holy house of Lo-
retto, my fellow christians," continued
he, "on purpose to furnish you with

those jewels, more precious than all the gold of Peru, and all the pearls of the ocean. I have come, on your account, all the way from the habitation of the blessed Virgin, to this thrice-renowned city of Naples, the riches and liberality of whose inhabitants are celebrated all over the globe. My generous Neapolitans, I do not wish to take the advantage of your pious and liberal dispositions. I will not ask for those invaluable crucifixes, (all of which, let me inform you, have touched the image of the blessed Virgin;) I will not, I say, ask an ounce of gold, no, not even a crown of silver; my regard for you is such that I shall let you have them for a penny-a-piece."

THE TARS OF OLD ENGLAND.

To lecture I come, and your pardon I crave,
For truly no learning my subject imparts,
So spare me, kind criticks, all potent and grave,

For mine is a poor simple lecture on hearts.
First then, Britain's glory, the heart of a tar,
Is there aught of more courage, or precious in worth?

Ah, no! whether glowing in peace or in war,
'Tis alike ever true to the place of its birth.
Then health to a sailor and this be the strain,
The tars of Old England again and again.

The heart of a lover, when tender and true,
Is a heart to be priz'd, as each woman must own;

While the heart of a miser, to give him his due,

Is a heart, selfish mortal, as hard as a stone.
Then the heart of a virgin, and such too there be,

That love with a passion devoid of all art,
Shall surely be rated and set down by me,
Her bosom's all sweetness, all softness her heart.

Then health, blooming health, and let this be the strain,

To love and true lovers, again and again.

The heart of a lawyer, and oh! what a thing!

'Tis a compound of something that's hard to define;

When you think it all honey, you find it all sting,

And what really good for, I cannot assign.
Now then for a heart, and a gallant one too,

'Tis a soldier's, and where is a braver in fight?

For England it beats, ever loyal and true,
And proves that her good is its dearest delight.

Then health to a soldier, and this be the strain,

Our soldiers and sailors again and again.

HENRY AND ROSA.

Majestick rose the god of day
In yon bright burnish'd sky,
Old Ocean kindled at the ray,
And heav'd himself on high:
On the deck Henry stood,
To view the swelling tide,
Ah!—no,—Henry,—no! |
He thought not of the flood,
'Twas Rosa by his side.

Now softly sunk the setting sun
Beneath his wat'ry bed;
The ev'ning watch was hush'd and done,
The pilot hung his head;
On the deck Rosa staid,
To view the waters glide,
Ah!—no,—Rosa,—no!
Such thought ne'er touch'd the maid,
'Twas Henry by her side.

A Scotch presbyterian having heated his brain, by reading the books of martyrs, the cruelties of the Spanish Inquisition, and the histories of all the persecutions that ever were raised by the Roman catholicks against the protestants, was seized with a dread that the same horrors were just about to be renewed. This terrible idea disturbed his imagination day and night; he thought of nothing but of racks and scaffolds. So strong a held had his favourite studies taken of his imagination, that he would relish no part of the bible, except the Revelation of St. John; a great part of which, he thought, referred to the whore of Babylon, or, in other words, the pope of Rome. This part of the Scripture he perused continually with unabating ardour and delight. In the meantime, this poor man's terrours, with regard to the revival of popery and persecution, daily augmented; nature would, in all probability, have sunk under the weight of accumulated anxiety, had not a thought occurred which relieved his mind in an instant. The happy idea was no other than that he should immediately go to Rome, and convert the pope from the Roman catholick to the presbyterian religion.—Accordingly without communicating his design to any mortal, he set out for London, took his passage to Leghorn, and in a short time after arrived in perfect health of body, and in exalted spirits, at Rome.

He directly applied to an ecclesiastick of his own country, and informed him, that he earnestly wished to have a conference with the pope, on business of infinite importance, and which admitted of no delay. The good natured ecclesiastick endeavoured to sooth and amuse him, putting off the conference till a distant day. He happened, however, to go to St. Peter's church, at the very time when his holiness was performing some religious ceremony. At this sight our impatient missionary felt all his passion inflamed; and he exclaimed, "O, thou beast of nature, with seven heads and ten horns! thou mother of harlots, arrayed in purple and scarlet, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls! Throw away the golden cup of abominations, and the filthiness of thy fornication."

One may easily imagine the astonishment and hubbub that such an apostrophe, from such a person, in such a place would occasion; he was immediately carried to prison by the Swiss halberdiers.

At his examination, the first question which was asked of him, was, "What had brought him to Rome?" He answered, "to anoint the eyes of the scarlet whore with eyesalve, that she might see her wickedness."—"They asked him who he meant by the scarlet whore?" He answered "who else could he mean, but her who sitteth upon seven mountains, who had seduced the kings of the earth to commit fornication, and who had gotten drunk with the blood of the saints, and the blood of the martyrs." Many other questions were asked, and such provoking answers returned, that some were for condemning him to the gallies, that he might be taught more sense and better manners. But when they communicated their sentiments to Clement the Fourteenth, he said, with great good humour, "That he had never heard of any body whose understanding or politeness had been much improved at that school; that although the poor man's first address had been a little rough and abrupt, yet he could not help considering himself as obliged to him for his good inten-

tions, and for his undertaking such a long journey with a view to do good." He afterwards gave orders to treat him with gentleness while he remained in confinement, and to put him on board the first ship bound from Civita Vecchia for England, defraying the expense of his passage.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF WOLTON.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines are a tribute to the memory of William Wolton who died on the 28th of January 1807. Mr. Wolton was a native of Suffolk in Great Britain, where his relations at present reside; but he spent the last six or seven years of his life, in the United States. He was a man of an amiable character, and generally respected by those who knew him. For the last two years, he laboured under a lingering illness, which at last proved fatal.

— Omnes una manet nox
Et calcanda semel via Lethi. Horat.

Lord! what is man, whom thou hast made!
How soon his "blushing honours" fade!
How soon his smiling hopes decay,
And all his prospects die away!
Wolton is dead. No power could save
A feeble mortal from the grave.

None could recal his fleeting breath,
Or stop the dread approach of death.
Wolton is dead. The sun shall rise,
And cast his splendours o'er the skies;
But Wolton sunk in endless night,
No more shall see the heavenly light.
No light can penetrate the gloom,
That broods upon his early tomb!

Reviving spring shall come again
And scatter plenty o'er the plain;
The fragrant flowers shall blossom round
And smiling verdure clothe the ground;
Again, the healing vernal breeze
Shall breathe upon the yielding trees;
Near his cold stone, the grass shall wave,
And birds shall chatter o'er his grave:
But when the breath of life is fled,
No spring returns to raise the dead!
No spring can ope the slumbering eyes;
Or call again departed sighs,
Or cause the silent tongue to speak,
Or wake the crimson in the cheek,
Or make the heart its stroke resume,
And call the prisoner from the tomb.

Long, Welton! on the cheerless bed
Of sickness, lay thy fainting head!
Long, didst thou groan beneath the reign,
Of wasting grief, and racking pain.
Yet, still, how tranquil was thy mind!
To all the ills of fate resign'd!
And if, at times, by woes oppress'd
All joy was banished from thy breast;
Delusive Hope, with visage fair,
Would smiling, bid thee not despair;
Would sooth thy breast, and lull thy fears,
And bid thee hope for happy years!
Alas! depriv'd of all delights,
How didst thou pass thy sleepless nights!
Long sleepless nights!—But now how deep!
(Dark gloomy thought!) how sound thy sleep!

Not thunders bursting o'er thy head,
Can rouse thee from thy clay cold bed!

And didst thou leave thy native shore,
To see its chalky cliffs no more?
The stormy ocean didst thou brave,
To find with us, an early grave?
No soothing relative was near
To drop for thee the kindred tear;
To wait attentive near thy bed,
And gently raise thy drooping head;
To catch thy last expiring sighs,
And weeping, close thy clouded eyes:

But kind Humanity was nigh,
And strangers wept to see thee die;
And pensive, with thee took the road,
That led thee to thy last abode.
Peace to thy manes!—God who knows
The full extent of all thy woes,
Has plac'd thee in some happier sphere,
To recompense thy sufferings here.

And haply, to thy lonely tomb,
Amid the twilight's solemn gloom,
Some pensive mourner shall repair,
And load with sighs the dusky air!

Well, thou art gone—and we who stay,
Will gaze around us—and away!
The hand that writes this humble line,
Will soon be stiff and cold as thine!

PEREGRINE.

—
ADDRESS TO J. C—M. D.

Haply when Resignation's soothing aid
Shall close the deep incision Grief has made;
Affection's pensive beam will linger here,
And each sad relic claim a tender tear.
C—r 'twas thine, with Friendship's gentle art,
Warmly to share my brother's ardent heart,
With him to emulate the Attick Muse,

And gild the wing of time with rainbow hues;
Link'd in one bond, to seek the sheltered bow'r,
Or gaily mix in pleasure's festive hour.

When stern Affliction's desolating blast,
On all the trembling chords of Nature past,
The melancholy privilege was thine,
Lowly, to minister at Sorrow's shrine;
Thy hand sustained my brother's drooping head,
And smoothed the pillow of his dying bed,
'Twas thine each soft endearment to supply,
And catch from friendship's breast its parting sigh.

Unerring Wisdom drew the awful veil,
Bade the eye languish and the cheek grow pale:
From lips beloved the vital warmth retired,
And life's faint lustre silently expired;
Th' immortal spirit reached its destined height,
A star forever in the realms of light!

Alas! if this vain world, with prosperous breeze,
Should waft thy bark on Pleasure's faithless seas;
Though not a cloud flits o'er the azure deep,
And every murmuring billow seem to sleep,
Touched by that hand whose delegated power
"Rules in the natal, and the mortal hour,"
The welkin darkens—wintry storms descend,
Mountains and vallies to their centre bend;
Rain, sleet and hail a mingled deluge pour,
And the loud surges lash the sounding shore.

For thee may peace its purest incense yield,
And radiant Truth display her sacred shield;
And oh! my friend, when duty's silent tour
Leads to the lonely dwellings of the poor;
When pining anguish gains thy patient ear,
And human frailty mourns its doom severe,
May fav'ring Heav'n thy useful labours bless
Grant to thy talents merited success,
Wisdom's fair wreath thy youthful brows entwine,
And th' bright meed of virtuous fame be thine.

E.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 4, 1807.

[No. 14.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

NOVELS and romances have been proscribed by many sober old-fashioned people, not only because they occupy a portion of our time which might be employed to more advantage, but because they are apt to infuse a romantick spirit, to instil sentiments too refined for mere mortals, in short because the novelist creates an imaginary world and brings us acquainted with beings of a superiour order, whose actions we are studying, when we ought to be observing the motives of those beings by whom we are surrounded, with whom we are obliged to mix, and from whom we are to derive our happiness.

As the first of the reasons here given will apply to almost every species of amusement into which we enter I shall pass it over, merely remarking by the way, that relaxation is as necessary to the vigour of the mind as sleep is to that of the body. Upon the second and most substantial reason I shall dwell somewhat longer. When we have gained a tolerable knowledge of the world, and are somewhat acquainted with the real nature and motives of its inhabitants, works of fiction may be resorted to as an amusement the most dignified, the most worthy of the attention of a rational being—our

reason is in no danger of being misled: for though we may suffer Imagination to take the lead for the moment, and to make us spectators of actions the most heroick and sublime, yet we can quit her guidance at pleasure—when we lay down the book our brain becomes cool, the fairy scene vanishes; we remember it but as a pleasant dream, and we return to the contemplation of man, as he is, with a judgment as cool and correct as it was before. In short, in this case the employment of the Imagination is but a refreshing slumber to the Judgment.

But, if before we are acquainted with the real state of things, we make fiction our study—If we suppose we behold in the works of the poet, the picture of unvarnished nature; when we afterwards become acquainted with men we will be sure to behold them with disappointment and perhaps with disgust.

I was led into these common reflections by a conversation which I had sometime ago with an amiable female friend whose heart is the seat of almost every virtue. Possessed of a lively imagination and a feeling heart, she relishes, in the highest degree, the beauties of poetry: her eyes sparkle with delight at the picture of happiness, and they moisten with tears at the scene of distress. But *Clarissa* is but little conversant with the world, she sees mankind on the bright side, she

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views Nature in her most enchanting dress. She supposes Happiness to be a rural goddess who dwells with Love and Friendship on the borders of some gurgling rock-studded stream, where luxuriant trees embellished with the variegated plumage of melodious birds, rustle as the gentle breezes blow. Happy delusion! who would wish to destroy thee!—No one, surely no one, if thou wouldst accompany us to the grave. But as envious Experience will soon or late awake us from our dream, better, far better that we be aroused, before we become too much enamoured of ideal perfection; whilst real life has yet some charms, we must at last be convinced that true happiness consists in having a mind so constituted as to enjoy those things within our reach; that it depends not on time or place, on riches or power.

Butler has humorously and truly said that the whole world did not seem half so wide to Alexander when he cried because he had no other to subdue, as the tub appeared to Diogenes who never cried because he had no other tub.

Clarissa's idea of happiness will be found in the following song which she holds in high estimation. It is a pleasing, poetical, sunshine picture of the life of a cottager. I have endeavoured to sketch the reverse—I have not dipt my pencil in the glowing tints of imagination, but have endeavoured to trace the rough outlines of nature. If my picture should dissipate one romantick idea I shall not consider my time as mispent.

THE CONTENTED COTTAGER.

By the side of a mountain o'ershadowed with trees,

With thick clusters of vine intermingled and wove,

I behold my thatched cottage, dear mansion of ease,

The seat of Contentment, of Friendship, and Love.

Each morn, when I open the latch of my door,

My heart glows with rapture to hear the birds sing,

And at night, when the dance in the village is o'er

On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forest from noon's scorching beam,
And the torrent's deep murmur's reechoing sound;

When the herds quit the pastures to quaff the clear stream,
And the flocks in the vale lie extended around,

I muse—but my thoughts are contented and free,

I regret not the splendour of riches and pride,

The delights of retirement are dearer to me

Than the proudest appendage to greatness allied!

I sing—but my song is the carol of joy,
My cheeks glow with health like the wild rose in bloom;

I dance—but forget not, though blithesome and gay,

I measure the footsteps that lead to the tomb.

Contented to live, though not fearful to die,
With a heart free from anguish I pass through life's scene,

On the wings of delight every moment shall fly,

And the end of my days be resigned and serene.

RURAL CHARMS,

OR THE BACKWOODSMAN.

"Draw but a 'farmer's life,' of 'low degree'
"And all the bubble's broken, let us see."

By the side of a hillock, with brambles o'er-spread,

With thistles and pokeberries mingled and wove,

I behold my log cabin, my sweet little shed,
With a modest mud chimney seen peeping above.

The winds of the north, as they whistle around,

Demand an admittance—nor ask they in vain,

No house is more open,—no roof can be found

More kindly disposed for admitting—the rain.

Each morn when I lift up the prop from my door,

I feel myself thankful to find that I'm dry,
And at night, when my blanket I spread, on the floor,

I gaze through the chinks in my roof at the sky.

When I hide in the pig-pen from strangers who pass,

If they stop at my door to inquire for the road;
When I look in a puddle, for want of a glass,

(For glasses were never by Nature bestowed.)

I muse on my lot—and exclaim with delight,
 How retired I live—how unknown to the
 great,
 Not a mortal comes near me from morning
 to night,
 Neither love can distract, nor ambition
 elate.

I sing when I work, and I dance when I'm
 cold,
 My heart and my purse are both open
 and light;
 My fate and my fortune are easily told,
 They neither can envy nor pity excite.

When Death shall command me to move
 from the stage,
 I'll tell I'll leave it—nor wish to return.
 No heirs shall rejoice—no attorneys engage,
 No eye shall be moistened, no mortal
 shall mourn. O. P. Q.

OF THE AUGUSTAN AGE,

Or the Golden Era of the Roman Literature.

As the empire had extended itself to the remotest regions, Rome became of course the centre, not only of the government of the world, but, in a manner, of all the learning, arts and sciences contained in it. The largest city of the world, comprehending about four millions of people, under the government of a prince that patronized learning, must have produced wonders in literature.

Titus Livy, the historian, shone at this period; a vast genius, and equal to the magnificence of the Roman empire. Of all writers in this department, he is endowed with the greatest command of language, and the warmest, and most correct fancy. Hence his narration is ever entertaining, and presents a lively picture. His superstition is not only excusable, but even commendable; as it proceeds from a love of religion, and throws more of interest into his manner.

His speeches are even more eloquent than Cicero's, being animated with a grandeur and pathos, that wonderfully touch the heart, and elevate the imagination. He is at all times supremely elegant; yet without affectation or labour. He is correct, yet simple; often concise, yet never obscure; full, yet never redundant; in fine, from the native strength of his own genius, he seems, like Homer, to pour out his sentences, by a kind of inspiration, without art, in a full, varied, and easy melody.

On the other hand, Curtius and Sallust, his contemporaries, are mannerists in history.

With less imagination, and real dignity, their style is more artfully pompous and descriptive. Sallust is elegant and laconick. His conciseness, however, produces per-

spicuity and strength; he abounds in reflections, and particularly excels in drawing characters. His manner has been often copied by succeeding writers, but most of a by Tacitus. Montesquieu, of the moderns has imitated his laconicism to a degree that is excessive, and creates obscurity in writings that are otherwise invaluable.

Of Virgil, Horace, and Ovid.

To mention Virgil and Horace, is to mention every thing great and excellent in poetry. Under them, the Epick and Lyric Muse soared to Heaven in bold and high strains of genuine poetry; and seem to emulate the loftiest flights of their Grecian predecessors. Though the Roman language in harmony, ease, and dignity, falls far below the Greek; yet, in the hands of such accomplished bards it acquired a new and majestic energy.

Horace excels all other poets in the variety of his compositions, and the ease of his manner. He is the most charming of elegant writers. He even trifles with grace; and, whether gay or serious, he is always engaging, almost always moral. His subjects concern mankind in general, and find their interest in every breast.

His moralities are frequent and various, especially in his odes; in which he imitates the concise and rapid manner of Pindar. His Satires abound in wit, and exhibit a natural and laughable picture of the follies and vices of the times. His Epistles, more particularly, display his own heart and life; in which there is every thing to engage our love and esteem.

His good sense, candour and honesty are eminent on all occasions. His love of virtue and moderate pleasure, seem to have flowed in one channel, untainted with ill nature, envy, or extravagance of any kind. His philosophy, indeed, seems sometimes in favour of Epicurus, but it is oftener of that kind called eclectick; that is, it picks and culls out of every philosophy what it thinks best. His temper, ever social and cheerful, was too liberal and free to be a bigot to any particular sect. Hence the constant serenity of his style; unclouded with that grave and serious mood so observable in Virgil; and which qualified the latter for the sublime and tender, in which the former is his inferior.

It is remarkable that he never attempted Elegy, notwithstanding he imitates the Grecian lyrists in every other department. It is likely his disqualification arose from the above-mentioned cause; and it is the less to be regretted, as it gave his temper and genius that easy and disengaged manner that fitted him for a greater variety of subjects; such as the lighter and higher Ode, the familiar Epistle, the humorous Satire, in all which both poetick ease and energy

are conspicuous; a smiling kind of wit predominates, the most familiar and natural imagery are introduced; and a style so happy and expressive is employed, that the *Curiosa Felicitas* of Horace, has become, as it were proverbial, and describes whatever is most elegant and graceful in composition.

The style of Ovid, who lived at this time, is in no degree comparable to those just now mentioned. It is tarnished by a mixed kind of wit that meets the reader almost every where, seldom or never rises to the true sublime; and can only, at best, be called smooth or beautiful. Often, however, he tells a story extremely well; is chiefly valuable for his vast reading; and for connecting together, with wonderful art, and in one chain, all the Grecian and barbarian fables; which renders his chief work, the *Metamorphoses*, singular in its kind, and both valuable and entertaining to after ages.

In this work his account of the Deluge, story of Phæton, Pyramus and Thisbe, Ceyx, Biblis, and the contest between Ajax and Ulysses, are, among the best of his pieces, and the least debased of any with the above mixture of affected wit: to which we may add his entertaining account of Pythagoras and his doctrines.

His Love-elegies, but more particularly his books *De Arte Amandi*, and *De Remedio Amoris*, exhibit Ovid as a man of wit and imagination rather than of tenderness and feeling. As for his *Art of Love*, it teaches more the art of seduction and coquetry, than that of true and sincere love. Indeed the very idea of reducing love to an art is absurd; real love disdains art, and has nothing to do with it; still less, perhaps, than any of the passions. It is probable that Ovid's soul was not tuned to this delicate passion; he wanted sensibility for it. His mistresses are all fictitious ones; and it is likely that even his Julia, the emperor's daughter, had but too much of her father's vanity, and was one of those unfeeling coquets that are more pleased with the flattering attentions and affected airs of a beau and a coxcomb, than the sighs of a real lover.

However the matter be, as to Julia, and whatever offence he may have otherwise given in his management of these poems, certain it is that his consequent banishment by Augustus, to so remote and inhospitable a climate as that of Pontus and the Euxine sea, inspires us with pity for his sufferings, and we cannot but think the punishment too severe for the crime, perhaps even worse than death itself.

For what can be deemed a more cruel and unnatural transition, than the being removed, all at once, with disgrace, from one's dear friends and acquaintance, from the court of Augustus, where he was honoured and re-

spected, both by the emperor and the whole tribe of wits that adorned it; torn from his dear wife and only daughter, without a friend to accompany him; perhaps without money, without books; hurried, I say, all at once, from Rome, the capital of a vast empire, the centre of learning and politeness, and of all the pleasures, wealth and luxuries of the then known world; to a desert and barbarous land, the people and language of which he was an entire stranger to; to linger out the remainder of his days in disgrace, silence and obscurity, cut off from all his former pleasures! what must have been his feelings? Accordingly, we find him bemoaning his fate in those ten books of *Epistles*, six of which are composed of *Elegies*, the others go under the name of *Tristia*; and here his distress and despair are painted in very natural and touching colours.

We must observe, too, in Ovid's praise, that his Heroick *Epistles*, though inferior to Propertius and Tibullus, in expressing the softer feelings of love, are however, written with a good deal of nature, and exhibit the heart and personages they describe, with considerable justness.

Mr. OLDSCHOOL,

Should you think the following tale worthy of a place in *The Port Folio*, it is at your disposal.

ATHLONE CASTLE,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

High on a rock, where not a shrub
Adorned the frowning stone,
In Gothick grandeur rose sublime
The towers of proud Athlone!

Amid a wild and rugged waste,
The gloomy mansion stood;
Before it spread the barren plain,
Behind it roared the flood,

And still when rosy morning dawned
Across the eastern ground,
And when the dark grey evening threw
Her deepening shades around,

Sad Margaret to the turret hied,
That overlook'd the wild,
There watched and wept,—and never
hope
The anxious hours beguiled:

For many, many a tedious week,
And many a month had flown,
Since her lov'd Lord, at Honour's call,
Had quitted proud Athlone!

The chill blast howled, the bittern scream-
ed!
The livid light'ning flashed!
The thunder roared, and down the rock,
The torrent hoarser dashed!

Sad Margaret left her sleepless bed,
With trembling terror wild,
She hastened to the turret drear,
And clasped her sleepless child!

The savage blast had rudely torn
The casement from the wall;
And at her feet, with pond'rous crash,
She saw the ruin fall!

To the defenceless breach she went,
Nor moon, nor stars appeared,
And through the wind and torrent's roar,
The thunder loud was heard.

Yet Margaret looked across the plain,
To see her Lord appear!
And tried amid the whistling winds,
His well known voice to hear.

But thick the damp fog spread around,
And nought was to be seen,
Save when the lightning's lurid flash
Illum'd the savage scene.

Sudden the misty fog was gone,
The atmosphere was clear'd!
And by the radiance of the moon,
The distant hills appear'd.

Extending numerous o'er the plain,
She saw two martial bands;
Their crimson banners wav'd in air,
Steel glittered in their hands.

She heard the deaf'ning din of arms,
She heard the victor's shout;
She heard the shrieks of deep distress,
From the defeated rout!

The fog again o'erspread the plain,
The hostile bands were gone,
And on the turret's mouldering walls
Blue trailing wildfire shone!

And now a hollow voice was heard
Of deep sepulchral tone,
Loud it exclaimed, denouncing wo,
"Deep wo to proud Athlone."

And though the mist still spread around
Its damp unwholesome sway,
She plainly saw, athwart the gloom,
A funeral's black array.

Dimly the hallowed tapers gleamed,
The bell the funeral toll'd,
"The spirit of the waters shrieked,"
Sad Margaret's blood ran cold.

"Alas! my love, where art thou gone?
What mystery shrouds thy fate?
Ah, me! the funeral hither comes,
It stops before the gate."

She gaz'd, she shriek'd, for as she gaz'd,
She saw upon the bier,
All covered o'er with ghastly wounds,
Her husband's corpse appear!

At once, the phantoms vanished all,
The howling tempest ceased,
And Margaret prest with wilder love,
Her infant to her breast.

The infant screamed, but Margaret drown-
ed

Its voice with deeper tone;
"Ah never more my love shall come,"
She cried, "to proud Athlone.

"Nor ever more my little babe,
Shalt thou thy father see,
What wilt thou do, thou helpless child,
Deprived of him and me?

"I feel, I feel my heartstrings burst;"
Sad Margaret shivering cried:
She sunk upon the clay-cold ground,
Kissed her sweet babe—and died.

SENECA.

There are generally reckoned three ages in Latin letters: that of Ennius, Accius, Pacuvius, and Cato the censor, when the language was yet rude, as the manners of the people were gross; that of the Gracchi, who were the first that tempered the Roman rusticity by the politeness of Greek learning; and finally, that of Cicero, in which are comprised Crassus, Antony, Cæsar, and Hortensius, but the great orator, gives a name and celebrity to the epoch.

L. Annæus Seneca was a Spaniard, educated at Rome, where his father became one of the equestrian order. He was a lawyer of considerable eloquence, but, from a fear of the jealousy of the emperor Caligula, relinquished his profession; and, after he had been chosen quæstor, was banished to Corsica, on a charge of too great intimacy with Julia Livilla the daughter of Germanicus and Agrippina.

After the death of the former, and the marriage of the latter with the emperor Claudius, Seneca was recalled, and appointed preceptor to her son Nero.

In such a reign, it is not likely that the precepts of a philosopher could be tolerated. An idle pretence of his having engaged in a conspiracy enabled his pupil, then become emperor, to command him to destroy himself; and the calmness with which he received the mandate, and the consolation with which he encouraged his

friends during the fingering process of his death, first unsuccessfully attempted by the opening of his veins, then by a draught of poison, and at last effected by the suffocation of a stove, have rendered him an object of pity and respect. He died before he had completed the fifty-third year of his age. His writings are on moral topicks; and he is justly admired for his refined sentiments and virtuous precepts.

It is said by a panegyrist, "that no man ever produced greater or juster maxims. His conciseness imprints them on the memory, and their number is not superiour to their value. In the character of a true moralist, he surpasses all the heathens." His first work is on Anger, addressed to Novatus; he argues strenuously against it, in opposition to the Peripateticks, and urges the restraining of it. His second treatise is on Consolation, addressed to his mother Helvia, in his banishment, suggesting every possible argument in its favour. A treatise on Providence, in which he vindicates its existence and the existence of evil, is conducted with great force of argument. The tract on Tranquillity of Mind, though confused in the arrangement, contains a variety of just observations. The discourse on the constancy of a Wise Man is his best. That on Clemency addressed to the emperor, is worthy a perusal; and those on the Shortness of human Existence and on a Happy Life, are truly admirable. He had originally been a disciple of the stoick philosophy; but a fear of personal safety, which was endangered by the threats of Tiberius against all those who abstained from the use of meat, induced him to relax in his severity. As long as adulation could serve his purpose, Seneca practised it without bounds; but found, as flatterers have often done, that tyrants are not only cruel but capricious.

Nothing perhaps is more dangerous in a writer than genius without genuine taste.

The rays of light which he casually emits strike every beholder. The

mists which obscure him are remarked but by a few. As Seneca was endowed by nature with more spirit than genuine talents, he was more interested in decrying ancient eloquence than in endeavouring to excel it. He did not cease, says Quintilian, to declaim against those great models; because he perceived that his own manner of writing was different from theirs, and that his glittering sententious style, possessing the charm of novelty, had a prodigious vogue with the Romans while his favour at court and his fortune continued to increase. To be in the fashion it was necessary to write like Seneca.

His letters to Lucilius on moral and philosophical subjects have nothing of epistolary ease; but are replete with rhetorical, and sometimes with puerile declamation.

The turn of his thoughts is frequently forced, obscure, tortured, and affected. All these vicious qualities are to be found in his pages; but still the thoughts are ingenious, and the moral, like that of the stoicks, is noble and elevated. It teaches a contempt both of life and death, tends to exalt human beings above transitory objects, and to place virtue above all things.

But still the warmth of Seneca is that of the head, rather than of the heart. He is the rhetorician of the portico; Cicero the orator of morality. Their object is the same, and their principles are coincident; but, such is the disparity in their manner, that the academician has more real effect than the stoick. The sage of Cicero is a man, that of Seneca a chimera.

In his philosophical notions there is neither connexion, clearness, nor precision. He is a stoick who acknowledges no other good than virtue; he is a materialist who declares that good to be a body. The passions alter the features of the countenance, and therefore the passions are corporeal. The virtues act by contact with the body; courage impels, moderation restrains: therefore the virtues are mechanism, and mechanism is body. The good of the body is corporeal, the good of man

is the good of the body; therefore good is corporeal. Such is the inconsequential reasoning of Seneca.

It is strange that a man who had access to the writings of Plato, Aristotle and Cicero, who might have learned even from Pythagoras, that the soul in us is like harmony in instruments, the result of sounds, of measure and motion, should have profited so little by lights which had been so generally diffused.

The most accredited philosophers had believed that spirit and matter, the soul and body, were two substances necessarily heterogeneous. Four hundred years had elapsed since Aristotle had distinguished the substances and the modes, the subjects and the attributes of being; and the ignorance of Seneca on this subject cannot therefore be excused like his ignorance in physicks, which has its apology in the small progress that science had made at that period.

Seneca has, however, a species of energetick diction occasionally, of which the following passage is an example:

"The death of Callisthenes is an eternal stain upon Alexander, which neither his courage nor his military exploits will ever efface. When they say that he has destroyed thousands of Persians; we will answer, and Callisthenes: when they say that he has destroyed Darius, the sovereign of a powerful empire; we will answer, but he has killed Callisthenes: when they say that he has subjected every thing even to the ocean, that he has covered the ocean itself with new vessels, that he has extended his empire from an obscure corner of Thrace to the limits of the east; we will all answer, but he has killed Callisthenes: when he shall even have eclipsed the glory of all the kings and all the heroes his predecessors; he has done nothing so great as the crime of killing Callisthenes."

The repetition is oratorical, and gives considerable effect to the sentences.

But Alexander did not kill Darius; and the murder of the philosopher was not a crime of a deeper dye than that

of the noble Clitus, or the innocent and aged Parmenio. To his panegyrist it may be truly urged, that he is less moral than Cicero or Plutarch; that instead of an abundance of thoughts, he has only an abundance of phrases turned into apothegms, to repeat the same idea; that his style is deformed by forced turns and flashes of wit, which may sometimes dazzle for an instant, but the futility of which strikes every attentive spectator.

He says, well and happily, that the funerals of children are always premature when mothers assist at them. He says to Nero, to whom his treatise on Clemency is addressed, the most galling servitude of grandeur is not to be able to descend from it, but this necessity is common to you with the gods. Heaven is their prison. He says that the gods do not suffer prosperity to fall upon any but abject and vulgar souls. Seneca, who was very rich, and for a long time powerful and honoured, might have been asked if he thought himself abject before the gods?

His morals are sometimes imperfect; as when he says, "I do not propose to equal the most virtuous, but to surpass the wicked."

The ideas of ancient philosophy on the divinity were often absurd. The best of all are not exempt from error, and on this subject natural instinct has sometimes surpassed them.

Quintilian, while he renders justice to the spirit, the talents and the knowledge of Seneca, says, that his style is throughout corrupt and his example dangerous. He certainly contributed more than any writer to injure the publick taste; for he had seduced the youth by the attractions of a tinselled style, of which they did not perceive the defects. He seems, indeed, to have erred by mistaking conciseness for precision. The former consists in confining the thoughts within the smallest possible space; and by that means becomes inaccurate, obscure and equivocal: the latter consists, in an exact proportion between the idea and the expression; it adds to the force of language, but does not

at all detract from its clearness or its beauty.

Sir William Jones more than once mentions a person by the name of Emin. His history is thus briefly told by Lord Teignmouth, and we quote it the more cheerfully because there is an allusion in it to EDMUND BURKE when that great orator was in a state of obscurity and poverty.

Born at Hamadan in Persia, of Armenian parents, and exposed during his infancy to uncommon disasters, while a mere youth he followed his father and fortunes to Calcutta. He had there an opportunity of observing the superiority of the Europeans in arms, arts, and sciences over the Asiatics: and the impression which he received from it inspired an invincible desire in Emin to acquire the knowledge which they possessed. For this purpose, he determined, at all hazards, to visit England; and, after a long opposition from his father, having obtained his reluctant assent, he adopted the only means left for the accomplishment of his purpose by working his passage, as a common sailor, in one of the ships belonging to the East-India Company. After his arrival in England he lost no time in beginning to acquire the instruction he so anxiously desired; but his progress was retarded by the narrowness of his circumstances, and he was compelled to submit to menial occupations and laborious employments to procure a subsistence. Fortune favoured his perseverance, and in the moment of despair he was accidentally introduced to the notice of the duke of Northumberland, and afterwards to that of many gentlemen of rank and fortune by whose assistance his views were promoted.

Previous to his introduction to the Duke, Emin had become acquainted with EDMUND BURKE, whom he accidentally met in the Park. After some conversation, Mr. Burke invited Emin to his apartments up two pair of stairs at the sign of *Pope's head at a bookseller's*, near the Temple. Emin, ignorant of the name of the gentleman who had treated him with so much courtesy, begged to be favoured with

it, and Mr. Burke politely answered, "Sir, my name is Edmund Burke, at your service. I am a run away son from a father, as you are." He then presented half a guinea to Emin, saying, "upon my honour, this is all I have at present, please to accept it."

Mr. Burke the next day visited Emin, and assisted him with his advice as to the books which he should read. He introduced him to his relation, Mr. William Burke; and for thirty years, Emin acknowledged that he was treated with unceasing kindness by both.

At the period of the commencement of his acquaintance with Mr. Burke Emin had little left for his maintenance; and the prospect of accomplishing the purpose of his voyage to England became daily more gloomy. Had not Mr. Burke consoled him now and then (to use Emin's own words) "he might have been lost forever through despair; but his friend always advised him to put his trust in God." During this season of adversity, Mr. Burke never missed a day without visiting Emin. Mr. Burke was writing books at that time and Emin was his amanuensis. The first was an *Imitation of the late lord Bolingbroke's letter* and the second, the *Treatise of the Sublime and Beautiful*.

Emin's great object was to obtain a knowledge of military tactics, in the hopes of employing it successfully, in rescuing the liberty and religion of the country of his ancestors from the despotism of the Turks and Persians. After serving with the Prussian and English armies in Germany, he procured the means of transporting himself into the mountains of Armenia, in the view of offering his services to Heraclius, the reigning Prince of Georgia, and of rousing the religious and martial zeal of his countrymen. He had there the mortification to find his resources inadequate to the magnitude of the enterprise, and he was compelled to return disappointed to England. After some time spent in solicitation, he was enabled, by the assistance of his patrons, to proceed, with recommendations to Russia, and thence, after

various fatigues and impediments, which his *fortitude and perseverance surmounted*, he reached Teflis, the capital of Georgia. After *eight years of wandering, perils and distresses through the mountains* of that country and of Armenia, he was obliged to abandon his visionary project, and returned to his father in Calcutta. *Still anxious for the accomplishment of his plans and no ways intimidated by the experience of past dangers and difficulties*, he made a *third* attempt for the execution of them, and proceeded to Persia. This proved equally unsuccessful, and he again returned to Calcutta. In Emin we see the same man who was a sailor, a porter, a menial servant, and subsisting by charity, the companion of nobles and patronized by princes and monarchs, ever preserving, in his deepest distress, a sense of honour, a spirit of integrity, a reliance upon Providence and a firm adherence to the principles of Christianity in which he had been educated. During his residence in Calcutta, he published an account of his eventful life, which Sir William Jones condescended to revise; so far only as to correct orthographical errors, but without any amendment of the style.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

We know that parties must ever exist in a free country. We know too, that the emulations of such parties, their contradictions, their reciprocal necessities, their hopes, and their fears, must send them all in their turns to him who holds the balance of the state. The parties are the gamblers: but government keeps the table, and is sure to be the winner in the end. When this game is played, I really

think it is more to be feared, that the people will be exhausted, than that government will not be supplied. Whereas, whatever is got by acts of absolute power ill obeyed, because odious, or by contracts ill kept, because constrained; will be narrow, feeble, uncertain, and precarious.—“*Ease would retract vows made in pain, as violent and void.*”—Burke.

SONG.

Come, Royal George, and all thy court,
Come, see our pastime, see our sport;
Merry souls, and merry faces;
Not the Muses, or the Graces,
Can, with all their power to charm,
Boast feelings truer, hearts more warm
Than ours, great George, for thee.

Let them sublimer honours claim;
Unpolish'd mirth's our only aim;
Contented if our Sov'reign smile,
We care not, then, if they revile;
Truth needs no ornament or show;
No bosoms more with love o'erflow
Than ours, great George, for thee.

We to thy honour'd consort too,
All, all are loyal, all are true;
To all thine house, in love we join,
For all to us, is dear, that's thine—
Were not our fate with thine involv'd,
Still were no hearts yet more resolv'd,
Than ours, great GEORGE, for thee.

A peace too eagerly sought, is not always the sooner obtained. The *discovery of vehement wishes generally frustrates their attainment*; and your adversary has gained a great advantage over you when he finds you impatient to conclude a treaty. There is in reserve, not only something of dignity, but a great deal of prudence too. A sort of courage belongs to negotiation as well as to operations of the field. A negotiator must often seem willing to hazard the whole issue of his treaty, if he wishes to secure any one material point.

No man knows, when he cuts off the incitements to a virtuous ambition, and the just rewards of public service, what infinite mischief he may do his country, through all generations. Such saving to the publick may prove the worst mode of robbing

it. The crown, which has in its hands the trust of the daily pay for national service, ought to have in its hands also the means for the repose of publick labour, and the fixed settlement of acknowledged merit. There is a time, when the weather-beaten vessels of the state ought to come into harbour. They must at length have a retreat from the malice of rivals, from the perfidy of political friends, and the inconstancy of the people. Many of the persons, who in all times have filled the great offices of state, have been younger brothers, who had originally little, if any fortune. These offices do not furnish the means of amassing wealth. There ought to be some power in the crown of granting pensions out of the reach of its own caprices. An intail of dependence is a bad reward of merit.

I would, therefore, leave to the crown the possibility of conferring some favours, which, whilst they are received as a reward, do not operate as corruption. When men receive obligations from the crown through the pious hands of fathers, or of connexions as venerable as the paternal, the dependencies which arise thence are the obligations of gratitude and not the fetters of servility. Such ties originate in virtue, and they promote it. They continue men in those habits of friendship, those political connexions, and those political principles in which they began life. They are antidotes against a corrupt levity instead of causes of it. What an unseemly spectacle would it afford, what a disgrace would it be to the commonwealth that suffered such things, to see the hopeful son of a meritorious minister begging his bread at the door of that treasury, whence his father dispensed the economy of an empire, and promoted the happiness and glory of his country? Why should he be obliged to prostrate his honour, and to submit his principles at the levee of some proud favourite, shouldered and thrust aside by every impudent pretender, on the very spot where a few days before he saw himself adored?—obliged to cringe to the authour

of the calamities of his house, and to kiss the hands that are red with his father's blood? No, sir, these things are unfit—They are intolerable. *Burke.*

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

BY WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

Tell me not of joy! there's none,
Now my little sparrow's gone:

He, just as you,

Would sigh and woo,

He would chirp and flatter me;

He would hang the wing awhile.

Till at length he saw me smile,

Lord! how sullen he would be!

He would catch a crumb, and then

Sporting let it go again;

He from my lip

Would moisture sip,

He would from my trencher feed;

Then would hop, and then would run,

And cry Phillip when he'd done;

Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,

And ne'er hurt though he did bite.

No morn did pass,

But on my glass

He would sit, and mark, and do

What I did; now ruffle all

His feathers o'er, now let them fall,

And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts

Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts?

A wound he may,

Not love, convey.

Now this faithful bird is gone.

Oh! let mournful turtles join

With loving redbreasts, and combine

To sing dirges o'er his stone.

The service of the publick is a thing which cannot be put to auction, and struck down to those who will agree to execute it the cheapest. When the proportion between reward and service is our object, we must always consider of what nature the service is, and what sort of men they are that must perform it. What is just payment for one kind of labour and full encouragement for one kind of talents, is fraud and discouragement to others,

I will even go so far as to affirm, that if men were willing to serve in such situations without salary, they ought not to be permitted to do it. Ordinary service must be secured by

the motives to ordinary integrity. I do not hesitate to say, that, that state which lays its foundation in rare and heroick virtues, will be sure to have its superstructure in the basest profligacy and corruption.—*Burke.*

SONNET

To a friend who thinks sensibility a misfortune.

Ah, thankless! canst thou envy him who gains

The Stoick's cold and indurate repose?

Thou! with thy lively sense of bliss and woes!

From a false balance of life's joys and pains

Thou deem'st him happy. Plac'd 'mid fair domains,

Where full the river down the valley flows,

As wisely might'st thou wish thy home had rose

On the parch'd surface of unwater'd plains,

For that, when long the heavy rain descends,
Bursts over guardian banks their whelming tide!

Seldom the wild and wasteful flood extends,

But, spreading plenty, verdure, beauty wide,
The cool translucent stream perpetual bends,

And laughs the vale as the bright waters glide.

—
We meet with some travellers, who, without being connoisseurs, are of opinion that old ruined houses derive little value from having been anciently famous, and who prefer a good modern inn to all the antiquities sacred or profane, that they may meet with in their grand tour. Without presuming to blame any set of men for their particular taste, I may venture to say, that a traveller who loves always to see a well peopled and well cultivated country, who insists on good eating every day and a neat comfortable bed every night, would judge very wisely in never travelling out of England.—He ought not certainly to travel between Rome and Naples, for on this road, the traveller's chief entertainment must arise from the ideas formed in the mind, at sight of places celebrated by favourite authors. Strangers, therefore, whose senses are far more powerful than their fancy, when they are so ill-advised as to come

so far from home, generally make this journey in very ill-humour, fretting at Italian beds, fuming against Italian cooks, and execrating every poor Italian flea that they put up with on the road. But he who can meet with indifferent fare cheerfully, whose serenity of temper remains unshaken by the assaults of a flea, and who can draw amusement from the stories of memory and imagination, will find the powers of both wonderfully excited during this journey. Sacred history unites with profane, truth conspires with fable, to afford him entertainment, and render every object interesting.—*Dr. Moore.*

SONNET—BY ANNA SEWARD.

In this chill morning of a wintry spring

I look into the gloom'd and rainy vale;

The sudden clouds, the stormy winds assail,

Low'r on the fields, and with impetuous wing

Disturb the lake: but Love and Memory cling

To their known scene, in this cold influence pale;

Yet priz'd, as when it bloom'd in Summer's gale,

Ting'd by his setting sun. When sorrows fling,

Or slow Disease, thus, o'er some beauteous form

Their shadowy languors, form, devoutly dear

As thine to me, Honora, with more warm

And anxious gaze the eyes of Love sincere

Bend on the charms, dim in their tintless snow,

Than when with health's vermilion hues they glow.

—
He who thinks that the British constitution ought to consist of three members of very different natures, of which it does actually consist, and thinks it his duty to preserve each of those members in its proper place, and with its proper proportion of power, must (as each shall happen to be attacked) vindicate the three several parts on the several principles peculiarly belonging to them. He cannot assert the democrattick part on the principles on which monarchy is supported; nor can he support monarchy on the principles of democracy; nor can he maintain aristocracy on the

grounds of the one or of the other, or of both. All these he must support on grounds that are totally different, though practically they may be, and happily with us, they are, brought into one harmonious body. A man could not be consistent in defending such various, and at first view, discordant parts of a mixed constitution, without that sort of inconsistency with which Mr. Burke stands charged.

As any one of the great members of this constitution happens to be endangered, he that is a friend to all of them, chooses and presses the topicks necessary for the support of the part attacked, with all the strength, all the earnestness, the vehemence, with all the power of stating, of argument, and of colouring which he happens to possess, and which the case demands. He is not to embarrass the minds of his hearers, or to encumber, or overlay his speech, by bringing into view at once (as if he were reading an academick lecture) all that may and ought, when a just occasion presents itself, to be said in favour of the other members. At that time they are out of the court; there is no question concerning them. Whilst he opposes his defence on the part where the attack is made, he presumes, that for his regard to the just rights of all the rest, he has credit in every candid mind. He ought not to apprehend, that his raising fences about popular privileges this day, will infer, that he ought, on the next, to concur with those who would pull down the throne: because on the next he defends the throne, it ought not to be supposed that he has abandoned the rights of the people.

A man who, among various objects of his equal regard, is secure of some and full of anxiety for the fate of others, is apt to go to much greater lengths in his preference of the objects of his immediate solicitude than Mr. Burke has ever done. A man so circumstanced, often seems to undervalue, to vilify, almost to reprobate and disown, those that are out of danger. This is the voice of nature and truth, and not of inconsistency and false pretence. The danger of any

thing very dear to us, removes, for the moment, every other affection from the mind. When Priam had his whole thoughts employed on the body of his Hector, he repels with indignation, and drives from him with a thousand reproaches, his surviving sons, who, with an officious piety, crowded about him to offer their assistance. A good critick (there is no better than Mr. Fox) would say that this is a master-stroke, and marks a deep understanding of nature in the father of poetry. He would despise a Zoilus who would conclude from this passage that Homer meant to represent this man of affliction as hating, or being indifferent and cold in his affections to the poor relicks of his house, or that he preferred a dead carcass to his living children.

—
SONG—MUTUAL LOVE.

When on thy bosom I recline,
Enraptur'd still to call thee mine,
To call thee mine for life;
I glory in the sacred ties,
Which modern wits and fools despise,
Of husband and of wife.

One mutual flame inspires our bliss:
The tender look, the melting kiss,
Ev'n years have not destroy'd;
Some sweet sensation ever new
Springs up, and proves the maxim true,
That Love can ne'er be cloy'd.

Have I a wish? 'Tis all for thee;
Hast thou a wish? 'Tis all for me;
So soft our moments move,
That angels look with ardent gaze,
Well pleas'd to see our happy days,
And bid us live—and love.

If cares arise (and cares will come)
Thy bosom is my softest home,
I lull me there to rest;
And is there aught disturbs my fair?
I bid her sigh out all her care,
And lose it on my breast.

—
FROM HAFIZ.

Though I have felt a lover's woes,
Ask me not what they were;
Though absence robs me of repose,
Ask not to know my care.

No longer since than yesternight,
The fair in murmurs sweet
Best me with accents of delight,
Which bid me not repeat.

Why bite thy lip? Why hints suggest,
As if I could betray?
A ruby lip, 'tis true, I've prest;
But whose—don't bid me say.

Absent from her, forlorn I moan,
Affliction haunts my cot:
But what I bear thus all alone,
Ah! prithee, ask me not!

HAFIZ, a stranger late to wo,
Now feels it in excess;
Ask not his boundless love to know,
'Tis what he can't express.

When the fair Rose amidst her flow'ry train,
With virgin blushes greets the dewy morn;
Say, will th' enamour'd Nightingale remain
A lonely warbler on the desert thorn?

When the dark sullen Genii of the night,
Behold the Moon slow rising o'er the wave,
Those wayward spirits curse the beauteous
light,
And hide with envy in her gloomy cave.

Yet shall the traveller with enraptured eye,
As late he treads his solitary way,
O'erlook each radiant gem that decks the
sky,
Alone rejoicing in her brighter ray.

The sweetest rose that blushful hails the
morn;

The moon's mild lustre rising o'er the main:
The fairest maids Gergestan's blooms adorn,
Or all Circassia's lovely virgin train.

These, these, O Selima, unnotic'd shine,
Lost in the blaze of thy superiour charms;
And whilst I may aspire to call thee mine,
No saint more happy in a Houri's arms.

O, Angel of delight! of thee possess,
Not Paradise should bribe me from my love;
Ev'n the fond hope that animates my breast,
Speaks the pure raptures of the blest above.

The two ballads which we now transcribe are like
many precious relics, exceedingly old but exceed-
ingly beautiful.

When trees did bud and fields were green
And broom bloom'd fair to see,
When Mary was complete fifteen
And Love laugh'd in her e'e:
Blythe Davie's blinks her heart did move
To speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie love,
And I will follow thee.

Now Davie did each lad surpass,
That dwelt on this burn side;
And Mary was the bonniest lass
Just meet to be a bride.
Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

Her cheeks were rosy red and white,
Her een were bonny blue,

Her looks were like Aurora bright,
Her lips like dropping dew.
Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

What pass'd, I guess, was harmless play,
And nothing sure unmeet;
For, ganging hame, I heard them say,
They lik'd a walk so sweet.
Blythe Davie's blinks, &c.

His cheek to her's he fondly laid;
She cried, sweet love, be true;
And when a wife, as now a maid,
To death I'll follow you.

As Fate had dealt to him a rough
Straight to the kirk he led her,
There plighted he his faith and truth,
And a bonny bride he made her.
No more asham'd to own her love
Or speak her mind thus free,
Gang down the burn, Davie love,
And I will follow thee.

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And weat in the sheep wi' me,
The sun shines sweet my Marion,
But nae half sae sweet as thee.

O, Marion's a bonny lass,
And the blythe blinks in her e'e
And fain wad I marry Marion
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's goud in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hauss-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion
At e'en when I come hame.

I've nine milk ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawney quey,
I'll gie them a' to my Marion
Just on her bredal day.

And ye's get a green sey apron
And waistcoat of the London browny,
And vow but ye will vap'ring
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion,
Nane dances like me on the green,
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en draw up we Jean.

Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kyrtle of the cramasee,
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west and see ye.

MERRIMENT.

Mr. Sheridan, in one of his replies
in the house of commons, remarked
on the Lord Advocate's speech, that
it proved the strength of his memory,
and the brilliancy of his wit—but ad-

ded, that he had that day used his faculties in rather a perverse way, for he had called in his memory to the aid of his wit, and employed his fancy in the production of his facts. In his jokes, added he, we admire the accuracy of his recollection, and when he states his facts, he astonishes us with the flights of his fancy.

The ladies of Paris are at least as much attached to thin clothing as those of London. Madame Recamier, having become very conspicuous for the thinness of her attire, one day, when she had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed for her, and entitled, "*Dress for Madame R—*." It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dress she had ordered from her milliner, the lady resolved to treat her friends with a sight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared a *vine-leaf*.

A Miss Lambe, a young lady of large fortune, but unrecommended by any share of beauty, or grace of person, was married, when just out of her minority, to a young officer, who had nothing but his pay, but who united the elegance of an Adonis to the strength of a Hercules. A person expressing his surprize at the match, Mr. Deputy Birch said, "You may depend upon it that the *Lambe* would not have gone off so well, had it not been for the *Mint* sauce!"

Townshend, of Covent Garden Theatre, being once appointed to a part in a pantomime, in which he was to ascend in a cloud, while singing, exclaimed, "It may be a *flight* of the *poet's*, but curse me if it shall be a *flight* of *mine*!"

Mr. Garrow, examining a witness, asked him what his business was: he answered, "*A dealer in old iron*."—"Then," said the counsel, "you must of course be a thief."—"I don't see," replied the witness, "why a dealer in *iron* must necessarily be a thief, more than a dealer in *brass*."

Lord Chatham, during the time that he was the first Lord of the Admiralty, was seldom visible to any of the gentlemen who attended on navy business until noon. Whether it was from this circumstance or not, that he was usually denominated the *late* Lord Chatham, the reader must determine.

For The Port Folio.

MORTUARY.

Died, on Sunday the 22d ult. in the nineteenth year of her age, Miss ANN ABERCROMBIE, daughter of the Rev. James Abercrombie, D. D. one of the assistant ministers of Christ-Church and St. Peter's.

This young lady possessed every virtue which could give lustre to the female character. Her native affability, suavity of manners, and gentleness of disposition commanded universal respect and esteem,—her affectionate sensibility endeared her to her friends and relatives,—while her unfeigned and exemplary piety recommended her to God, and enabled her to receive the sudden summons of Death to give an account of her stewardship, with holy confidence and christian resignation.

— "What, though short thy date!
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long which answers life's great end."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

TO SLEEP.

Sweet sleep! I woo thee to my care-worn bed,
To ease a mind press'd low by deep despair:
Thy pinions o'er my tear-dew'd pillows spread,
And give to mute oblivion all my care.
Oh come, Lethean god! thou son of night!
Lo! round me slumber partners of the bowl;
Reduc'd by riot loud and mad delight,
And I weigh'd down by agony of soul.
Time was, when I with joyous smile serene,
When Welcome met me with her cordial hands,
When Friendship warm did hail me in the scene,
And youthful Love weav'd soft his silken bands:

When Leyrid grac'd with gladsome steps
the grove,

And heard my words steal on her willing
ear :

When she approv'd my tender tale of love,
And with kind promises my soul would
cheer :

That I with hope elate and joyful mind,
Did view fair Nature's flowers on ev'ry
plain ;

And in each little shrub I seem'd to find -
Some emblem that my labours were not
vain.

But now, how chang'd the scene ! those air-
built schemes

Which ivies, fondly interweaving, taught :
Alas ! are fled ; and with them all those
dreams

Which Fancy, with delusive whispers,
wrought.

Now at the ev'ning's close, and morning's
dawn

To meet the maid so dearly lov'd I rove ;
But now no more her footsteps print the lawn,
Endear'd by mute memorials of our love.

In other climes she sadly wastes the day ;
'Mid other friends she muses oft in tears,
On one who far from her invokes the lay
To bid bright Hope and Promise hush his
fears.

SEDLEY.

For The Port Folio

TO BEGINNING LOVE.

Come, blooming boy ! my inmost heart ex-
plore,

Thy power I own, thy influence scorn no
more.

I saw full many a maid
In charms divine array'd ;
I saw, nor felt the flame,
Till fair Eliza came ;

The flame I dread, yet dare to cherish,
In which all other cares must perish.

Since you have plac'd, in her soul-melting
eye,

Charms that can fill me with such ecstasy,

O ! that thou wouldst inspire
Me with one spark of fire,
That so, I may impart
The feelings of my heart :

And, thou assisting ! if her soul I move,
I'll swear thou art indeed the God of Love.

Sweet boy ! to thee my manhood I resign,
My life, my cares, my soul, are wholly thine ;

Him pity then, and save
Who dar'd thy pow'r to brave :
Make but my love relent,
To thee I'm penitent.

Thy influence no more will I despise,
But bless thee, boy ! by sweet experience
wise.

SELIM.

The following elegy commemorates the heavy loss experienced by the whole province of Upper Canada in the foundering of a vessel with twenty-seven passengers on board, in the night between the 8th and 9th of October, 1804. Among the passengers, besides many other people of respectability, were Mr. Cochrane, Judge of the King's Bench, and Mr. Gray, Solicitor General.

O, what avails Distinction's splendid crown,
Blest years in view, with smiling prospects
fair,

Since swept away by Fate's terriffick frown,
We know them only now as things that were.

Grief's arrows dipt in rankling poison show,
Our trembling hearts that man must often
mourn,

In haste abroad with golden hopes we go,
But cruel death arrests our wish'd return.

Yet sweet's the memory of departed worth
That dims our eyes and melts our swelling
hearts,

Calls all the force of dear affection forth,
And grateful sorrow to the soul imparts.

With eager steps the luckless ship they
throng,

Unhappy Gray,* reluctant, looks behind,
As York withdraws, the sailor's pensive song
With tremor shakes determined Cochrane's
mind.

New Castle bleak appears in open view,
The destined port—they hail the wished for
land,

They gladly bid the surly lake adieu,
And jump, in fond idea, on the strand.

Alas ! the reddening sun's departing beam,
Sheds, in the fading woods a checkered
light ;

The hollow blasts a rising storm proclaim,
And thickening clouds obscure the face of
night.

The rising tempest backs the shaking sails,
About the ship, the watchful boatswain
cries

The feeble bark, by ancient service frail,
Before the storm, with dreadful crashing
flies.

The raging billows dash her op'ning sides,
Cold fear appals the lately jovial train,
His secret grief the friendly captain hides,
And keenly tries the nautick art in vain.

O cruel lake† must thy insatiate jaws,
Demand with rigorous haste an annual prey,
Asunder burst kind Nature's dearest laws,
And blast the finest gems we can dis-
play.

The weeping mother mourns her darling
son,

The brightest hope of all her lovely race,
Scarce had the youth his virtuous course be-
gun,

* Mr. Gray wished to go by land, but, at last, out of complacence to Mr. Cochrane who had just come in from the States, and was fatigued travelling by land, he consented to go in the ship.

† A vessel had been lost with all the crew in October of the preceding year.

When barb'rous Death obtrudes his loathed embrace.

The smiling housewife tells her children dear,

As for their loving sire they fondly cry,
Be good, my loves, papa will soon be here,
Just as he heaves with life's departing sigh.

Perhaps, she trembles at the dreadful storm,
And dark forebodings feels yet knows not why,

Her laughing babe she clasps of beauteous form,

While rolling drops are glistening in her eye.

These terrors gone and lock'd in gentle sleep,

Her husband meets her with the smiles of love;

She fondly says, his dangers made her weep,

But present joys her hasty fears remove.

Dream on, thou fair! in sweet delusion blest,
Too soon the mournful tale shall meet thine ear,

Why dissipate the pleasure-giving mist,
Or draw with baneful haste, the burning tear.

But private griefs are lost in publick woe,
Thy fate, O lib'ral Gray ten thousands weep,
A country's tears bewail mild Cochrane low,
And curse the ravage of the cruel deep.

Struck as their worth in full meridian shone,
Their baleful lot a weeping tomb denies,
Where Friendship's hallowed voice might oft bemoan,

The ruthless bursting of its fondest ties.

Ah! little thought their aged, anxious sires,

Who saw with joy, their ripening powers expand,

That bitter Fate would crush their living fires,

When strewing blessings o'er a favoured land.

Cold are the hands that loosed the captive's* chain,

And still the heart that cherished honour bright;

Locked is the tongue that soothed the ear of pain,

And pale th' illumined face that spread de-light.

* Mr. Gray had given liberty to several blacks and provided for their future comfort and support.

But hark a voice from Sinai's top proclaims
The hallowed friends of virtue never die;
Washed pure and clothed in bright Seraphic flames,

They join their kindred spirits in the sky.
Life's never short, but lasting pleasure knows
When holy deeds its different portions date,
Th' attending angel budding palms bestows,
For virtuous triumphs in this mortal state.

No more in tears your happy friends lament,
Go rather seek, with care, the way they trod,

Combin'd with all the graces mild content,
That leads the pious Christian straight to God.

N. N.

For The Port Folio.

To my Sweetheart on her birthday.

Paphia calls the Graces fair
To deck with flow'rs her auburn hair,
As far abroad to day she goes,
To see what vot'ries Jove bestows,
In the wild Canadian woods,
Interspers'd with chrystal floods;
The Queen in splendid beauty shone,
Girded with her brilliant zone,
And swiftly cuts the liquid sky,
Till Laura's form attracts her eye,
Admiring much in great delight,
To view her heart she wings her flight,
But started backward from the door
On finding Pallas there before;
The ladies both in wonder gaz'd,
At such a meeting much amaz'd,
Till at last the blue-ey'd maid,
To the Cyprian goddess said,
Jove himself forever kind,
To Laura grants a feeling mind,
A form with ev'ry beauty grac'd,
A soul improv'd above the rest;
This morning of her natal day,
To her some presents I convey,
But find on the most careful view,
That Jove has left me nought to do,
And that the maid can never want,
The precious gifts that I can grant;
For gifts are useless, yours or mine,
To one so perfectly divine.
Then Venus with a smile replied,
And why does Pallas thus decide?
I grant from me no gift she needs,
Such merit ev'ry hope exceeds;
But may we not her bliss improve,
By pointing out the joys of love,
And make her tender heart rejoice,
Since we have power to bless her choice.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 11, 1807.

[No. 15.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

THE Life of Dr. Beattie, says Mr. Carpenter, printed by Messrs. Brisban and Brannan, is a valuable acquisition to the adopted literature of this country, and an elegant specimen of our increasing excellence and spirit in printing. Messrs. B. and B. could not have fixed upon a work more likely to repay them for their adventure, since it contains not merely a life of that inestimable man, Dr. Beattie, the admiration and delight of all who know him or read his writings, but a multitude of his letters to his familiar friends, which besides containing interesting anecdotes of several personages of celebrity, are replete with wisdom, piety and that true simple philosophy which dignifies the possessor. The following character of Dr. Johnson's favourite friend Mr. Langton, given in a note, will interest those of our readers who delight in contemplating the characters of good men:

"Bennet Langton, Esq. of Langton, in the county of Lincoln, LL. D. a gentleman no less eminent for his virtues than for his ardent love of literature. Inheriting a paternal fortune that rendered him independent of any profession, he devoted himself to the study of letters, which he cultivated with uncommon assi-

duity, first at the grammar schools of Kensington, Reading and Beverly, afterwards at Trinity college, Oxford. His favourite study was Greek, in which he became very learned; he was an excellent Latin scholar, and had even acquired a knowledge of the Hebrew. He had a thorough acquaintance with the French language, and read also the Italian, Spanish and Portuguese.

But his successful and extraordinary acquirements in literature, were by no means the most remarkable part of Mr. Langton's character. His exemplary piety, his singular humility, and his unwearied endeavours in the exercise of the great duties of charity and benevolence, were his brightest ornaments. It was the emphatick testimony of Dr. Johnson in his favour, "I know not who will go to Heaven if Langton does not: sir, I could almost say, "*Sit anima mea cum Langtono*;"* and when Mr. Boswell, to whom the Dr. made the remark, mentioned a very eminent friend of theirs as a virtuous man, Johnson's reply was,— "Yes sir, but he has not the evangelical virtue of Langton." On another occasion, he said to Mr. Boswell, with a vehemence of affectionate regard, "The earth does not bear a worthier man than Bennet Langton."†

* Boswell's Life of Johnson, 3d ed. Vol. 4, p. 923.

† Ibid, Vol. 3, p. 178.

His acquaintance with Dr. Johnson commenced in a manner somewhat singular. When Mr. Langton was no more than sixteen years of age, and before he went to the university, having read, with a high degree of admiration, Dr. Johnson's celebrated *Rambler*, which was first published about that period, he travelled to London, chiefly with a view of becoming acquainted with its authour. In this he succeeded and Johnson being struck with his great piety, love of learning, and suavity of manners, conceived a warm affection for him; while he, on the other hand, was charmed with Dr. Johnson, whose ideas and sentiments he found congenial with those he had early imbibed at home. From that period, notwithstanding a considerable disparity of years, a most intimate friendship took place between them, which lasted, without the slightest interruption, as long as Johnson lived. When the death of his inestimable friend drew near, Mr. Langton attended him constantly and soothed some of his last hours with the most pleasing and affectionate assiduities. Once when Mr. Langton was sitting by his bedside, Dr. Johnson is said to have seized his hand and to have exclaimed with great emphasis—“*Teneam moriens, deficiente manu.*”

Nor did this amiable person, with all his attachment to literature, shut himself up in his library, or pass his time in literary indolence. Having engaged in that constitutional defence of his country, the militia, he laid aside his classical studies for a time, and resolved to make himself thoroughly master of military tactics. In this pursuit he employed himself with such assiduity, that in no long period he became an excellent officer. He acquired the esteem and admiration of his brother officers not only by his worth and learning, but by his elegant manners, and an inexhaustible fund of entertaining conversation; while he procured the love of his soldiers by his mildness and humanity, which were so great that he never was, in a single instance, betrayed into passion, nor ever heard to utter an oath!

So high stood his reputation for integrity and knowledge, that many years after he left Beverly, where he had received a part of his education, a considerable number of the most respectable voters of that borough came to him and invited him to offer himself a candidate at the ensuing election, promising him their support; to which they were induced without any personal acquaintance, merely from the high opinion they entertained of his character. An offer, however, which, from motives of conscience, he thought proper to decline.

A general character of the Roman language.

We have seen the Roman language carried to its highest pitch, and equally fitted for all subjects: like the people who spoke it; strong, manly, bold and majestick. It differs from the Greek, in being less harmonious and copious; but it is more concise, and sometimes more forcible. It is, indeed, less suited for poetry, as wanting both the various cadence of the dialects, and the expressive force of the compound epithets, and which are so peculiarly beautiful, especially in Homer, as to exhibit, in a single word, more than the fullest description.

On the other hand, in prose, the Latin, as it admits more of transposition, or what is called by some, the order of imagination, its style though more difficult than the Greek, becomes more diversified; hence, perhaps, it pleases the mind more by giving play to its activity, at the same time that it fills the ear with a sufficient variety of agreeable and harmonious sounds.

After all, the Greek, from its superiour melody, dignity, and sweetness; its precision, copiousness, variety of musical dialects, and, above all, from the invention, grace and singular beauty of its authours, still ranks above the Latin, and far above all other languages whatever.

Lives and characters of eminent Roman writers.

TERENCE

Was born at Carthage in Africa. He was slave to Terentius Lucanus the senator, who gave him his liberty for his wit, his good mien and great abilities. Upon obtaining his freedom, he applied himself to the writing of comedies, and rejecting the old stage, formed himself upon the new one of Menander.

He was cotemporary with Lucilius the satirist, and Polybius the historian, and, along with them, enjoyed the patronage of Scipio and Lælius, who were then the most learned and most eloquent men in Rome. His comedies, no doubt, owe much of their polish and elegance to the correction and advice of two such eminent critics.

Terence died about the 15th year before the Christian era. The humour of his plays will last for ages. It is natural, and, like Addison's or Shakspeare's, exhibits what mankind are in every age in similar situations. The language is of the purest kind, delicate, easy and unaffected.

TIBULLUS,

A Roman knight, born at Rome, 43 years B. C. He was the intimate friend of Horace, as we learn from one of his epistles, and Ovid composed a very fine elegy on his death.

His four books of Elegies were complete in their kind. Muret and Scaliger have both written learned commentaries upon them.

He appears to have been a man of polite manners, fond of the country, and endued with that kind of sensibility that disposes to love.

Hammond has imitated him in his Elegies with remarkable exactness, and with so much nature and ease, that he may be reckoned an original in our language. There is a more literal version of him by Grainger, but much inferior in spirit to Hammond.

The best edition of his works is that of Broukhousius, published at Amsterdam in 1708.

VIRGIL,

Justly styled the prince of Latin Epick poetry, was the son of a potter, and born near Mantua, 70 years before Christ. He studied first at Mantua, then at Cremona, Milan, and Naples. Going to Rome, he acquired the esteem of the greatest wits, and most illustrious persons of his time; among others, the Emperour Augustus, Mæcenus, and Pollio. He was eminent for great talents, not only in polite literature, and poetry, but also in philosophy, geometry, geography, medicine and natural history.

Though one of the greatest geniuses of the age, and the admiration of the Romans, he always preserved a singular modesty, and lived with moderation and virtue at a time when the manners of the age were very corrupt.

He first turned himself to pastoral; and, being charmed with the beauty and sweetness of Theocritus, was ambitious of introducing this new species of poetry among the Romans. His first performance in this way, called *Alexis* was supposed written A. R. 709, in the 25th year of his age. He wrote the other Eclogues at different intervals, most of them being occasioned by the events of his life.

His Pollio, (a most finished piece,) seems to be rather a prophecy than a pastoral, and is so much in the spirit of Isaiah's prophecies, applied to Jesus Christ, that we must suppose that either he has seen that prophet's works, or else borrowed his ideas, which are truly divine and extraordinary, from the prophecies of the Cuman Sybil, in regard to a divine person who was to appear and reform the world; all which he applies, no doubt, out of compliment, to young Pollio.

His Gallus is another complimentary Eclogue to his friend of that name, and is as pathetick a piece as ever was composed; the ideas are wholly pastoral, and the passion of love is described in a manner that must strongly affect every person that has ever felt it.

In his 34th year, our authour retired to Naples, and began his *Georgicks*,

which he undertook at the desire of Mæcenas, to whom he dedicated them; not to rival Hesiod, as he had lately done Theocritus, but to promote agriculture, and benefit his country. To this memorable poem, and glorious performance, he is said to have given seven years, to his Pastorals three.

It appears, indeed, from his own expressions, that he wished to be considered as the first who introduced both pastoral, georgick, and epick poetry from the Grecian to the Latian plains; and it is but justice to say that he did so, and was a complete master in all, and remained unrivalled in each.

In finishing his *Æneid* he spent eleven years. He died at Brundisium, of an asthma, in the 53d year of his age.

He was of a swarthy complexion, tall, of a sickly constitution, affected with frequent headaches, and spitting of blood. He was so very bashful that he frequently ran into the shops to prevent his being gazed at by the people. It is likewise said that he was slovenly in his dress, awkward and careless of his person, and that Horace alludes to him in these lines:

"Iracundior est paulo, minus aptus acutis
"Naribus horum hominum; rideri possit, eo
quod
"Rusticius tonso toga desuit, et male laxus
"In pede calceus hæret. At est bonus, ut
melior vir
"Non alius quisquam; at tibi amicus, at in-
genium ingens
"Inkuto latet hoc sub corpore."

He was so benevolent and inoffensive, that most of his cotemporary poets, though they envied each other, yet loved and esteemed him. In philosophy, he seems first to have inclined to the system of Epicurus, after the example of Lucretius, but afterwards to have relinquished it for the more comfortable and religious doctrines of Plato.

HORACE,

The most excellent of the Latin poets of the lyric or satirical kind, and the most judicious critic in the Augustan period, was the grandson of a freed-man, and born at Venusium 64 years B. C. He had the best masters of Rome, after which, as he himself tells

us, he completed his education at Athens. Having taken up arms, he embraced the party of Brutus and Cassius, (as did his friend Virgil), against Augustus. Horace left his shield at the battle of Philippi, and Virgil narrowly escaped on horseback. But both were pardoned and admitted to the emperor's favour, soon after, by the interest of Mæcenas.

Horace now gave himself up entirely to the study of polite literature and poetry. Besides Augustus and Mæcenas, he was honoured with the friendship of Agrippa, Pollio, Varus, Lollius, the two Pisos, with all the wits and great men of the age, as his Odes and Epistles testify. He died at the age of 57.

He was of short stature inclined to fatness, black-haired, tender-eyed, and somewhat passionate, but easily reconciled and pacified. These are all circumstances told by himself. He left Augustus his heir and was buried in the pure air of the Esquilian hill, near the tomb of Mæcenas.

JUVENAL

Was born about the beginning of the emperor Claudian's reign, at Aquinum, in Campania. According to the fashion of the times, being bred to eloquence, he studied first under Fronto the orator, and afterwards under Quintilian; after which he practised at the bar, and made a distinguished figure for many years. By his practice, he improved his fortune before he turned his thoughts to poetry, the very style of which, in his Satires, speaks a long habit of declamation.

It is said he was about 40 years of age before he recited his first Essay to a small audience of his friends, but meeting with great applause, he was encouraged to go on.

He lashed the vices of the times, which were then great and many, with much severity of satire and excellent eloquence. Domitian sent him into banishment for using too great liberties with him, but returning to Rome after his death, he re-

solved to forbear invective against the living and confine himself to the dead. There are still extant sixteen of his Satires, all finished pieces, descriptive, in a high degree, of the times, and full of excellent morality and the true spirit of poetry; but some of them only, are sufficiently proper to be put into the hands of youth.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE IRISH.

BY PATRICK LINDEN.

Oh, fairer than the mountain snow,
O'er which the polar breezes blow,
Which living footstep never prest,
Oh fairer, purer is thy breast!

Beneath thy cheek, O lovely maid,
Some rose by stealth its leaf convey'd;
To shed its bright and beauteous dye,
And still the varying bloom supply.

The tresses of thy silken hair
As curling mists are soft and fair,
Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,
Its pure and tender snow to deck.

Sweet is the melting magick hung
In liquid notes upon thy tongue,
Whose tones might Death himself control,
And call back the expiring soul.

TO MABLE KELLY—BY CAROLAN.

As when the softly blushing rose
Close by some neighbouring lily blows,
Such is the glow thy cheeks diffuse,
And such their bright and blended hues.

The timid lustre of thine eye
With Nature's purest tints can vie,
With the sweet harebell's azure gem,
That droops upon its slender stem.

As when the simple birds at night
Fly round the taper's fatal light,
Wild and with ecstasy elate,
Unconscious of approaching fate:

So the soft splendours of thy face,
So thy fair form's bewitching grace,
Allure to death unwary Love;
And thousands the bright ruin prove.

Ev'n he whose hapless eyes* no ray
Admit from Beauty's cheering day;
He, though he cannot see the light,
Yet feels it warm, and knows it bright.

* This celebrated Irish bard lost his sight in early infancy.

MILUACHRA, THE ENCHANTRESS.

BY OISIN.

On her soft cheek of tender bloom
The rose its tint bestow'd;
And in her richer lip's perfume,
The ripening berry glow'd.

Her neck was as the blossom fair,
Or like the cygnet's breast,
With that majestic, graceful air,
In snow and softness drest.

Gold gave its rich and radiant dye,
And in her tresses gleam'd;
And like a freezing star, her eye
With Heaven's own splendour beam'd.

THE INCONSTANT.

By Edmund Ryan, called Edmund of the Hill.

Bright her locks of beauty grew,
Curling fair and sweetly flowing,
And her eyes of smiling blue,
Oh how soft! how heav'nly glowing!

Ah! poor heart oppress'd with pain,
When wilt thou have end of mourning!
This long, long year I look in vain
To see my only hope returning.

Oh! would thy promise faithful prove,
And to my fond, fond bosom give thee,
Lightly then my steps would move,
Joyful should my arms receive thee.

Then once more, at early morn,
Hand-in-hand should we be straying,
Where the dew-drop decks the thorn
With its pearls the woods arraying.

Cold and scornful as thou art,
Love's fond vows and faith belying,
Shame for thee now rends my heart,
My pale cheek with blushes dying!

Why art thou false to me and Love?—
While health and joy with thee are
vanish'd—
Is it because forlorn I rove,
Without a crime unjustly banish'd?

'Tis thy Edmund calls thee, Love,
Come, O come and heal his anguish;
Driven from his home, behold him rove
Condemn'd in exile here to languish.

O thou dear cause of all my pains,
With thy charms each heart subduing,
Come, on Munster's lovely plains
Hear again fond passion suing.

Musick, mirth and sports are here,
Cheerful friends the hours beguiling;
Oh! wouldst thou, my Love, appear,
To joy my bosom reconciling—

Sweet would seem the holly's shade
Bright the clust'ring berries glowing;
And in scented bloom array'd
Apple-blossoms round us blowing;

Cresses waving in the stream,
Flowers its gentle banks perfuming;
Sweet the verdant paths would seem,
All in rich luxuriance blooming.

Every scene with thee would please,
Every care and fear would fly me;
Wintry storms, and raging seas
Would lose their gloom if thou wert nigh
me.

O might I call thee now my own,
No added rapture joy could borrow;
'T would be like Heaven, when life is flown,
To cheer the soul and heal its sorrow.

See thy falsehood, cruel maid!
See my cheek no longer glowing;
Strength departed, health decay'd,
Life in tears of sorrow flowing!

Why do I thus my anguish tell?
Why pride in wo, and boast of ruin?
O lost treasure, fare thee well!
Loved to madness, to undoing,

How the swan adorns that neck,
There her down and whiteness growing!
How its snow those tresses deck,
Bright in fair luxuriance flowing!

Mine, of right, are all those charms!
Cease with coldness then to grieve me;
Take, O take me to thy arms,
Or those of Death will soon receive me.

From *The Emerald*.

THE WANDERER.

MOBS—"Odi profanum vulgus."

Moralists have taken such liberties with Scripture; they have in consequence so often had occasion to pray, "forgive the sins of our holy things;" that leaving books sacred to men of the cloth, The Wanderer takes a text from profane writ.

In some verse of I know not what chapter of Flaccus Horatius, may be found words, which will serve his turn quite as well as any line in the bible, and the "*Odi profanum vulgus*" enjoys this eminent advantage, that should he by any possibility be disposed to trifle, the injunction, "with reverence be it spoken," will not be imposed as a check.

When I see men on a publick day crowd round the spot of conflicting

pugilists; vociferate ejaculations to give new sinews to the combatants; smile as the face grows livid, and grin as the blood runs, my fists involuntarily clench indignant; I could fight the whole. "*Odi profanum vulgus*;" I then hate the mob.

When I observe the very men who are thus turbulently joyful on these occasions, effect to admire the sensibility of Sterne's black wench, "flapping away flies—not killing them," and pretend a love for dogs, cats, kittens, I think their affections altogether *bestialy*.

"I fly from petty tyrants to the throne."
"*Odi profanum vulgus*;" I loathe the mob.

When I mark the popular preference of *German* lead to *British* gold: when I see men flock to the theatre at the introduction of Schiller and Kotzebue, but leave the seats empty at the entrance of Shakspeare, as were those of the Roman Senate at the entrance of Cataline, as if the company of either were equally disgraceful; my blood boils; I could rend the dome with imprecations. I quit the house in disgust, and exclaim as I pass through the door, "*Odi profanum vulgus*;" I hate the mob.

When too I visit the theatre at the exhibition of the dramas of this great bard, and view the listless apathy of most of the audience, till some low buffoonery wakes them to ecstasy; I feel ashamed of my place: I shrink into nothingness. The still, small voice of some invisible prompter whispers in my ear, "*Odi profanum vulgus*;" I hate the mob.

Taste, thou "art fled" indeed "to brutish beasts,"

"And men have lost" discernment!

When I see a Council of Five Hundred, whether in French or translated, solemnly convene to debate, produce systems, and legislate; five hundred lawgivers! I turn suddenly indignant, am pedant enough to cry out, "*Odi profanum vulgus*;" and, for the benefit of country members, *I hate the mob*.

Whenever I am unluckily caught in the company of ladies, or happen

to be present at a tea party, where the talk is about gowns and cloaks, and becoming dresses, the beauty of a particular belle, handsome men, slander and plays, who is married and who courting, the babble confounds me. I groan out, "*Qdi profanum vulgus*," and the company mistake it for a compliment. It is then more than ever that *I hate the mob*.

There is a vulgar eccentricity that is equally disgusting with the most slavish obsequiousness. Independence may be as servile as imitation. The man that labours in every action and movement of his life to distinguish himself from the common herd, is even more a slave to leave, than others are to follow the mob. In matters of indifference it is wisdom to regard fashion, and folly to oppose it. "Follow not the multitude to do evil" is the only exaction; "*profanum vulgus*" the sole object of odium. It is to do evil, not to follow the multitude to do good. It is indeed not to be among the *profane vulgar*, but it is to be the *profanely distinguished*. A man may be upright without bending backward.

There is another sort of profanity, which may be called vulgar, because common. It is that men in general are so apt to confound relative duties. Their system of principle seems to be in chaos, and the light of justice not yet to have emerged. They forget this virtue. Whatever they take from creditors, if they expend in the education of their children, they think their peace made with their conscience and heaven. But let them remember, there is no virtue without justice.

Brutus sacrificed sons, soul and body, to justice. Are we degenerate? Forbid it heaven! Not a child in the country but would rather take a stone for bread, than not have his father wear the crown of glory, integrity. The deviation is indeed amiable; but it is still a deviation. "The angel as he penned it down," might drop "a tear upon" the record; but he could not blot it out.

In one of my late wanderings I strolled near the scene of a publick

execution. My eye was fixed on the scaffold. That many headed monster the people, surrounded it. The convict was separated only by a plank from the deep unknown. At that moment an apple or an egg was thrown and passed near his blindfold face. The laugh of inanity was heard hideous. Is this the nation? Nations then have no souls. It was the laugh of hell. The grin horrible struck home and sunk me in dejection. "*Profanum vulgus*!" I detest the mob.

Would to heaven civilization would utterly exterminate publick executions! They tend to convert men into fierce barbarians. They destroy sympathy and deaden feeling. Instead of preventing crimes by the force of terrific example, they increase them by the entire destruction of those social virtues, which are essential to the existence of social purity.

For The Port Folio.

WANT OF PATRONAGE

The principal Cause of the Slow Progress
OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,
AN ORATION,

Delivered before the society of PHI BETA KAPPA, upon the anniversary of that institution,

BY SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones
MART.

Upon the anniversary of a society, the professed object of which is the encouragement of Literature, it will not, I trust, be deemed either impertinent or uninteresting to inquire, *What are the causes to which the slow progress of it in the United States may be attributed.* In undertaking a detail of this nature, nothing more can be expected from the short space of time allowed for preparation, than the mention of those causes only, which, at the first glance, strike the eye of the beholder, while, perhaps the secret springs which give motion and energy to the whole, may still remain unexplored. Should this imperfect attempt however, lead others to pursue the

subject still further, and should the detection of the causes which impede the progress of Learning, prove a mean of hastening the removal of them, the labour of writing will not have been bestowed in vain.

The motives which prompt the mind to the pursuit of knowledge, may naturally be reduced under the two following heads: The acquisition of Fame and emolument, and the promotion of Happiness. So nearly, it is true, are these two causes connected, that it may be questioned whether any man ever pursued science as a mean of procuring honour and emolument, without at the same time loving it. To a mind in which good sense, and a correct taste are happily blended with the noble and generous ambition of attaining to whatever is excellent in man, nothing can be more lovely. And as the mental Sun rises above the horizon the more charming and the more extensive does the prospect appear. But the reverse of the proposition does not hold true. Many are the instances of men who in the pursuit of science have braved all the difficulties which penury and the cold indifference of mankind could possibly throw in their way. It was necessary therefore to consider the acquisition of fame and emolument, and the promotion of happiness, as two distinct causes which are frequently united, but as frequently operate alone. Unless then we embrace the absurd idea, that the mind can never act without an adequate motive, we must allow that the increase of literature will be commensurate with the extent of this operation. To how great a degree, therefore, fame and emolument may be said to exist in the United States, as incentives to the pursuit of learning, is the inquiry which first demands our attention.

Reputation, it is said, is power, and consequently to despise is to weaken. In this country, the fate of learned men has too much evinced the truth of it. The ultimate causes to which this want of reputation may be attributed, appear to be these two: Want of discipline in our schools,

and the almost universal pursuit of wealth by our citizens.

"In colleges and halls," says Cowper, "in ancient days,

"There dwelt a sage called Discipline.

Learning grew
Beneath his care, a thriving, vigorous plant;
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declined, at length, into the vale of years:
So Colleges and Halls neglected much
Their good old friend; and Discipline at
length,
Overlooked and unemployed, fell sick and
died.

But in America, poor Discipline has met a harder lot. Instead of being honoured and supported, during even his better days, he has here been suffered, a needy mendicant, to beg from door to door, and to think himself fortunate indeed if he could find shelter and provision for a single day. The curbs "for the mulish mouth of headstrong youth," so far from being broken, have never been employed; "bars and bolts" have never been invented; and the "massy gates" have opened without requiring the effort even of a single touch.

How melancholy, yet how true is the assertion! Look at the greater part of our schools; and if any doubts exist upon your minds, there find them removed. See the idle sports, the vicious pleasures, the general dissolution of morals which there prevail. It is idle to think that without the strictest discipline, these disorders can be remedied. The active mind of youth must ever be employed, and if care be not taken to give it a proper bias, it will seek one for itself, and that most usually proves a bad one. However, therefore, the hatred of restraint may prevail upon the minds of men, the principle ought not to be extended to the education of youth. Rigour, the severest rigour, is alone capable of bending the stubborn human heart, that "world of iniquity," to the practice of virtue; and habit, assisted by the divine cooperation, can alone restrain it there.

Corruption then is the natural consequence of want of discipline; let us now consider the causes and effects of the general pursuit of wealth.

The theory of a perfect equality among men in a republick, has, I doubt not, long since been banished from the society of the wise and good, as a monster of the brain, which, till the nature of man is radically changed, can never be expected to exist. But there is another opinion, equally erroneous, which, it is to be feared, more generally prevails, and is more difficult to be removed.— If you ask what causes the preeminence of men in a republick, you will be told (and frequently by men of sense) that it is the preeminence of their virtues. What a pity is it that so pleasing a theory can never be reduced to practice! The soundest politicians have ever agreed that the great defect of popular governments is the want of *energy*. It is easy to *make* laws, but it requires a strong hand to *execute* them. Hence it is that virtue is said to be the basis of a perfect republick, because such a government can exist among those only who obey from principle, and not from fear. But, alas! where is this people to be found?—No Christian can ever believe that where the restraints upon vice are less, the love and the practice of virtue can be more.

What then, it may be asked, constitutes this preeminence? The answer is obvious. It is the difference of wealth. This alone gives the distinction and influence which gratifies the ambitious mind; what cause then, is there for wonder, when we find the pursuit of it, almost the universal occupation of the inhabitants of America. Ambition, indeed, has too much influence over the minds of men to suffer them contentedly to remain upon the plane of their equality. The natural tendency of each is to soar into a higher region, and as it attempts to surpass the others as they rise, by flying upon a bolder and a stronger wing, so also it directs its flight to that quarter only in which it can be most accelerated.

The constant fluctuation of property causes this to become a perpetual employment. As no entailments of estates are permitted, it seldom hap-

pens that the same family remains in the same circumstances longer than one or two generations. If we view the state of society, not only in Connecticut, but in the greater part of the United States, we shall generally find that the wealthy part of the community are those who have risen from indigence and obscurity, either by their frugality and incessant industry, or else in the shorter and more rapid course of speculation. I do not mention this as if it were dishonourable; on the contrary, those who from being indigent and unknown, have risen by their industry to become opulent and distinguished, unless they have endeavoured, as is too often the case, to make the world forget what they have forgot themselves, are highly to be commended. The induction, however, to be made from these particulars, is obvious and conclusive. The national taste must become depraved, when such is the national occupation. For it is certain that when the mind is for a series of years engaged in the contemplation of one object only, like the bow, by being continually bent, it loses the power of relaxation. The bias becomes habitual, and it considers every thing of little consequence which has no reference to its favourite pursuit. I appeal to experience to decide whether the man who, during the better part of his life, is engaged in the procuration of wealth, does not believe every other pursuit as of little moment when compared with his own.*

But although the general and continual search after wealth has so manifest a tendency not only to pervert, but even to destroy, the taste of the nation, yet its effects are innocent when compared with those which attend the possession of it. Behold then another instrument for promoting the cause of vice! If want of discipline give birth to dissolution of

* The author is happy in being able to number upon the list of his acquaintance, several exceptions to this position. They are not, however, sufficiently numerous to make him doubt, in any measure, the truth of it.

morals, wealth fosters the bantling and nurses it to manhood. The seeds of corruption sown at the school shoot up luxuriantly under the warm sunshine of affluence,

“Semotique prius tarda necessitas
Leti corripuit gradum.”

The cause of learning is intimately connected with the cause of virtue, and consequently the decline of one accompanies that of the other. As the pursuits of vice centre wholly in the procurement of sensual gratifications, the attention of the mind which it influences is, of course, entirely drawn from the contemplation and improvement of its own powers. Hence those powers become relaxed; they grow feeble from the want of vigorous action; and the mind sinks under the labour of application, as the pampered body, whose nerves are unstrung by indolence and excess, faints under any exercise, however gentle. When such becomes the case with the great body of the community, then it is that learning and the professors of it are equally neglected. The solid, the useful studies of an alert, and bold, and vigorous, and active mind, are deemed unworthy of attention. Nothing pleases but the brilliant sallies of the imagination, which it requires no labour to understand, and which, like the meteor, sparkle for a moment, and then disappear without leaving a trace behind. Application is decrised as drudgery, and Genius considered not only as its superiour, but as absolutely doing away the necessity of it.

Yet how fallacious is this idea! Whatever may be the powers of the mind, application alone can call them into action. It is absurd to substitute one thing for another, when the natures of each are so widely different. Learning is the knowledge of facts, and application alone can collect them. But the leading quality of genius is the power of invention; that quickness of apprehension which discerns the connexion of ideas however remote, and like the magnet, and with the same inexplicable power, sepa-

rates from the great mass of thought these materials which are necessary to its purpose. But the feruginous particles must be collected before the magnet can operate, and Application must furnish ideas before Genius can compare or compound them.* Application lays the foundation; Genius raises the lofty superstructure. Application is the soil which produces the fruits; Genius is the sun which, by its invigorating warmth, causes those fruits to ripen, and vegetation to become more rapid.

From what has now been said, let us make the application to our own country. Look at the occupation of its inhabitants, and you will generally find that the whole extent of their reading is comprehended in the productions of the imagination. The taste for Novels and all other kinds of light reading, has risen to an astonishing and alarming height. Like the lean kine of Pharaoh, they have swallowed up all other reading, and like them too, they have not looked the better for it. The evil consequences attendant upon novel reading are much greater than has generally been imagined. Few writers who forge a series of events, consider the responsibility which they are under, and the hazard attached to the undertaking. Without having truth for their basis, they are continually liable to give false notions of things, to pervert the consequences of human actions, and to misrepresent the ways of divine providence; for “the ways of men,” as a learned and sensible authour observes, “so far as they are passive under the consequences of their own actions, are the ways of God.”†

(To be continued.)

* Vide Gerard on Taste. Part 3, Sect. 2. On the connexion of Taste with Genius.

† Vide Works of the Rev. William Jones, of Nayland, vol. XI, p. 236. To this authour I am indebted for most of these observations upon novel reading; but as I have not the book at hand, I cannot ascertain to how great an extent.

MR. SELFRIDGE'S CASE.

Hitherto we have preserved a profound silence on this subject; for we deemed it highly improper, *pendente lite*, either to examine the law, relative to homicide, or to relate the circumstances, which attended the catastrophe. It is, however, by no means so unwarrantable to state exculpatory circumstances, pending a prosecution, as it is those, which tend to criminate. In the former case, we do but concur with the presumption of law, which supposes every man innocent, until he is convicted of guilt; in the latter case, we violate a principle, essential to the existence of civil liberty, by preoccupying the publick mind with anticipated guilt, we inevitably preclude the accused from the possibility of a fair trial, and defeat the benignant provisions of the common and statute laws of the country. The democrattick presses unanimously pursued a course opposite to that, which we adopted, as the rule of our conduct. They exerted all their malignant influence, from the first moment of Mr. Selfridge's confinement, till his final deliverance; to profane the altar, to prostitute the temple, and to poison the fountains of justice.—Mr. Selfridge neither replied to his enemies, nor appealed to the justice nor compassion of his friends. No Federal paper in the Union ever attempted to excite popular prejudice against any individual, who had surrendered himself to the law; and whose life was to be put in issue at the bar of his country. No Federal paper ever pursued an individual after a fair and honourable acquittal, by a miscellaneous panel. Mr. Selfridge did not challenge a single political adversary on the jury. Nothing can more strongly evince the proud confidence which he felt in his own innocence. We do not hesitate to declare, in the most unqualified manner, that the life of no gentleman in our country, since the Revolution, has been put in more imminent peril by extrajudicial means. Never before has the liberty of the

press been employed to invade the jurisdiction of the courts of justice; and the Federalists have discovered the most torpid apathy at this violation of all principle, and with it, all security. *The torrent roared; but they did not buffet it.* They regarded it, as the murmurings of a distant waterfall, reckless of the desolating consequences which must follow from nonresistance. If a man, who has committed a supposed crime, be abandoned by the laws to jacobinick cannibals; if Democracy unbolt her kennels, and set her bloodhounds upon the chase; if a Judge, *who dare expound the law*, be torn from the seat of his authority, or degraded in it; if witnesses and juries be stigmatized with perjury for having done their duty; if counsel for the accused must encounter all the scoffs, and insults, and revilings, of the scullion crew, and the demoniack rabble, we may indeed exclaim—“Farewell, a long farewell to all our greatness!” Must we bow down in sorrowful accordance to these miserable measures, “or by opposing, end them”? Are we to teach our children to cherish and revere the lofty sentiments of ancient liberty; or must the rising generation be taught to venerate the genuine Robesperian democracy as the legitimate legacy of their fathers? Notwithstanding we had determined to make no comments pending the prosecution, yet, since the acquittal, we have felt loosened from that restraint. Still we did not immediately enter upon the subject, apprehending the possibility of misconceiving some principle, or mistating some fact. The Report of the Trial, and Mr. Selfridge's own defence, are both in the hands of the publick: and we will now essay a brief compendium of the whole transaction.

Mr. Selfridge was applied to, professionally, by a publican, to institute a suit against Mr. Austin and two other persons, who composed a democrattick committee of arrangements, and who furnished a dinner upon Cop's-Hill on the 4th of July: the committee not being willing to pay the innkeeper the

sum which he demanded. The conduct of Mr. Selfridge on this occasion was highly creditable to himself. Although he was offered the demand by the publican for less than its moiety; by which he would have gained a hundred pounds or more, he absolutely declined to purchase it, alledging—"that every honest man set his face against such practices," and advised the innholder to settle the demand himself, or to submit it to reference. After much more delay, than professional gentlemen usually give, a suit was commenced; soon after which a settlement took place. The malicious Federalists became acquainted with the facts, and were so outrageous as to laugh at, and despise the contemptible meanness of the committee. Mr. Austin was undoubtedly galled at these *quips and quirks, and paper-bullets of the brain*; and as he had long been in the habit of reviling the gentlemen of the bar, he had nothing to do but to add a new lie to his old catalogue. He declared to a Mr. Babcock, one of his own party, "*that Selfridge had solicited the suit*;" and he used similar expressions of the "*Federal lawyers*" who filled the writ; and declared if it had not been for such *disgraceful interference*, no difficulty would have ensued. These declarations having come to the knowledge of Mr. Selfridge, he called on Austin, who gave him no satisfaction. The next day he sent Austin a polite note by a friend, requesting him to *have the goodness to do him the justice to enter his protest* against the falsehood, which he had circulated relative to his professional conduct, in the cause above alluded to. Although Austin acknowledged that he had propagated the story, he refused to retract it. After much shuffling and many prevarications by Mr. Austin, Mr. Selfridge wrote him a second note, couched in very caustick terms, and which would have probably terminated in an affair of honour, *had not the better part of Mr. Austin's valour* consisted in discretion. One of two alternatives was peremptorily demanded by Mr. Selfridge. Either that he

should acknowledge in writing, the falsehood which he had propagated; or give up the name of his authour. These reasonable and pacifick terms were refused; and the calumny was still circulating, to the great detriment of Selfridge. After the lapse of two or three days, Mr. Selfridge posted Austin in the Boston Gazette, as "*A LIAR, A COWARD, and A SCOUNDREL*," alledging in his note his reasons for so doing. On the same day, Austin instigated his son, a vigorous, athletick young man, about nineteen years of age, to beat Selfridge on the publick exchange. Stimulated with brandy, and armed with a club, he sallied out to meet, as he supposed, his *unarmed* adversary. The moment he saw Selfridge, without giving any notice, he ran upon him with an uplifted bludgeon, with a degree of violence, which denoted an intention of depriving Selfridge of the power of resistance by the force of his first blow. The weapon was a nine ounce hickory cane, selected that morning for the purpose. The first blow across Selfridge's head, was so powerful as to break through a "*stiff fur hat*," and inflicted a wound so severe, that his surgeon declared "*it might have been attended with fatal consequences*." The assailant was repeating his blows, when Mr. Selfridge, with all possible dexterity, took a pistol from his side pocket, and by discharging it, put a period to the existence of his opponent. Whether the pistol was fired before, or after the first blow, we consider perfectly immaterial. By the strictest legal principles, no man is bound passively to receive a blow which may endanger his person; and WE MOST DECIDEDLY HOLD, THAT DISGRACE IS TO BE AVOIDED, AT EVERY HAZARD. Mr. Selfridge immediately and voluntarily surrendered himself into the hands of Justice; he submitted to his fate with manliness; and he surmounted his difficulties with honour. The laws of his country, not from any failure of testimony; not from any lack of asperity in his prosecutor; not from any predominance of party spirit; but from the immuta-

the principles of Justice, have pronounced him innocent, and have justified his deed. In the rectitude of this decision, after a careful inspection of the Report of the Trial, we heartily accord: And it is our unalterable opinion, that the blood of an imprudent son lies at the door of a wicked father.

We again enter our solemn Protest against all discussions,* tending to prejudice the publick against any prisoner, who is to be tried for any capital or subordinate offence; and also against persecuting a man by newspapers or mobs, after he has been honourably acquitted by a jury. This is indeed ASSAILING THE VERY CITADEL OF LIBERTY. We hope that upon this great principle of security the Federal Editors will take a decided stand.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

I have known merchants with the sentiments and abilities of great states-

* The Editor of The Port Folio is solicitous to recal the attention of the publick to a similar system of tyranny, exercised towards him *prior* to his taking his trial in the year 1805, for a libel against democracy. Long before the presentment was made or a bill found against him, men, in general, and the State's Attorney in particular, were, in a prostitute paper published in this city, *goaded* to the commencement of legal hostilities. The event of that ridiculous warfare is notorious. The Editor gained a most signal victory over the malignant foe, whose impotent efforts he now remembers with no other emotions than those of compassion and contempt. But the attempt, on the part of a foreign renegade, to prejudice a publick and to dictate to a court, was so absurd as well as atrocious, that it never could have been dreamed of, much less hazarded, under any honest, virtuous, or stable polity. A proceeding so romantically wild, and so unblushingly flagitious, was reserved as a sort of new farce, to be exhibited with mountebank dexterity, among the SHIFTING SCENES OF A COMMONWEALTH.

men; and I have seen persons in the rank of statesmen, with the conceptions and character of pedlars. Indeed my observation has furnished me with nothing that is to be found in any habits of life or education, which tends wholly to disqualify men for the functions of government, but that, by which the power of exercising those functions is very frequently obtained, I mean a spirit and habits of low cabal and intrigue; which I have never, in one instance, seen united with a capacity for sound and manly policy.

Burke.

From the Charleston Courier.

ODE TO SUSPICION.

Degeneros animos timor arguit.

VIRGIL.

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.

SHAKESPEARE.

Ah! who is yon, with haggard mein,
That lurks in secret place unseen;
Yet from the den where he is pent,
Full many a wary look is sent;
Now every way, with cautious gaze,
The wide extended space surveys,
Looking around with eyes askance,
Then sudden turns with eager glance,
When, hark! he hears the rushing wind
Disturb the rustling leaves behind;
Then down upon the earth, aghast,
In haste his trembling limbs are cast!

Yes, now I know the monster well:
Suspicion, progeny of hell;
Of Guilt begot, of Danger born,
And nurs'd in Fear's grim cave forlorn:
Away, tormenting fiend, away,
Nor urge with Innocence thy stay!
Hence! and in some dreary cell
With the trembling miser dwell;
Feed him with fantastick fears
Of want in his declining years;
Bid each hollow blast that blows
Wake the wretch from short repose,
To snatch his bags, and eager hold
From fancied thieves his idol gold.
Find where, immers'd in tears and sighs,
The half neglected lover lies,
And place full in his tortur'd sight
His fair inconstant all the night;
And to augment his soul's despair,
Place thou his hated rival there;
Let him the willing charmer kiss
And feast in luxury of bliss.

Or find where under midnight skies
 Athwart the gloom the murder'g lies ;
 Whilst he the stings of conscience feels,
 Be thou, fell monster, at his heels ;
 Possess his madly beating brains
 With racks and gibbets, whips and chains ;
 Let every bush and waving tree
 Pursuing bloodhounds seem to be !
 Or find the man whose iron sway
 Makes abject prostrate slaves obey,
 Who by oppression swells his state,
 And in their misery grows great ;
 Picture some chief whom Justice draws,
 Espousing the afflicted's cause,
 Aiming the meritorious blow
 To lay the ruthless tyrant low !

For me, no wealth I have to keep,
 No gold to break my silent sleep,
 No faithless maid my fancy warms,
 No rival youth my fears alarms,
 No blood my guiltless hands hath stain'd,
 Oppression's rod I ne'er maintain'd ;
 Free is my heart and void of fear,
 Then come not with thy scorpions here ;
 Thy foul suggestions hurt not me,
 The guilty only harbour thee :
 Then hence ! tormenting fiend ! away !
 Nor urge with Innocence thy stay.

G. TURNBULL.

Cigarrs.—In face of a host of arguments our literary loungers contumaciously insist on being indulged the gratification of tickling their noses and burning their tongues. If you allege that the practice is vulgar, you are answered, Sir W. Raleigh is equally famous as a man of fashion and a philosopher as for his habit of smoking. Should you object to them the ladies' dislike to the practice, they will tell you that Queen Elizabeth, of glorious memory, was fond of a pipe, and used humorously to say, that *all the pleasure of the evening ended in smoke*. If lastly you oppose to it kingly authority, urging that James I wrote a treatise *against the smoking of base tobacco*, the smokers will reply, we burn none but what is good.—*M. Anthology.*

MERRIMENT.

The P—— of W——, one evening at the Pavilion, seeing some wax fall from a chandelier on the bosom of lady H—— C——, immediately took out his watch, and clapped one of the seals upon it. "Bless me sir," said she, "what are you doing?"—

"Only trying to make an impression upon you, madam," was the reply.

Mr. Garrow was one day relating that he had a client to defend, against whom an action was to be brought at the suit of an architect, who, amongst other useful erections, had built him no less than six water-closets. The plea he stated to be set up in defence was that of nonage. This plea, observed Mr. Mingay, must be unavailing, as minors are compelled to pay for necessities.

Mr. Hare had apartments in the same house with Mr. Fox, and, like his friend Charles, had frequent visits from bailiffs. One morning, as he was looking out of his window, he observed two of them at the door:—"Pray gentlemen," says he, "are you Fox hunting or Hare hunting this morning?"

As a country gentleman was reading a newspaper in a coffee-house, he said to Mr. Holcroft, who sat next to him—"I have been looking some time to see what the ministry are about, but I cannot find where those articles are put, not being used to the London papers."—"Look among the robberies!" replied the other.

After Mr. Boaden had read his *Aurelia and Miranda*, in the Green-room of Drury-lane Theatre, he observed, that he knew nothing so terrible as reading a piece before such a critical audience. "I know one thing much more terrible," said Mrs. Powell.—"What can that be?" said our authour. "To be obliged to sit and hear it!"

Mr. Fox, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons, when he was enlarging on the influence exercised by government over the members, observed, that it was generally understood that there was a person employed by the Minister, as *Manager of the House of Commons*; here there was a general cry of *Name him, name him!* "No," says Mr. Fox, I don't

choose to name him, though I might do it as easy as say JACK ROBINSON.

When Mr. Penn, a young gentleman well-known for his eccentricities, walked from Hyde-Park Corner to Hammersmith, for a wager of a hundred guineas, with the Honourable Danvers Butler, several gentlemen who had witnessed the contest were speaking of it to the Dutchess of Gordon, and added, that it was a pity that a man with so many good qualities as this Penn should be incessantly playing these unaccountable pranks. "So it is," said her Grace, "but why don't you advise him better? He seems to be a *fen* that every body cuts, but nobody mends."

Mr. Windham, stopping to change horses, one day, in travelling to the country, called for a newspaper, when the landlord brought him the *Morning Chronicle*.—"Take away that abusive paper," said he, "and bring me the *Times*."—"Indeed Sir," replied the landlord, with great *naivete'*, "you are as much abused in the *Times* as you are in the *Chronicle*."

Mr. T——T——d being in company, some years ago, with the Westminster orator, and some other parliamentary friends, was talking of the debates in the House of Commons, and observed that Mr. F——x had never been oftener on his legs in any one session than he had in the last. "True," replied Charles, who loves to joke on his own misfortunes, "for the Jews left me not a chair to sit on."

Mr. Garrow, some short time ago, examining a very young lady who was a witness in a case of assault, asked her if the person who was assaulted did not give the defendant very ill language—if he did not call him a d——d Scotch cobbler, and utter other words so bad, that he, the learned counsel, had not *impudence* enough to repeat; she replied in the affirmative. "Will you, madam, be kind enough," said he, "to tell the court what these words were?" "Why sir," replied

she, "if you have not *impudence* enough to speak them, how can you suppose that I have?"

An old harridan being carried before Justice Bond, for keeping a disorderly house, strongly denied all that was charged upon her. "Housewife! housewife!" said the Justice, "how have you the assurance to deny it; you do keep a brothel, and I will maintain it." "Will you?" replied the old lady; "the Lord bless you; I always took you to be a kind-hearted gentleman."

As Suett and Bannister were walking once in Piccadilly, a fellow on the roof of one of the Bath coaches roared out, "How are you Dicky Gossip?" "Why," exclaimed Suett, "how should that man know me?" "Easily enough," replied Bannister, "don't you see he is on the stage."

Wewitzer, of Drury Lane Theatre, a gentleman no less distinguished for his merit as an actor and his good character as a man, than for the amenity of his manners and the neatness of his wit, having given orders to his taylor for a spencer, asked him how much it would cost: "I cannot," said Stutch, "exactly say, but you may depend on it, sir, that it will come very low." "Then," said the wit, "*it will not be a spencer*."

One of our modern spungers was reproached one day for dining so often among his friends. "What would you have me do?" answered he; "I am *pressed* to do it." "True," answered Monk Lewis, "there's nothing more *pressing* than hunger."

At the time that Mrs. Robinson was writing memoirs of her life, a lady asked Mr. Sheridan how he thought she would depict herself, when she came to that part of her life where adventures of gallantry formed so conspicuous a figure. "Oh!" said he, "I dare say she will represent herself only as a bust."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The annexed production was ushered into this "breathing world" on Friday evening between the hours of ten and twelve: it is the legitimate offspring of idleness begotten by Love. Should you think proper to sentence it to suffocation, let the incongruity of its parentage mitigate the severity of its fate.

RHAPSODICAL HYMN TO CUPID.

Oh thou! who from thy realms above
Guidest the unerring shafts of love;
O lovely little smiling god
Who prostrates monarchs at thy nod,
Hear! Oh hear a melting elf,
A pure disciple of thyself,
If among thy brilliant train
One mortal goddess doth remain,
Whose form eclipseth Sappho's self,
Give, oh give her to thy elf.
Grant her, Cupid, Clara's kiss
Burning with ecstasick bliss;
Let fluttering Sylphs in transport sip
The electric fluid of her lip,
Whose luscious pout invites to bliss,
And speaks the raptures of a kiss;
Gently swelling to be press'd,
Place Delia's white voluptuous breast,
On which Imperial Jove might rest;
Enclos'd within this sacred grove
Dwells all the mysteries of love:
Here the entrancing Graces sport,
And speechless Transport holds her court;
This is the Heliconian spring,
Inspir'd bards first learn to sing,
And warm'd by true poetick fire
Gently touch the thrilling lyre,
Till panting with supreme delight
Impetuous Reason wings her flight.

AMERICANUS.

New-York, March, 1807.

EPIGRAMS.

For The Port Folio.

Applied to the beautiful, amiable, and accomplished
Mrs. D—y.

You bid me be free, and you say we must
part,
Since Absence alone can regain me my
heart;
Your advice dearest D—y, how vain to
pursue,
Who that ever knew Freedom could ever
know you.

Another to the same.

How could my heart of Cupid's power be-
ware,
Whose bowstring is compos'd of D—y's
hair?
Or, when the urchin shoots, his skill defy,
Whose arrows are the rays of D—y's eye!
Or how escape Love's fascinating wiles
Who tunes her voice and animates her
smiles?

On the death of an eminent Jeweller.

Poor Will who in jewels was never outry'd,
And by precious stones liv'd—of a carbuncle
dy'd.

Chloe vows that she never gave Damon a
kiss,
Yet permits him to steal one, nor takes it
amiss:
Thus in vain to her Prudery she flies for
relief,
And forgets the receiver's as bad as the
thief.

Ah! gentle Sleep, though on thy form im-
prest,
Death's truest, strongest lineaments ap-
pear,
To share my couch thy presence I request,
To sooth my senses with repose sincere.
Come, wish'd for Rest, and all my cares re-
lieve,
For at thy kind approach all cares retire,
Thus without life how sweet it is to live,
Thus without death how pleasing to ex-
pire.

To Damon's self his love's confin'd,
No harm therein I see,
This happiness attends his choice,
Unrival'd he will be.

Dear Cupid, I cried, do consult with your
mother,
To subdue my dear Chloe's insensible
heart,
Kind Cupid obey'd: Venus too play'd her
part,
And my Chloe at length fell in love—with
another.

To Fortune I but little owe,
A losing gamester cried,
Be thankful then, for all must know,
You owe enough beside.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 18, 1807.

[No. 16.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

NO man, says Lord Chesterfield, is ridiculous in the character which Nature intended him to represent; he becomes so, only when he assumes a part to which his disposition of mind is not adapted. The remark will be found universally correct. The simplicity of the ignorant never excites our contempt, but when it is clothed in vanity; the lowest and most insignificant of men may inspire a sentiment of pity, but will never be despised if he walk in the path of humility; and even the bold and daring villain who holds to the light purposes of his soul, creates an opinion far less degrading to humanity than the assassin whose face is decked in smiles. Still, we are ever unwilling to display the impression stamped on us by the hand of Nature, and are always anxious to assume a character widely different from that which has been allotted to us.

When the god of mirth was made the arbiter, to decide upon the performances of his fellow deities, he pronounced man to be the worst, because he had not a window in his breast, through which the secrets of his heart might appear, and by means of which the sincerity of his professions might be known. Far different from their

present condition would mankind have been, had the advice of Momus been pursued, and few, very few of us indeed, would have been grateful for the change. On the contrary, it seems rather to be our desire to throw a veil over the only index that exists, for our earliest and our continued efforts are made to conceal the real motives and impulses of the heart. Else why does old age so often endeavour to display the levity, and to participate in the ill-timed joys of youth? Why does Poverty enrobe itself in tinsel and feed upon the fancied plaudits of an undiscerning world? Why does Ignorance or Folly assume the cloak of Wisdom, which every wind can throw aside, and display the deficiencies within? How amiable was that philosopher whose only wish was to know the situation for which the gods had intended him, that so, he might make every exertion in his power to further their designs!*

Discontent is a powerful, frequently a useful principle of action. But the love of change, however strong, will not account for our eternal desires to appear that which we are not: for it would rather impel us to destroy the seeds of vice, which Nature has implanted or Habit generated in our minds, and not to gloss over the surface with a flimsy colouring while the

* Epictetus.

core remains unsound. Nor can this propensity be ascribed to pride or shame; for pride and shame have some good end in view; either the support of conscious worth, or contrition and penitence for guilt. It is a frailty incident to our nature; a frailty latent during the early periods of infancy, but which *grows with our growth and strengthens with our strength*; a frailty which increases in proportion to the encouragement it receives, and finding its sanction in the example of thousands, and fortunate perhaps in its first attempts, destroys at length the perception even of its possessour himself. But it is a frailty which the bravest may be proud to conquer, and the wisest to subdue.

From the lips of Candour, persuasion always flows, and the ray of truth that illumines the countenance of Sincerity, surpasses all the lustre which a reason the most refined, and a sophistry the most impenetrable, can bestow. It is the elegance of the Athenian temple, compared with the grand yet terrific splendour of the Gothick dome; it is the bewitching smile of native beauty, contrasted with the studied air of high-born pride: the last we may admire, but the former only can we love.

The rules of conduct prescribed by good breeding are not incompatible with the purest sincerity. The richest jewel is void of beauty until the hand of Art remove the dulness with which, by nature, it is encircled. Politeness as it not only calls into action the principles of goodness, but even in some degree contributes to their formation, may be regarded not merely as a dress for Virtue, but as among the most valuable of its constituent parts. It is the delicate medium through which Benevolence may be viewed to advantage. It is the polish which adorns and improves the substance. It is a qualification, which in its purity can be found, only in a benignant, an intelligent, a superiour mind.

Were I called upon to point out an example of merit completely unafected, of *perfectly* modest unassum-

ing worth, of candour undissembled, and sincerity unfeigned; I should shrink from the task; the annals of man present no such character; his very constitution forbids the possibility of its existence. But in the shades of the Grecian academy, in the retirement of her philosophers, I would select as the nearest to perfection, the instructor of Xenophon and Plato. Devested of the ridiculous misanthropy of the cynick; avoiding the frozen virtue of the Stoick, and despising the unmanly softness of the Epicurean, Socrates lived so pure a life that Nature, proud of being the mother of such a son, might exclaim, *this was a man*. Such a character we should *imitate* if we cannot *resemble*; and measuring our desires by the line of piety and wisdom, let us say with Plautus,

Proximum quod sit bono, quodque a malo
longissime,
Id volo esse.

CAPTIVI. ACTUS 2, S. 2.

SALADIN.

For The Port Folio.

WANT OF PATRONAGE

The principal Cause of the Slow Progress
OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,
AN ORATION,

Delivered before the society of PHI BETA
KAPPA, upon the anniversary of that institution,

BY SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

Sint Macenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones
MART.

(Continued.)

In a republick, luxury and corruption of morals are said to be the inviolable precursors of national dissolution; it is no less true that the perversion of national taste, and the disrelish for the solid attainments of science, evince a degeneracy in learning, morals, and religion. The polite author of the Travels of Cyrus,* describing the state of the Medes when their empire was declining, gives a lively picture of the literary corrup-

* Travels of Cyrus by the Chevalier Ramsay, p. 5.

tion which then prevailed. "Solid knowledge was looked upon as contrary to delicacy of manners; agreeable trifles, fine-spun thoughts, and sallies of imagination, were the only kinds of wit admired there: no sort of writing pleased but amusing fictions, where a perpetual succession of events surprised by their variety, without improving the understanding or ennobling the heart."

"Behold the picture! Is it like? Like whom?"

But however inimical to the encouragement of learning, may be those causes which have been mentioned, still there is another which is no less hurtful in its operations; I mean the want of respect so general among us for the clergy. So distinguished has this order of men been in every age, as the patrons and supporters of science, that it may safely be assumed as an axiom that literature will never flourish but in those countries where there is a learned clergy; and never will there be a learned clergy, unless they are regarded with reverence and supported with dignity.

Among the many causes to which this disrespect is owing, there are three which perhaps are the most effectual: The growing corruption of the country; the exclusive attention of people to politicks; and the system of making the clergy entirely dependent upon the people.

Upon the first of these heads it is not necessary to enlarge; every day presents an example of the truth of it to our view. Vice never beholds with a friendly eye the grave monitor who censures and inveighs against it, and Vice is never too good to blacken and endeavour to reduce to its own level, the hand which constantly opposes it.

But with respect to the second, it is necessary to be more particular. In the science of government as well as in every other, truth and error are too much blended together to be easily separated. Time, and study, and experience, are necessary correctly to distinguish and arrange them. Truth

is not placed upon the surface; it modestly shuns the common eye, and must be sought before it can be found; in the strong language of South, "it lies too deep to be fetched up with the plough, and too close to be beaten out with the hammer." How then shall he who "fighteth with the heat of the furnace" and in whose ears the noise of the hammer and the anvil is continually heard; how shall he be able to direct the affairs of a state, and to decide what is useful and what is prejudicial? Such a supposition is inadmissible, because it is contrary to facts. To them I appeal for the proof of the assertion, when I say, that out of the whole American people, the will of nine-tenths is directed by that of the one remaining. The popular machine, though large and complicated, requires but a small force to move it. Every man of talents and address who assumes the character of a patriot, is able to inflame that jealousy of their superiours which the idea of an equality of rights ever produces in the minds of the vulgar. This narrow jealousy is the constant companion of exalted ignorance, because every man, however inferior his talents, and however limited his information may be, fancies himself capable of directing the affairs of a nation, and consequently looks upon every man as a rival more or less dangerous in proportion to the extent of his abilities and learning.

And against no order of men has the power of demagogues been more forcibly directed than against the clergy. Every sinew has been exerted to shake the pillar which supports them. Their characters have been blackened, their fame aspersed, their failings magnified into vices, and their virtues degraded into petty gewgaws, with the glitter of which they endeavour to dazzle the publick eye, and hide the black deformity of their hearts.

From such a burden of calumnies, what heart is there that possesses the fine feelings of humanity, that will not shrink back with dread? Who will voluntarily become the figure "for

the hand of Scorn to point his finger at"? Who will consent to be slandered and reviled and blackened? But the answer is obvious. Either the man whose heart is callous to those feelings which could alone adorn it, or he who prefers the satisfaction which a consciousness of rectitude can give, before all the honours and all the triumphs which the full horn of popular applause can shower upon his head. Happily the sacred office of a priest is not yet so degraded, so sunk beneath a load of infamy, but that it can boast of many a brilliant luminary; yet how much is it to be feared that this number will continue to decrease, in proportion to the decrease of motives for embracing the profession.

But a third cause of the disrespect shown to the clergy, and one the more dangerous because from this the two which have been mentioned derive most of their power, arises from their extreme dependence upon the people. It is a trait, generally attached to the human character, that power, when it is exerted for the protection and maintenance of a dependent, is gratified in proportion to the submission of him whom it patronizes. And is not this the precise relation in which the clergy stand towards the people? And is not this the degradation to which they are compelled to stoop? Instead of being considered in the venerable and exalted station, which, as the embassadors of God to man, they have a right to claim, they are treated as the mere servants of the people, created at their pleasure, continued at their pleasure, and destroyed at their pleasure. They *hire a minister*, (such is the contemptuous and degrading language which they use) just as they would hire a day labourer; and if he do not perform his task to their satisfaction, if he do not adapt his doctrines, his words, his tones, his pronunciation to the fastidiousness of their taste, they turn him off again with as little ceremony. Skill in oratory has become too much the criterion of clerical excellence, and the inquiry is not so much whether the

doctrines are sound, as whether the mode of delivering them is pleasing:

"Omnia enim Stolidi magis admirantur
amantque

Inversis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt;
Veraque constituunt, quæ belle tangere possunt

Aureis et lepidò quæ sunt fucata sonore.*

It has been a favourite theme with protestants, ever since the Reformation, to declaim against the oppression and enormous power of the clergy. That the complaint against the church of Rome was too well founded, cannot be denied; but one extreme should be avoided as well as the other; and I question much whether the degradation of the clerical order to so low a state, will not give a much more fatal blow to the interests of religion and literature, than they ever received from its exaltation.

Such are the principal causes to which the disrespect for the character of the clergy may be attributed, and sufficient has been said concerning them, to exhibit lucid proof that while they exist, learning can never flourish. I come now to consider the second part of the inquiry: Whether learned men receive the emolument which will serve as an incentive to the acquisition of science.

"The wisdom of a learned man," says the son of Sirach, "cometh by opportunity of leisure: and he that hath little business shall become wise."† The truth of the remark is evident. He who contents himself with viewing the surface of things, will never arrive at the knowledge of the inside of them. Retirement and study, and consequently length of time, is necessary. He must devote his whole life to the pursuit, if he hope to explore the "*penetralia rerum*." It is idle then to believe that America will ever become a literary nation, unless some permanent establishment can be made for the support of the learned; and this can be

* Lucretius, Lib. 1, 642.

† Eccles. ch. 38. v. 24. The whole chapter is well worthy the attentive consideration of modern reformers.

effected only in two ways: either by the generosity of individuals, or the munificence of government.

But hard indeed would be the fate of learning, had it nothing to depend upon but the cold hand of individual patronage. Where is the man to be found who has bestowed competency upon a single literary character? Instances, it is true, may be named of the endowment of a professorship by an individual, but these have hitherto been rare, and are every day becoming still more so. If it be asked why individual patronage has decreased, the answer is ready, and has indeed been anticipated, since it arises from the same sources to which the want of respect for learned men has been traced. Were the motives of this kind of patronage developed, it would, I think, be found, that in nine instances out of ten, it proceeded from the ambition of transmitting an illustrious name to posterity. And who will expect to derive fame from the encouragement of that, which in the publick view, appears to be an object too inconsiderable to merit either its notice or patronage?

(To be continued.)

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As I observe you do admit poetry into your amusing paper, allow me to offer the follow poem to your acceptance: The tale in substance is similar to one related in prose by the author of the ABBESS, at the beginning of the third volume.

PHILANTUS.

SIR ELMER,

A LEGENDARY TALE.

"What means yon mould'ring heap of earth
Beneath yon blasted oak?
And what those piles of human bones
That whiten on the rock?"

"Why does no shrub adorn the place
With vegetation green?
And why does every living thing
Avoid the dreary scene?"

"If thou wouldst know," the seer reply'd,
"The secret of the place,
Hither at midnight's solemn hour
Thy lonely steps retrace.

"And haply if within thy breast,
Undaunted courage glow,
To thee it may be given to trace
Its mystery of wo!"

"Wilt thou be there," the knight inquir'd,
"My wandering steps to guide?"
"To one alone the deed belongs!"
The reverend seer reply'd.

Pondering in awe, the silent youth
His former way return'd,
And much he marvell'd—and his heart
With sacred fervour burn'd.

Within a ruin'd abbey's tower
The interval he spent—
And forth he stray'd at dark midnight,
On bold adventure bent!

Thro' the dull night no favouring moon
Bestow'd a radiant gleam,
Nor sought one little star to kiss
Its shadow in the stream.

But thick and driving clouds obscure
The azure vault of heaven,
And thunder, in repeated peals,
Along its arch was driven.

Young Elmer plunged his quivering steel
Deep in his milk-white steed;
He sought to cross the barren heath
With more than usual speed.

But the blue lightning's arrowy flash
Flam'd right across his way,
And at his feet a rifted pine
In cumbrous ruin lay.

In vain Sir Elmer strove to guide
His wild affrighted horse,
For to the destin'd spot no skill
The trembling beast could force.

Yet all-undaunted Elmer leaves
His courser's panting sides;
And forward to the turfy mound
Advanc'd with hasty strides.

And now the flaming heavens appear
One dreadful sheet of fire,
Nearer the crashing thunder rolls,
Yet will he not retire.

The deep-red flame disclos'd the spot
Where rose the turfy mound—
Where ghastly waw'd the blasted oak,
And bones lay whitening round.

But now no more the hollow wind
In loud defiance spoke;
No lightning glar'd—nor following quick,
No crashing thunder broke.

But awful stillness through the air
Unwonted horror shed—
Uncommon darkness wrapt the sky—
Young Elmer shook with dread!

Yet on with ardent haste he pass'd
To reach the crumbling mound;
But lo!—a sudden cavern yawn'd
Where late the rock had frown'd.

And in its deep sepulchral breast,
A trembling flame he spy'd,
Whose glare disclos'd a death-like form,
A dagger in his side!

All horror-struck while Elmer gaz'd,
Slowly the figure rose,
And, by some power superiour, broke
The grave's profound repose.

In scaly armour dight the form
A martial semblance wore,
And down the shining metal flow'd
A stream of purple gore.

On Elmer now he bent his eye
With anxious looks of wo!
And thrice he groan'd, and thrice anew
The blood began to flow.

His voice was like the imprison'd fires
That rock the frighted ground;
And Elmer's soul recoil'd to hear
The deep and death-like sound!

"What can I do," appall'd he said,
"To give thy spirit rest!"—
"Avenge my death!" the spectre cry'd,
And bar'd his bleeding breast.

"On whom?—and why?"—the youth in-
quired.

"On Hubert of Leland,
And when thou strik'st his villain heart,
Say Egbert arm'd thy hand."

"How can I raise my arm," he said,
"Against my patron kind?"
How can I bear to seek his life,
And hear no cause assign'd?"

"Blood calls for blood," the shade reply'd,
"I fell beneath his sword:
And justly thou mayst strike the blow—
Believe a father's word!"

"My father thou!" the youth exclaim'd;
But sudden from his view
The shade was vanish'd—in a flame
Of pale sulphureous blue.

Torn with impatience stood the knight,
His inmost soul on fire,
And with impetuous voice exclaim'd
Upon his vanish'd sire!

In vain he call'd—in vain he pray'd,
No sire appear'd again;
And early dawn began to gleam
Across the barren plain!

Back then to Hubert's proud abode
The youth his footsteps bent;

Yet to the ground his head declin'd
On wildering thoughts intent.

Strange was the tale, and strange the means
By which the tale was told;
Yet it compell'd his faith, and all
His shivering blood ran cold!

"What means that pensive look of wo?"
Old Hubert kindly said;
"Say is thy cheek from anger pale,
Or else by fear dismay'd?"

"No pallid rage," Sir Elmer said,
"Sits low'ring on my brow;
Nor is it fear!—I trust in heaven,
Fear I shall never know!"

He spake, and strove his head to raise,
And often strove to smile;
But tho' it dimpled on his cheek,
His bosom ach'd the while!

And when the gleam of evening shone
All radiant in the west,
Fair Emma met him in the bower,
An unexpected guest.

And much she try'd with soothing art
To win him from his wo;
But as he gaz'd upon the maid,
His bitter tears would flow!

"Vain are your soothing, lovely maid,
To ease this bursting heart;
And vain are all our vows of love—
We must forever part!"

"Alas, my Elmer, this from thee!"
The damsel faintly said;
"And are then all thy plighted vows
Forgotten or betray'd?"

"Oh never, never," sigh'd the youth,
"Can I inconstant be!
Sweet maid, this wretched heart would
break,
To prove its truth to thee!"

"But cruel duties now demand
My undivided soul;
Impious duties, which my love
Must fatally control!"

Hubert's fair daughter vainly strove
The fatal tale to gain;
From Elmer's agonizing breast
No word could she obtain!

And when at night upon his couch
His feverish limbs he tost,
He felt his reason and his faith
In wild disorder lost.

"Can that be counsel just and good,
Which can such deeds require;

Which bids me seek my patron's life
And murder Emma's sire!

"It must not be!—Strange dream begone!
Some demon met my view,
And sought to lure me to my harm,
With visions most untrue!"

"No, Hubert, no!—thy Elmer's hand
Thy life shall never seek!
No, Emma, no!—no deed of mine
Shall bathe with tears thy cheek!"

Instant, beside his restless couch,
The martial shade appear'd!
And with a frown, his outstretch'd arm
In threatening guise uprear'd.

And on the hapless youth he cast
Dark furious looks of rage!
And Elmer sought, with earnest words
His anger to assuage!

"Take then this sword and plunge it deep
In Hubert's villain breast!
Thy father's blood has stain'd the blade!
'Obey the stern behest!"

Vanish'd the spirit into air,
The sword remain'd behind,
And new and strong conviction gleam'd
Upon Sir Elmer's mind.

He rose and grasp'd the fatal steel,
And Hubert's chamber sought!
"What!—Shall I strike him as he sleeps!
Avaunt, unworthy thought!"

"Yet, can I bear to hear him plead,
And beg his life of me?
Oh Hubert, Hubert! sooner far
Would I be slain by thee!"

But lo! the sight that met his eye!
Old Hubert, kneeling, pray'd
Before a marble tomb, where high
Was Egbert's name display'd!

The knight remain'd in silence near,
And mark'd his tears and sighs:
And answering floods of pity ran
Incessant from his eyes.

The baron rose, and wonder'd much
To see Sir Elmer stand,
Tears coursing down his face, and drawn
The weapon in his hand.

"Know'st thou this sword?" Sir Elmer said,
"Know'st thou this bloody stain?
'Tis Egbert's sword! 'tis Egbert's blood!
And thou hast Egbert slain!"

"Yes, heaven is just!" the baron cry'd,
"The chief was slain by me!
And willingly I yield my life,
Oh Egbert's son! to thee!"

"Vain is the hope by ruthless deeds
To purchase wealth and peace!
Oh welcome, Death!—for this remorse
With thee alone shall cease!"

"Yet ere I close my eyes for aye,
Let me my tale reveal!
And haply thy too pitying breast
To just revenge 'twill steel!"

"Thy sire and I, in early youth,
For the same damsel strove;
I gain'd the wealthy sire's consent—
He won Eltruda's love!"

"To him she gave her secret faith,
(Ah—could I bear to see!)
And shelter'd from her hostile sire,
She crown'd his hopes with thee!"

"By passion stung, by envy fir'd,
I struck his kindred breast;
And of his consort and his lands
Became at once possess'd!"

"Pitying I saw thy helpless youth,
And rear'd lost Egbert's son,
Yet would I ne'er thy name reveal,
Nor yield the wealth I'd won!"

"Could I by such avowal blast
My long-establish'd fame?
Or such a direful stigma cast
On my unblemish'd name?"

"Yet I design'd whene'er high-heaven
Me to the grave should call,
To certify thy noble birth,
And yield thy treasures all!"

"But yet thy father's angry spirit
Oft hovers o'er my bed,
And sheds alarming visions round,
And shakes my soul with dread."

"And fair Eltruda sunk beneath
The unexpected blow;
And died in beauty's early prime,
A victim to her wo!"

"Yet, ere she died, alas!—to me
One darling child she bore!
My Emma is my only bliss!
Say, need I tell thee more?"

"Oh no!" the trembling youth exclaim'd,
"Live, Hubert, live in peace!
'Tis I must seek the grave, for there
Alone my woes can cease!"

"Oh Emma! lovely, lov'd, ador'd!
Forgive this impious sigh!
Sister! forgive my guilty love!
For thee!—for thee!—I die!"

He rais'd aloft the shining blade,
And on his sire he cried!
Then in his bosom plung'd the steel,
And in a moment—PIED!

For The Port Folio.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

J. CONRAD & Co. propose to publish by subscription, an elegant work, entitled *MÉMOIRS OF ANACREON*, translated from the original Greek of CRITIAS of Athens, by CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq. including the *ODES OF ANACREON*, from the version of THOMAS MOORE, Esq.

CRITIAS of Athens pays a tribute to the legitimate gallantry of ANACREON, calling him, with elegant conciseness, *γυναικῶν περὸπυμα*.

Τοι δὲ γυναικῶν μελῶν πλεξασθ' ὅδ' ἄδεις,
'Ηδύι Ἀνακρεῖοντα, Τίως εἰς Ἑλλάδ' ἀνγινι,
Συμπησιονιθίσμα, γυναικῶν περὸπυμα.

Teios gave to Greece her treasure,
Sage Anacreon, sage in loving;
Fondly weaving lays of pleasure
For the maids who blush'd approving.
MOORE'S ANAC. p. 208.

The version of the Odes of Anacreon, with which the literary world has recently been favoured, has revived the pleasure which the melody of the lyrist once excited on the plains of Greece, and extended the reputation of his translator to every country where classical learning is venerated, and the genuine effusions of the poet find a congenial glow. To the genius and industry of Thomas Moore, Esq. we are indebted for one of the best translations that English literature possesses, and the liveliest exhibition of Grecian poetry that English literature can boast. The authour of the present work is aware that he speaks at a time unpropitious to the fame of Moore. He knows that the indignation of some, and the mortification of others, have been strongly excited by a volume published by him since his visit to this country. But his translation of Anacreon has no relation to the *remarks* contained in his "Epistles, Odes, &c." To his brilliant genius as a poet, and his ability as a translator, repeated editions and reiterated applause bear ample testimony; and, by adopting his version of Anacreon, the authour at once gratifies the feelings of personal friendship, and pays that tribute of respect, which

is so justly due to his unrivalled excellence.

The design of this work was conceived during the transient visit which Mr. Moore paid to this city in the summer of 1804. A biographical sketch of the life of Anacreon, formed upon the ingenious plan of the Abbé Barthélemy, appeared to the authour as one which offered a fertile source of amusement, and the prosecution of it was embraced with that ardour which is incident to the schemes of a youthful enthusiast. It was communicated to Moore during one of those festive nights, which he has remembered in a manner not less honourable to himself than grateful to his friends. His approbation was expressed in a manner which was prompt, warm, and flattering. But the authour did not advert to the impropriety of forsaking that "deep well," which my Lord Coke has dug for his "good sons," to wander amid the alluring bowers of ancient Greece, though Genius there had delighted to hold her seat, and Imagination there had whispered her sweetest inspirations. Such considerations, however, did intrude, when the fervour of literary emulation had subsided, and Reason had resumed her sway. The work was a long time abandoned, and perhaps never would have been submitted to public inspection, had not the partiality of a few friends flattered the very credulous authour into an opinion, that a continuation would be not wholly unworthy of public perusal.*

The authour will make no apology for the offences he has committed against the regularity of chronology. If laborious commentators can gravely and ingeniously dispute whether Sappho danced to the voluptuous cadence of the lyre of Anacreon, or whether an entire century intervened between

* A part of the *Memoirs of Anacreon*, with an introductory letter addressed to a literary friend, was published in *The Port Folio* for the past year. Those pages may convey a more accurate idea of the nature and plan of the work than can here be attempted.

the period of their births, he surely may be pardoned, who suffers Anacreon to write an epitaph upon Plato, or criticise the *Poeticks* of Aristotle. Some of these anachronisms were intentional, in order to afford suitable topicks for the conversation of a scholar, and others were the consequence of carelessness. The work is a fiction, intended to illustrate ancient manners, and, by making the Odes of Anacreon more familiar, to render, if possible, the popularity of a friend more extensive. To these motives, if the critics add, as it is supposed it must be conceded, some little admixture of personal vanity, they have all the motives of this undertaking, and they may make such use of the declaration as justice and liberality may suggest. That the volumes were written during occasional intervals of business or study, may operate upon the clemency of some readers; and that they were almost concluded before the time which the law terms *the years of discretion*, might be added as a stronger claim upon the favour of the candid, did not the authour fear the retort of some sarcastick critick, that *the fact appeared upon the showing of his record*. But the just severity of criticism admits of no pleas in extenuation of negligence or imperfection. It is necessary to the integrity of literature, that every writer be judged with strictness and impartiality, and that his judges be neither awed by the imposing noise of a dedication, nor seduced by the smooth flatteries of a preface. The present writer respectfully presents himself at the seat of this tribunal, with no arrogant pretensions to distinction: he offers his labours with very humble expectations, as the innocent, and perhaps not entirely useless amusement of a youthful mind, which preferred literary exertion to listless or frivolous inactivity, when compelled to intermit its attentions to professional occupation. It was pleasant to cheer the gloom of a solitary chamber, by revisiting, with the excursive eye of Imagination, the climes that are distant, and to recount the days that have rolled by: to survey the enamel-

led plains where the voice of *true* patriotism was heard, and where Apollo taught the rudiments of his art: to stray on the banks of Ilyssus and listen to the musick of Anacreon, or hang over the Leucadian mount and drop a tear to the memory of the Lesbian maid. By such arts, the slow foot of Time moves unperceived, and we only awake from the pleasing vision when some sad realities affright the phantoms of fancy from the enchanted bower, and "too feelingly remind us what we are." Such are the pleasures of the recluse, at the "solemn noon of night," and they are not undelightful!

— When the lamps expiring yield to rest,
And solitude returns, gladly I quit
The noisy mansions, and, attentive, mark
 the palmy groves
Resounding once with Plato's voice,
Amid whose umbrage green her silver head
Th' unfading olive lifts; the vine-clad hills
Lay forth their purple store, and sunny vales
In prospects vast their level laps expand,
Amid whose beauties glistening Athens
 tow'rs,
The blissful scenes where clear Ilyssus rolls
His sage-inspiring flood, whose winding
 marge
The thick-wove laurel shades, and roseate
 morn
Pours all her splendours on th' empurpled
 scene.

The impressive voice of Experience will soon testify how far the credulity of Ambition can be realized by the sanction of Truth. The aspiring hope with which literary eminence has always elevated him, has strewn many a flower over a path of difficulties and dangers, and led him, in the reveries of fancy, to a palace of delights, where, as he has surveyed the precipice that surrounds it, he has ventured to exclaim with the enraptured artist, *Ed io anche son Pittore.*

April 14, 1807.

This work will be put to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscribers shall be obtained, and will be published in two neat crown octavo volumes, ornamented with likenesses of Anacreon, and Moore. Price to subscribers 2 dollars 50 cents per volume.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constance?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constance?

When I was last at G—, I had a French hair-dresser—let me entreat you not to show this to your friend—who is so fond of people of quality, that he thinks there is no *life* out of their company: he would accuse me of being too fond of low company.

I introduce the present hair-dresser to your acquaintance, because, if I am not mistaken, he spoke the sentiments of his whole nation, high and low. You shall judge. This young fellow attended me every morning while I remained at G—; he had been a year or two at London; and while he dressed my hair, his tongue generally moved as quick as his fingers. He was full of his remarks upon London, and the fine people whose hair he pretended to have dressed.—“Do you not think,” said I, “that people may live very happy in that country?” *Mais—pour cela, oui, Monsieur.* (But yes truly, Sir.) “Do you think then they are happy?” “*Pour cela, non, Monsieur,*” (no indeed Sir.) “Can you guess at the reason why they are not so, they have so much reason to be so?” “*Oui, Monsieur, elle est toute simple.*” (Yes Sir, it is quite plain.) “Pray what is the reason they are not happy?” “*C’est qu’ils ne sont pas destinés à l’étre.*” (Because they are not destined to be so.)

“Did you ever see,” said I, “an Englishman who might pass for a Frenchman?” “*Jamais de ma vie, Monsieur,*” (never in my life) replied he with an accent of astonishment.

“Suppose him,” said I, “a man of quality?” “*N’importe.*” (It matters not.)

“But,” continued I, “suppose he had lived several years at Paris, that he was naturally very handsome, and well-made, that he had been educated

by the best French dancing-master, his clothes made by the best French tailors, and his hair dressed by the most eminent friseur in Paris.”—“*C’est beaucoup, Monsieur, mais ce n’est pas assez.*” (It is much, Sir, but it is not enough.)

“What,” exclaimed I, “would you still know him to be an Englishman?” “*Assurément, Monsieur.*” (Most assuredly, Sir.)

“What, before he spoke?”—“*Au premier coup d’œil.* (At the first glance, Sir.)

“The devil you would; but how?” “*C’est que messieurs les Anglois ont un air—une manière de se présenter—un—que sai—je moi—Vous m’entendez bien, Monsieur, un certain air sigau—*” (Because English gentlemen have an air of countenance—a manner of presenting themselves—a—what do I know—you understand me—a countenance so awk—).

“What air, fellow?” “*enfin, un air qui est charmant, si vous voulez, monsieur,*” said he rapidly, “*mais que le diable m’emporte, si c’est l’air François.*” (In short, an air which is charming, if you will, Sir, but the devil take me if it is a French air.)

Dr. Moore.

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Today the sun with cloudless ray,
Beams joy and happiness around;
Tomorrow winds tempestuous play,
And sleet deforms the frozen ground:
Such is the doom to man assign’d;
Such are the changes of the mind.
Today the genial zephyrs breathe,
The fragrance of the opening year;
Tomorrow sees the barren heath,
And vegetation disappear.
Such is the fate of human kind,
Such are the changes of the mind.
Today the sun of pleasure smiles,
Youth, Joy and Beauty, deck the scenes,
The magic wand of Hope beguiles,
And not a dark cloud intervenes;
Such is the view to youth assign’d,
Such the delusion of the mind.
Tomorrow disappointment lowers,
Care’s canker gnaws the aching breast,
Regret each passing moment sours,
Or Sorrow rears her gorgon crest:
Such is the doom to man assign’d;
Such are the changes of the mind.
Today deceitful Fortune wears

The gladd'ning smile of Joy and Peace;
 We seek not Sorrow's hidden snares,
 That soon may bid our pleasures cease;
 Our prospects fair and unconfin'd
 Yield sweet contentment to the mind.
 Tomorrow wears another face;

And dark'ning clouds obscure the view;
 In vain the past scenes we retrace,
 Or strive the future to pursue:
 But dreary are the thoughts assign'd,
 To occupy the gloomy mind.

Today then let us all prepare

For what the morrow may produce:
 Tomorrow be our chiefest care,

To put each hour to proper use:
 Move in the sphere by Heaven design'd,
 And regulate the wandering mind.

—
 An untimely shower or an unseasonable drought; a frost too long continued, or too suddenly broken up, with rain and tempest; the blight of the spring or the smut of the harvest; will do more to cause the distress of the belly, than all the contrivances of all statesmen can do to relieve it. Let government protect and encourage industry, secure property, repress violence, and discountenance fraud, it is all that they have to do. In other respects the less they meddle in these affairs the better; the rest is in the hands of our master and theirs. We are in a constitution of things wherein —“ *Modo sol nimius, modo corrigitur imber.*”

—
From Lady Manners's Review of Poetry—addressed to her son.

Object of my fondest care,
 'Mid whose gay and childish air,
 Pleas'd Attention can descry
 Reason's dawning brightness nigh;
 While she, with delighted view,
 Marks the cheek of rosy hue,
 Marks thine eye, whose vivid light
 Shines than orient gems more bright;
 Marks thy brows serenely bold,
 Crown'd with locks of waving gold;
 While an inexpressive CHARM,
 More than features, more than FORM,
 Which no pencil e'er could trace,
 Heightens every infant grace.
 Twice three Summers now have shed
 Their warm sunbeams o'er thy head,
 Summers, fraught with anxious fears
 To Reflection's riper years:
 While o'er Europe's wasted lands
 Discord hurls her flaming brands,
 And her rugged arms embrace
 Gallia's sanguinary race,
 Fixing in each savage mind

Hatred to the human kind—
 Pale Experience all aghast,
 Reads the future in the past,
 And amidst impending gloom,
 Trembles for the nation's doom.
 Thee, lov'd boy, no cares molest,
 Shade thy brow or heave thy breast;
 Or if cares should discompose,
 Like the dew-drop on the rose,
 Or like clouds before the wind,
 Light, they leave no trace behind,
 Genuine delights are thine,
 Mirth and innocence divine,
 Cherub Health of florid hue,
 Quick Surprise forever new,
 Frolick Fancy, gay and free,
 Gilds the rapid hours for thee.
 Happy age, to grief unknown!
 Happy age, but quickly flown!
 Soon thy sports thou must resign,
 Studious labour then is thine;
 Far from every youthful play
 Grave Instruction points thy way:
 Science, rich in ancient store,
 Spreads for thee her classic lore;
 Armed with magisterial rage
 Pedants guard the mystick page,
 Urging on thy tardy flight
 To Distinction's steepy height.
 Rough is Learning's arduous road,
 Yet with brightest flow'rets strow'd,
 Flowrets, mid the waste of Time,
 Blooming in eternal prime.

—
When first from Kilkenny.

TUNE—What can the matter be,

When first from Kilkenny as fresh as a daisy,
 The girls of our village all swore I was
 crazy;

Arrah, maid, wife, or widow, could never
 be aisy,

If once, joy, I came in her way.
 And it's—Dear, dear, what can the matter
 be?

Oh, botheration, joy! what can the matter
 be;

Such a fellow as Casey, they swore, there
 could never be,

For at romps, faith, I spent the whole
 day.

But soon as Miss Jenny fell into my way, sir,
 As dull as a sparrow I rambled all day, sir,
 I strove to speak to her, but nothing could
 say, sir,

But phililú, what is't I ail!
 And—Dear, dear, what can the matter be?
 Oh, dear, what can the matter be?

The neighbours all laughing, cri'd....What
 can the-matter be?

Murphy O'Casey looks pale.

Our minds scarce made up, a rude press-
 gang assail'd me;

And though I tipp'd them leg bail, my jewel
 soon nail'd me;

Genteel by the collar along the streets trail'd
me,
And lodg'd me a top of a ship.
(Speaks)....Where they left me, and half a
dozen more, poked up in a hencoop, all alone by
myself singing
Dear, dear, what can the matter be ?
Oh, mucha wack, honey, what can the mat-
ter be ?
But what of all that, sure, I'm now safe re-
turn'd from sea ;
Wa'n't it a delicate trip.

PROLOGUE,

To the Farce of Mr. H. lately performed at New-
York, written by the Authour, and spoken by Mr.
Elliston.

If we have sinned in paring down a name,
All civil well bred authours do the same.
Survey the columns of our daily writers—
You'll find that some Initials are great fight-
ers—

How fierce the shock, how fatal is the jar,
When Ensign W. meets Lieutenant R.
With two stout seconds, just of their own
gizzard,

Cross Captain X. and rough old General Z.
Letter to letter spreads the dire alarms,
Till half the Alphabet is up in arms.
Nor with less lustre have Initials shone,
That grace the gentler annals of Crim. Con.
Where the dispensers of the publick lash
Soft penance give; a letter and a dash—
Where vice, reduc'd in size, shrinks to a
failing,

And loses half its grossness by curtailing ;
Faux pas are told us in a modest way—
The affair of Col. B. with Mrs. A.
You must excuse them—for what is there,
say,

Which such a pliant vowel must not grant,
To such a very pressing consonant ?
Or who poetick justice dares dispute,
When, mildly melting at a lover's suit,
The wife's a *liquid*—her good man a *mute* ?
Even in the homelier scenes of honest life,
The coarse-spun intercourse of man and wife,
Initials I am told have taken place,
Of Deary, Spouse, and that old fashion'd
race :

And Cabbage, ask'd by brother Snip to tea,
Replies, "I'll come.—but it don't rest with
me—

"I always leave them things to Mrs. C."
Oh should this mincing practice ever spread
From names of living heroes to the dead,
How would Ambition sigh and hang her
head,

As each lov'd syllable should melt away,
Her Alexander turn'd into great A.—
A single C her Cæsar to express—
Her Scipio shorten'd to a Roman S.
And nick'd and dock'd to these new modes
of speech,
Great Hannibal himself a Mr. H.

A new weekly paper on an improv-
ed and liberal plan is announced at
OXFORD, under the title of *The Ox-
ford University and City Herald, and
Midland County Chronicle*, with the
ADMIRABLE MOTTO of *Pro REGE, Le-
ge, Aris et Focis*. This makes the
203d weekly provincial publication in
Great-Britain and Ireland, of each of
which one thousand copies are sold on
the average. At sixpence each paper
the annual return to the proprietors is
263,000*l.*; and, at the duty of three
pence half penny per paper, they
yield to the state 154,000*l.* per ann.
Each paper contains also an average
of forty advertisements, yielding to
the proprietors, at seven shillings
each, the sum of 147,784*l.* per ann.,
and the duty, at three shillings per
advertisement, yields to the state
63,336*l.* per annum. Such are the
wonders of one department only of
the BRITISH periodical press.

TO THE DAUGHTER OF OWEN.

O thou more bright, more cheering to our
eyes,
Than the young beams that warm the dawn-
ing skies,
Hast thou not heard the weeping nurse re-
late

The mournful tale of young Narcissus' fate ?
Hew, as the bards of ancient days have sung,
While fondly o'er the glassy stream he hung,
Enamour'd he his lovely form survey'd,
And died at length the victim of a shade.
Sweet ! do not thou a like misfortune prove,
O be not such thy fate, nor such thy love !
No more on that bewitching beauty gaze,
Nor trust thy sight to meet its dazzling
blaze.

Hide, hide that breast so snowy fair :
Hide the bright tresses of thy hair ;
And oh ! those eyes of radiant ruin hide,
Brilliant as sunbeams dancing on the tide ;
Hide the fair lids where their soft glories
roll,

Darting their tender glances to the soul.

Hide the twin berries of thy lips perfume,
Their breathing fragrance, and their deep-
ening bloom ;

Thy lip, whose sounds such raptures can
impart,

Whose words of sweetness sink into the
heart ;

Hide those fair cheeks, that glow like radi-
ant morn,
When Sol's bright rays the blushing East
adorn ;

No more to thy incautious sight display'd,
Be that dear form in every grace array'd:

The rosy finger's tapering charms;
The slender hand, the snowy arms;
The little foot so soft, so fair;
The timid step, the modest air;

No more their graces let thine eye pursue,
But hide, oh hide the peril from thy view.
Against thy own attractions steel thy heart,
And fear no wound from Cupid's idle dart;
For thee while all the youths of Erin sigh,
And wounded by thy thrilling eyebeam die,
Peace shall within thy gentle bosom reign,
Their love unpitied and unheard their strain.

MERRIMENT.

When Kelly was engaged to compose the musick for an opera that was to appear at Drury-lane, the nature of this employment became the subject of conversation one night in the green-room. It was observed by one, that the musician was deeply indebted to the authour. "Then," retorted Jack Bannister, "he is likely to be rid of that incumbrance, for he is at present preparing to discharge it, by giving him *his notes*."

On the trial of a cause in the court of common pleas, Mr. Serjeant Vaughan having, in the course of the examination of a witness, asked a question rather of law than fact, Lord Eldon, then chief justice, very good-humouredly observed, "brother Vaughan, this is not quite fair; you wish the witness to give you for *nothing* what you would not give him for *two guineas*."

On a publick rejoicing night, a gentleman passing by as the mob were breaking a quaker's windows in Cheap-side, stopped to expostulate with them for their cruelty, as the poor man was sick in bed; on which Mr. deputy Birch, who happened to be near, replied, "That the gentleman having for some time laboured under a complication of disorders, the mob were so compassionate as to remove some of his *jaunes*."

Mr. Sheridan was in company where a piece of curious mechanism in ivory

was produced for inspection: it was of such delicate workmanship, that it could scarcely be touched without fear of breaking it. "For my part," said Mr. Sheridan, "I don't like any thing of such very delicate structure." Just at this moment the late Mrs. Robinson entered the room. She had heard Mr. Sheridan's observation, which he perceiving, added—"I don't say so, however, of you, madam."

Lord Thurlow was one day riding along with a farmer at Dulwich, of whom he used to take some notice and consult about agricultural matters: when the farmer ventured to ask how politicks were. "Damn politicks!" said he, "I hate them." Soon after this, his lordship asked the farmer what he thought of a field of wheat they were passing—"Damn farming!" replied he, "I hate it."

Sir John Carter, when Mayor of Portsmouth, was knighted by His Majesty at the naval review; he unluckily stumbled as he was rising from his knee: upon which, with great presence of mind, he apologised to the King, by saying, "Your Majesty has loaded me with so much honour, that I cannot well stand under it."

The criminal executioner, commonly called Jack Ketch, was lately summoned to the court of requests, by the landlord of a publick-house in the Old Bailey, for a beer-score; and on being asked how he could pay it, the fellow scratched his head, and replied, that *business* was very bad of late, they having sent so many of his customers to Botany Bay; and really he could not say how he could pay it; but, *if so be as how* the gentleman pleased, he had no objection to *work it out for him, or any of his family*."

An old gentleman who used to frequent the Chapter Coffee-house, being unwell, thought he might steal an opinion concerning his case; accordingly one day he took an opportunity of asking Dr. Buchan, who sat in the same box with him, what he should

take for such a complaint? "I'll tell you," said the doctor, "you should take advice."

Mr. Cobbet, well known by the name of Peter Porcupine, speaking of the concoction of that *thing of shreds and patches*, the Addington ministry, observed, that "It was only a second *conspiracy* among the *journey-men CABINET-makers*."

Dr. R. maintained that poverty was a virtue. "That," said Mr. Canning, "is literally making a virtue of necessity."

On four windows in succession, on the ground floor of a corner house in one of the squares, being stopped up to avoid the window tax in 1784, some one chalked on the bricks which denoted where the windows *had* been, *Pitt's works*, vol. 1, vol. 2, vol. 3, vol. 4.

Mr. Jekyll, on a bill being introduced into the House of Commons to prevent the foundation of nunneries in England, and another in the House of Lords to prevent the rapid progress of adultery, wrote the following epigram :

The choice severe the ladies fair
In vain deplore in tears ;
"No nuns," the House of Commons cry ;
"No w——," the House of Peers.

Wewitzer going to order some candles, told the tallow-chandler that he hoped they would be better than the last he had from him. "I beg pardon, sir," said the man, "I thought the last I sent you were remarkably good ; what was their fault ?" "Why, they all burnt very well down to the middle, but after that, none of them would burn *any longer*."

An officer in Admiral Lord St. Vincent's fleet, asking him, when he was gallantly bearing down upon the Spanish fleet, whether he had reckoned the number of the enemy ? "No," replied the brave veteran, "*it will be*

time enough to do that when we have made them strike."

John Philip Kemble, one evening performing *Romeo*, in the scene with the *apothecary*, gave a new reading, and instead of calling out, "*What, ho, apothecary !*" in a strong voice, rather *whispered* the words. The gentleman who enacted the meagre apothecary, not being apprised of this, when he made his *entre'*, asked as usual, "Who calls so loud ?" This threw the audience into a little confusion, and rather disconcerted the performers.

A man who wished to pass for a capital painter, told Mr. Barry that he was going to white-wash his room, and then to paint it. "Paint it first, and afterwards white-wash it," was the laconick advice of the blunt painter.

Lord O. saying that he made a point of never playing beyond the line of his own understanding, "Now, My Lord," said the Countess of Buckinghamshire, "I see the reason *you never play deep*."

Jack Bannister seeing Suett, one night, behind the scenes, when dressed for his part, with something under his cloak, asked him what it was : "A poinard," answered he ; but Jack, observing that it was a bottle, took it from him, and having drank the contents, returned it to Suett, saying, "There, I give you the scabbard back again."

Mr. Sheridan, on seeing Charles Fox with Mrs. Robinson in her carriage, wittily observed, "That the connexion was perfectly natural ; for the *man of the people*, and no other, should be *cicisbeo* to the *woman of the people*."

In a conversation one day in a mixed company, it was observed, that the love of mankind in general extinguished in the heart the love of one's country. The late Mrs. Robinson said,

she denied the truth of this assertion :
 "For," said she, "I am a very good
 Englishwoman, and yet I sincerely
 feel for the happiness of all mankind."
 "Yes," said Lord John Townshend,
 "I believe, madam, that your *bust* is a
patriot, but the rest of your person is
 a *citizen of the world*."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

TO MY MUSE.

What shall I do to gain the poet's fire,
 And learn with skilful hand to strike the
 lyre ?

To sing in artless notes the tuneful lay,
 That holds, where'er 'tis heard, its powerful
 sway ?

Oh! let me catch wild Fancy's brightest
 beams

To gild with gayest tints my varied themes ;
 And let not Genius blush with shame to
 own,

The lowly labours of th' ambitious son.

If with heroick deeds my breast be fir'd,
 Be then my pen by every muse inspir'd ;
 And when with tears I sing the tale of wo,
 May my rude lines the feeling bosom show.

But when I dare with soft and feeble voice,
 To sing of joy to youthful Love's first
 choice ;

Teach me the happy art that can control
 Her every wish, to move at will, her soul.

While to her list'ning ear the musick plays,
 On her fair form let me enraptur'd gaze ;
 And then with Love's admiring eye pursue
 Each new-born beauty starting into view.

Let her not bid me drink of Lethe's stream,
 Nor on Parnassus' flowery mountain dream ;
 For no command can force me to forget
 When first for her my heart's wild pulses
 beat.

'Twas when the flow'rs did shed their spring
 perfume,
 And fields were smiling in their brightest
 bloom ;
 Cheer'd by the scene, the birds with rapture
 sung,
 And with their notes the fresh-clad branches
 rung.

Hard by a stream with careless steps I
 stray'd,
 And on its banks I saw a slumb'ring maid ;
 O ever blessed be that happy hour,
 For then I felt the force of Cupid's pow'r.

Ye Gods, what raptures did within me rise
 When she unclos'd her humid sparkling
 eyes !

May that green spot with roses sweet be
 strew'd,

Where first the slumb'ring maid so fair I
 view'd !

But why need I the tale of love prolong ?
 Since then, to her I've tun'd my daily song ;
 Yet all in vain—no vows can move the fair,
 And all my hopes must sink in sad despair !

SEDLEY.

For The Port Folio.

Addressed to EMMA.

Give back the vows so oft I've made,
 My oaths of truth restore,
 With coldness be my love repaid,
 And smile, my girl ! no more.
 Say you resign each thought of me,
 (But say it with a tear) ;
 Say, you restore my liberty,
 (But seem not too sincere).

Think'st thou I'd break the pleasing chain,
 That binds to thee my heart ?
 From the delicious soothing pain,
 Think'st thou I'd ever part ?
 Ah no ! the only chain I wear
 Is form'd of purest gold ;
 It has no weight, it brings no care,
 Save, when my Emma's cold.

The smile of innocence that plays
 Around thy ruby lips,
 The Sylph that o'er thine eye-lid strays,
 And there contentment sips ;
 Serve but as heralds to proclaim,
 Thy beauties unreveal'd ;
 Serve but the fancy to inflame,
 With greater charms conceal'd.

My faith then Emma, do not fear,
 Believe me ever true,
 The heart you once suppos'd sincere,
 Still beats alone for you.

PHILARIO.

TO LEYRIDA.

AIR: High o'er the grave, &c.

When Cupid all our thoughts enchains,
 And Grief bedims the joyless eye ;
 The Muses kindly whisper strains,
 Which sing that Hope shall never die ;

They bid their vot'ry string his lyre,
 And tell the joys from love that flow ;
 Or rouse the poet's lambent fire,
 To sing the pains of ling'ring wo.

Lo! how the chords obedient move,
 For Love has tun'd the willing strings:
 The Sylphids round him lightly rove,
 And fan him with their goss'mer wings.

They place before his raptur'd eyes
 The form of her who won his heart;
 Each little Sylph around him flies,
 And whispers they shall never part.

Ah, ye deceitful dreams! no more
 Shall ye beguile the lonely hour;
 In other climes I'll soon explore
 Those placid skies that never low'r.

Too long has Fancy's dazzling ray
 With meteor glare deceiv'd my eye;
 Too long has sung the cheating lay
 That told me Hope should never die!

SEDLEY.

For The Port Folio.

LINES, IMPROMPTU,

By the late I. M. Brimmer, Esq. addressed to
 Miss R. H. ———, upon hearing her sing and
 seeing her dance.

Amid the throng, by elegance refin'd,
 Where Fashion reigns, and Taste improves
 the mind;

'Gay, lovely nymph, thy polish'd charms im-
 part

New grace to life, and rapture to the heart.
 The *Syrans* warble not a sweeter song;
Sylphs envy while you lead the dance along.
 At thy nativity, bright *Hesper* shone;
 The *Loves* and *Graces* mark'd thee for their
 own.

Philad. March 30, 1807.

For The Port Folio.

Is it true that Eliza, no more,
 By her presence our fields will adorn?
 Has she gone, and left me to deplore,
 The dear object, I ever must mourn?
 Yes indeed! the sad tidings are true,
 For, their truth, my soul's anguish de-
 clares,
 To our vales she has bidden adieu,
 And resisted the tenderest pray'rs.

For Eliza I search in the grove,
 Or along by the rivulet's side,
 O'er the meadow of willows I rove,
 And thro' close-woven thickets I glide.
 In her favourite walks now I roam,
 Now reecho the woods with her name,

Kind relief then I seek for at home,
 But my sorrow continues the same.

I'll encircle my temples with green,
 On my bosom green leaves will I wear,
 Not a colour but that shall be seen,
 'Tis the emblem of deepest despair.
 All lamenting, I know is in vain,
 Yet I can't but give vent to my grief,
 'Tis a soothing of wo, to complain,
 That affords me a transient relief.

SELIM.

EPITAPHS.

Here lies *William Hiseland*;
 A veteran, if ever soldier was;
 Who merited well a pension,
 If long service be a merit;
 Having served upwards of the days of man;
 Ancient, but not superannuated:
 Engaged in a series of wars,
 Civil as well as foreign,
 Yet not maimed or worn out by either,
 His complexion was fresh and florid,
 His health hail and hearty,
 His memory exact and ready.
 In stature
 He exceeded the military size;
 In strength
 He surpassed the prime of youth!
 And,
 What rendered his age still more patriarchal;
 When above a hundred years old,
 He took unto him a wife.
 Read, fellow-soldiers, and reflect,
 That there is a spiritual warfare
 As well as a warfare temporal.
 Born the 1st August, 1620, died the 16th
 February, 1732, aged 112.

On one named JOHN.*

Death came to *John*,
 And whisper'd in his ear,
 You must die *John*;
D'ye hear?

Quoth *John* to Death,
 The news is bad:
No matter, quoth Death,
I've said.

* It was his usual custom in company,
 when he told them any thing, to ask *d'ye hear?*
 and if any said he did not hear him, *John*
 would reply, *no matter, I've said.*

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, April 25, 1807.

[No. 17.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE smiles of a fine lady never produced such an effect on the spirits of a superannuated beau, as your condescension has produced on mine. He must possess an uncommon share of confidence, who may not be honestly swayed by the approbation of Mr. Oldschool. Ever since my imagination has been awakened by the obliging things which you are pleased to say of K. T. my habitual indolence has yielded to a desire of forming a more intimate acquaintance with the principal of the revered old school. If, therefore, you have conjured up a troublesome spirit, your candour will excuse his importunities.

Was it not one of the heroes of Goldsmith, perhaps the honourable Mr. Skeggs, who formed the prudent resolution of learning Greek, for the express purpose of instructing his daughter in that language; although miss was not only then unborn, but the legal preliminaries of her existence had not yet been laid down in the marriage articles of monsieur and madame Skeggs? 'Tis ten, nay, a thousand to one. that the case of the "Tour Round the Lakes" is similar: but whether R. F. may have already

written his Tour, and laid it up to mellow for nine years; or whether it may be his intention in the next ensuing three years, to acquire such a stock of knowledge as may enable him to occupy three other years in travel and observation; and then, at the end of the legal period, give his work to the publick, is a matter of no moment, as he now declares, that his Tour shall not be published by the authour, before the year of our Lord 1815: reserving nevertheless to his heirs, in case of the authour's demise before the aforesaid period, the right of publishing his Tour, or any other of his works, which shall come legally into his, her, or their hands.

I doubt not but some learned critics and profound connoisseurs, will hang down their heads at this gloomy intelligence. But, gentlemen, take courage; you shall have every advantage which the nature of the case can afford; and if we credit Dr. Johnson, there is still room for hope. The Doctor, speaking, I think, of one of Mr. Addison's performances, says, "In this poem is a very confident and discriminative character of Spenser, whose work he had then *never read*." Know therefore, gentlemen, that if this Tour exist at all, it must be in manuscript, tied with a piece of read packthread, rolled up after the manner of the ancients, and that as I pos-

k k

sess but one bureau, and that of walnut, you may with much probability conclude that the Tour is lodged in that same walnut fortress. So that if you cannot get right at it, point blank, you may exercise your artillery by discharging now and then a random shot—*prohibent nam. cetera parca.*

It may be necessary, sir, to lay before you, some of the reasons which have influenced the authour to lay up his work, whether prosaick or otherwise; and which he is persuaded are as advantageous to the reader as to the authour. First, we authours may, during that period, add something to our little magazine of knowledge, provided we make a proper use of our time. Besides, it is a mournful truth, that many laborious writers of high expectation, cease to enjoy a learned reputation on the fatal day of publication: now to this class the nine years are so much clear gain. Then sir, there are the vagaries of Fortune, who seems to have reserved her wildest frolics, and wickedest pranks, for our days: therefore no one will be surprized, if before 1815, the gazettes foreign and domestick, resound the titles and arch-titles of K. T. arch-treasurer, arch-chancellor, or arch something of some arch-dutchy of Austria, Prussia, or Poland. The example has been set, and *entre nous*, I have a Frenchman's word for it:

*Le sort burlesque dans ce siecle de fer,
D'un pedent quand il veut sait faire un Duc
et pair.**

To the advantages already enumerated, the sage and patient reader also has a fair claim, and to the following inestimable one into the bargain: the authour may die in his probationary state, and then *odiem præclaram!* The happy reader may feast on all the luxuries of a posthumous work, garnish'd with the authour's life, two hundred pages more or less, of a *discours preliminaire*, a dozen pages of an *avant-propos*, and then the various prefaces

of the defunct authour and learned editor. Ah sir, all this handsomely done up a *la Française*, is delicious, exquisite, ravishing!

Fiat justitia is a golden rule; in conformity to which allow me to inform you, that your Printer has, by a mistake, put two unoffending letters, R. F. into jeopardy; while the real defaulters have taken shelter in the shade afforded to them by the trembling hand and blunted pen of

K. T.

MR. SELFRIDGE.

Law Report.—We have lately perused a report of the trial of the *Commonwealth of Massachusetts v. T. O. Selfridge*, for manslaughter, and feel no hesitation in recommending it to the perusal of the publick, as one of the most interesting and important cases that ever was decided. The doctrine of *homicide* in all its various gradations, is there laid down in the most perspicuous manner by Mr. Justice Parsons, Chief Judge of the Supreme Court: and the facts that occurred in the case afforded the counsel engaged for the defendant an opportunity for the display of eminent and shining abilities, which they have not neglected. The speech of Mr. Dexter assumes and maintains with a lofty spirit ground that we do not remember ever to have seen taken in a court of law before. A single remark only shall be made on an assertion contained in the rambling, feeble, puerile, unargumentative and unlawyer-like speech of Mr. Sullivan the Attorney General: He asserted publicly (page 140) that "*Alexander Hamilton wrote against Washington.*" THIS IS A BASE FALSEHOOD. And as this trial will be extensively circulated and read, it is to be hoped the federal editors every where, particularly at Boston, will not permit this slander of Mr. Sullivan's to remain uncontradicted. I denominate Mr. Sullivan's falsehood "*base*," because it appears that his speech was corrected by himself, and of course the

* Could Boileau indeed, have his Dutch Majesty in view, when he wrote the foregoing lines? The poets were called *vates*, so were the prophets.

assertion is given to the world with his deliberate assent.

Those who, after reading the Report, feel a desire to be made fully acquainted with a controversy which has been so much misrepresented in the democratic prints, may gratify their curiosity by the perusal of a small pamphlet accompanying the Report, written with a strength, a perspicuity, and an elegance not often to be met with. Here we should have stopt, had not the most unwarrantable attempts been made to connect a mere private affair with federal politicks, and in the most wicked and wanton manner to fasten a stigma on the party itself, for an act represented by them as an enormous crime, which a jury, composed of men of all parties, has pronounced innocent and justifiable.

The reader of the Report and the Statement will have an opportunity of seeing to what lengths party malice can carry our eastern democrats. They will have an opportunity to perceive that while a fellow-citizen was confined within the walls of a prison for months, to take his trial for his life, a publick press could with unparalleled infamy be devoted during the whole time to influence the community, by partial statements, and malignant comment, to prejudge his case so as to render it difficult for him to obtain an impartial jury; while no attempt was made by the court itself whose jurisdiction was thus violated, to interfere and put a stop to this horrible conspiracy against life, by a *process for contempt*. And to wind up the outrageous proceeding, they will see with equal astonishment, indignation, and abhorrence, that the probable authours of this newspaper assassination were no other than the father of the man whose life was forfeited to the law of self-defence, and the Attorney-General who was to conduct the trial.—A case which we venture to say will serve abroad to bring greater disgrace on American manners and morals than any thing that has been invented by the most slanderous European that ever visited our

shores for the purpose of defaming the national character abroad.

Coleman.

A GAG FOR THE DEMOCRATS.

Persevering in a system of deliberate and wilful falsehood, and desperately fighting against *fact*, the jacobins continue to violently assail Mr Selfridge for killing in *self-defence*, the junior Austin. The defence of Mr. S. can be rested *only* on five bases, but alack! alack! how *sandy* are they all in the estimation of a scoundrel and a democrat, who obstinately shuts his eyes against the noon-tide ray :

THE LAW OF NATURE,
THE LAWS OF ENGLAND,
THE LAW OF THE LAND,
THE HEBREW RITUAL, and
THE GOSPEL CODE.

We strenuously recommend to the close attention and liberal construction of the candid and the wise, Mr. Selfridge's modest but manly narrative of a transaction in which he displayed no other temper than that of prudence, justice, and magnanimity. No individual may tamely suffer the sacred right of personal security to be rudely violated :

"There is a SPIRIT IN MAN, and God hath given him understanding."

BIOGRAPHY.

In pursuing our literary labours we are solicitous of nothing so much as the approbation of THE GENTLEMEN OF THE BAR. With a few, a very few disgraceful exceptions among the jacobin faction, the Lawyers of America are NATURE'S NOBLEMEN, and constitute, in a very eminent degree, THE NATURAL ARISTOCRACY of the country. They display more genius, and are endowed with more learning, than any other *cast* in Columbian society. Whether a munificent patron, like the Duke of Dorset, or the Earl of Halifax, exist in America, may be made a question, but if there be such a man, or if a Mæcenas hereafter arise, unquestionably he is of the legal profession. To the generosity of their tempers, as well as to the ingenuity of their minds, the editor ought to bear willing testimony. They have repeatedly cheered him in his course when he was almost fainting; and when, in consequence of democratick violence and absurdity, his honour and his

liberty were jeopardized, they were the volunteer champions of his cause. He has the honour of numbering on the front roll of his friends, many an eloquent advocate, who, to forensick talents, of which an *ERSKINE* might not be ashamed, adds a probity most untainted, a generosity most unbounded, and a conscience purer than chrystal. The editor takes frequent occasion to descant on the merits of the profession, not only from his ardent sense of their general and individual kindness, but because Lawyers, of late, are THE CONSTANT TOPICKS OF JACOBINICAL OBLOQUY. He wishes to promulgate, in the widest manner, his opinion respecting their talents and integrity, and that they are to their country, *et decus et præsidium*, both a defence and a decoration. A miserable scribbler in the north, and a wild Irishman in the capital of Pennsylvania, have long been in the habit of assailing the bar. But the puny efforts of the contemptible foe are alike ridiculous and unavailing. The assault has been made, but THE CITADEL REMAINS UNSHAKEN. On the ribs of a rhinoceros no painful impression can be made by a woman's hand. On the Rock of Gibraltar, tennis-balls and pellets of cotton are cast in vain.

In conformity with our habitual inclination to render every possible service to the eminent lawyers of our country, we present to them in this day's *Port Folio*, a masterly portrait of a late Lord High Chancellor of England. The honoured name of THURLOW challenges attention, and the ability, integrity, manliness, learning, and spirit of the friend of JOHNSON and of COWPER, must receive all our applause. The public character of this great man is worthy of the highest admiration. His political principles, his loyal zeal, his rigid inflexibility, his lofty temper, his contempt for the people, his munificent disposition, and his personal and political courage, will secure him fame as long as Merit, Dignity, and Honour are in request among mankind. Over some parts of his private character, let Candour draw her veil. But though the moralist may weep, and the furious fanatic frown at the gallantries and oaths of this nobleman, yet the philosopher who looks steadfastly at that wondrous mechanism, the human heart, and counts with a physician's precision, all its pulsations, will perhaps smile at discovering another proof in an illustrious character, of the mysterious alliance between GENIUS with eyes of heavenly fire, and Passions, more ungovernable than the zebra of the wilderness.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF LORD THURLOW.

The accidents of life are in no profession more influential than in that of the law. Talents may labour without

obtaining distinction during many years; yet, at last, some fortunate event may demonstrate that their possessor is not a mere dolt who had been so long only plodding, but a man of capacity, whose abilities were unable, without assistance, to start into day. On the contrary, we know others, whose first appearance has been so favourable, that opinion has marked them for distinction, and they have done little more in succeeding life, than maintain that progress to celebrity which was then so happily commenced. The talents of a lawyer are not confined to the knowledge of his profession: this is necessary, but it is not all. The most critical acquaintance with black letter books, Bracton and Fleta, or Lyttleton and Coke, unless accompanied by manifest zeal for the interest of a client, industry to overcome obstacles, and ingenuity to combine all advantages and defeat all opposition, will effect but little at the bar. It is curious to observe by what different methods counsel affect to obtain celebrity. Some by adopting a persuasive manner, unlock the heart of a witness, and by a gentleness of tone sooth information out of him, which otherwise would have been withheld; others by bluster, terrour, and storm, think they induce the most stubborn to bend, and that by these means they obtain their wishes, where less decisive efforts would have failed. The character which we are now to consider, has uniformly been reckoned among those of the latter description.

Edward Lord Thurlow, was son of a respectable clergyman at Ashfield, in Suffolk, from which place he afterwards took his title. Narrow circumstances prevented his father from bestowing on his education all the attention he could have wished. He did, however, all in his power, and foresaw that his son Edward would "fight his way in the world." With this intention he was sent to Cambridge, where his studies were preparatory to his pursuit of the law as a profession. He was in person large and robust; of a strong mind, retentive memory, vehemence

ment passions; and so much addicted in early life to pleasure, the bottle, and gallantry, that only those who knew him intimately could calculate upon his real powers. He would lounge away hour after hour and day after day at Nando's coffee-house, apparently without reflection; but we believe we are correct in stating, that he laboured *nightly* in the study of his profession, while he seemed to procure his knowledge nobody knew how: in truth, the labour it cost him was excessive. The cause which ascertained Mr. Thurlow's future rank, was the famous Douglas cause, in which he had occasion for all his firmness, diligence, and activity: and we have been repeatedly informed, that the *necessity* of exertion on this occasion was the making of Thurlow. It will be recollected that the counsel were the most eminent of the English bar; and not to be unequal to Yorke, Wedderburn, Dunning, &c. required every attention, and the whole mind of our rising lawyer. Emulation then, not to call it rivalry, stimulated Thurlow, who, had he had less conspicuous coadjutors, or adversaries, would have been content with less distinction; but being determined to equal others, he in fact, surpassed himself. It was understood that he was the marked opponent of Wedderburn; and that he was never better pleased than when retained on the contrary side. Mr. Thurlow was made King's Counsel in 1762, Solicitor General in 1770, and Attorney General in 1771. The feeble administration of which Lord North was the head, required some partisans capable, by their effrontery, of opposing the Opposition; and two they certainly boasted: Mr. Dundas, afterwards Lord Melville; and Thurlow. These would speak for Ministry when Ministry would not speak for themselves; and when wit or argument had struck others dumb with dismay, these continued to harangue undismayed. In 1778 he arrived at the highest honours of his profession, being created a peer, by the title of Lord Thurlow, of Ashfield, in Suffolk; and Lord High

Chancellor of England. It was shrewdly suspected that he did not always in his heart, or in the cabinet, approve of every step taken by the languid statesmen which then managed our affairs: and some have thought, that he retailed the reasonings of others, though in his own manner; yet distinguished by sufficient marks of *restiveness*, from the genuine emanations of his own mind. He did what he did, rather because he could not do better, than because he was convinced that this was the very best that ought to be done. On the admission of Mr. Pitt to power, Lord Thurlow was understood to be consulted by him almost in the character of tutor; but the youth who, unfledged financier as he was, burst away from the toils of the Marquis of Lansdowne, was not likely to be long under tutelage. At length they openly differed: Lord Thurlow had unwarily promised to Mr. Pitt, the next presentation of the Mastership of the Rolls: but when Pepper Arden was named to be that Master, he endeavoured all in his power to thwart the appointment, and finding it impossible, his ill-humour manifested itself more and more, till at length a separation ensued. His Lordship retired to private life in 1792, and gradually declining in strength as age advanced, he died at Brighton, on Friday, September 13, 1806, aged 71.

The public life of Lord Thurlow divides into the lawyer and statesman: but his personal character predominates in both. When pleading in the Douglas cause, he gave so much offence to Mr. Andrew Stuart, a gentleman of high talents and honour, and a principal agent for the Duke of Hamilton, (Thurlow was for his opponent, Douglas) that Mr. Stuart thought proper to call him to account. Thurlow vindicated his conduct as being merely professional; on which, report says, Mr. Stuart asked whether calling him "scoundrel" would tempt him to wave professional protection? The answer being in the affirmative, the offence was given, and a hostile interview took place, without serious

consequences. Many were his allusions to his adversary in the continuation of the trial, not all of which did him honour.

The most popular period of his life was during the debates on the Regency. In this turbulent and critical period, when stiffness and inflexibility were virtues of the very first order, Lord Thurlow, who possessed these virtues in their highest degree, was precisely what his situation required. He was the very Ajax of his party, and retired, as did that sullen Greek,

ὅς δ' ὅτ' ὄντας παρ' ἄρ' ἔρχεται ἰσχυρὰ καὶ ἐοικέναι
παῖδας

Μαυρὸς, ὃ δὲ πολλὰ παρ' ἰσχυρὰ ἀμφὶς ἰάγῃ,
Κεῖνος τ' ἐνελθὼν βαρὺ λυγρὸν οἱ δὲ τι παῖδες
τύπτουσιν ἰσχυροῖσι βίη δὲ τι νηπιῶν αὐτῶν
Σαυδῇ τ' ἐκλάσσειν ἰσχυρὰ τ' ἐκρίσσειτο φέρ-
βας

but returned again to the charge, and distinguished himself by his famous exclamation concerning his Majesty, "When I forget my King, may God forget me!" Detraction, however, has said; that he had that very morning received a private hint of the more than possibility that his Majesty would recover. We know that Detraction never restrains herself to truth, and we have no reason to infer, that, on this occasion, she departed from her general character.

But there is one event in his life which Detraction never dared to impeach; we mean his extremely handsome attention to Dr. Johnson, who wishing to travel abroad for his health, had applied for an addition to his pension. The reasons which induced a refusal, have no claim to a place in this article; but it is greatly to Lord Thurlow's honour that he softened the denial all in his power. The following is one of his letters on this occasion:

"TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

"Sir, I should have answered your letter immediately; if (being much engaged when I received it) I had not put it in my pocket, and forgot to open it till this morning.

"I am much obliged to you for the suggestion; and I will adopt and press

it as far as I can. The best argument, I am sure, and I hope it is not likely to fail, is Dr. Johnson's merit. But it will be necessary, if I should be so unfortunate as to miss seeing you, to converse with Sir Joshua on the sum it will be proper to ask—in short, upon the means of setting him out. It would be a reflection on us all, if such a man should perish for want of the means to take care of his health.

Yours, &c.

THURLOW."

Johnson wished for 600*l.* i. e. the doubling of his pension for one year, for which sum Lord Thurlow gave Johnson leave to draw on his banker; taking the nominal security of his pension.

His Lordship never was married; but while a loungee at Nando's, formed a connexion with the bar-maid, whom he took from that station to his own house. Report speaks favourably of her conduct. He had several daughters by her; but during his Chancellorship his title was secured to the heirs of his brother who died Bishop of Durham. Accordingly it is now inherited by his nephew.

We must also report to his praise that he never suffered his private attachment to interfere with his public duties. A person in the law, who held a certain post under his Lordship, applied through his Lordship's housekeeper, for an office of superior importance, but was severely repulsed, and punished by ejection from the office he held; with many threats of vengeance to the uttermost on whoever applied *indirectly* for favours. This illicit connexion subjected his Lordship to a libel, which he dared not controvert, and in which the modest defence of fornication "*de bene esse*," put into his mouth, was thought to be a passable instance of ridicule.

Lord Thurlow had accustomed himself so strongly to a vulgar habit of profane swearing, that he was scarcely able to suspend it. If he did not swear in the House of Lords while Chancellor, he swore on the stairs and in the lobby: and if he did not swear while at Church, he could hardly restrain himself in the

porch: and this mental cacothet was so inveterate, that his brother, the bishop, at length relinquished all hopes of a cure. His Lordship was also libelled for this bad habit in the Probationary Odes; as whoever has read them cannot fail of recollecting.

As a Chancellor, we believe, that Lord Thurlow's decrees gave as much satisfaction as can generally be expected: he was indeed, not a novice in the composition of decrees before he ascended the bench, if Rumour may be credited; and an allusion which fell from him in answer to Lord Bathurst, occasioned by his project on the subject of tythes, gave countenance to this insinuation. Whether the time he took "to consider," always met with the approbation of the parties to a suit, we are not able to affirm.

There are no qualities of the mind but might be useful in their proper places; and in certain conjunctions of circumstances, they may be extremely important: there are no minds so elevated but they may be degraded by bad habits. These principles are not only founded in nature, but are justified by the instance before us. We should be glad that his successors might consider some things in Lord Thurlow as exemplary; others we heartily wish them skill, virtue, and perseverance, to avoid.

For The Port Folio.

WANT OF PATRONAGE

The principal Cause of the Slow Progress
OF AMERICAN LITERATURE,

AN ORATION,

Delivered before the society of PHI BETA KAPPA, upon the anniversary of that institution,

BY SAMUEL F. JARVIS.

Sint Mæcenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones
MART.

(Concluded.)

Let us then turn to the only resource remaining, and consider what may be expected from national munificence.

And here I am forced to enter upon a theme barren indeed. What

has our government done for the support of literature? Nothing. What has it given to support any one literary institution? Nothing. Nay, What has it advanced to supply the wants of a single literary character? Nothing. Add as much as you please to the blank scroll of governmental patronage, and still,

"A languid, leaden iteration reigns."

And the reason of this is plain. Wherever the existence of rulers depends upon the will of the people, they will ever be guided in their measures by the inclinations of the people. Popularity is the great object of attention to the one, and rigid economy in the publick expenditures, to the other. The question which is asked is not, whether a measure is really useful, but what it will cost; not whether the conduct of an administration has been such as to render the nation respected abroad and flourishing at home; but how much money it has spent, and how much it has still remaining in its treasury. Can it then be demanded whether the government will ever patronize literature? Never while the publick taste remains the same; never as long as a niggard economy is the only test of political excellence. The most effectual mode of patronizing learned men, would be by the endowment of Colleges and the establishment of Fellowships. But this can never be done as long as the councils of government seem formed only to be destroyed. The property of publick societies rests upon a very frail support, since the benefactions of the legislature at one session are liable to be withdrawn at another. If proof of this be demanded, I appeal to the records of the several states; for the system of government in each is fundamentally the same with that of the Union, and consequently the conduct of the one would, in similar circumstances, be the conduct of the other.

But I need not appeal to Records; I need only appeal to the recollection of those who hear me; and they will, doubtless, bear me witness that I

speak not without cause. The dissolution of both the Colleges in the state of Maryland must be an event fresh in the recollection of every one.* This, because it is a recent attack upon the literature of the country, carries conviction to the understanding; yet the procedure is far from being unprecedented. How many of those Colleges which were founded previous to the last twenty years are now remaining? And of those which do remain, how many are in a flourishing condition? The result of these questions presents but a gloomy picture of the extent of American Literature. The inquiry notwithstanding is necessary. The wound must be probed before it can be effectually healed; and the obstructions to the progress of learning must be known or they never can be removed. It would seem invidious to particularize either those states which have given encouragement to literature, or those which have contributed to its destruction. With respect to the latter we can only express a wish that they may hereafter be convinced how fatal is the tendency of their infatuation; and concerning the former that they will add still more to the bounty which they have bestowed.

If the cogency of example be required to strengthen what has now been said, let us turn our attention to a country which has long been the favourite seat of the sciences. We see her clergy respected, and supported

in that dignity which should ever be attached to their character; we see her Universities liberally endowed, entrusted with the government of the cities in which they are placed, and consequently represented in the national Legislature. We behold on her pension list the names of the learned, and science made a step towards promotion. The necessary consequence of all this is, that in that country, Literature thrives, and shoots up into a tall and vigorous manhood. It may, I think, be asserted, without exaggeration, that to Great-Britain the world is indebted for the most accomplished scholars, the most enterprising philosophers, and the most eminent divines. If *we* wish to become thus celebrated for literature, let us also pursue the same course which has led them to glory.

But as long as those causes remain which prevent the adoption of a system of patronage, it is manifest that the only motive for the acquisition of science, which can possibly operate on the minds of our countrymen, is the love of it, considered only as a mean of promoting happiness.

If then learning be possessed of any worth, and this be the only incentive which we have for its cultivation, what can more increase it than the establishment of literary societies. The social principle in man operates for his improvement in mental, as well as bodily powers. As flame is produced by the friction of those hard substances which alone could not have effected it, so by the intercourse of kindred minds, they are roused into energetick action. And it will generally be found that all ages have been more or less conspicuous for depth of learning and brilliancy of genius, in proportion to the greater or less degrees of intercourse and friendship between learned men.

If this position be true, the society whose birth we this day commemorate, surely deserves the meed of public approbation. Not that it has the vanity to think itself capable of effecting a reform in national taste, or to imagine that its feeble voice will pre-

* St. John's College in Annapolis, was founded in the year 1784, and was enabled by its charter to hold an annual income of 9000*l.* currency, 1800*l.* of which it actually possessed. The number of students was about 100, and the instructors were men of abilities and learning. This, together with Washington College in the county of Kent, which was also liberally endowed, constituted the University of Maryland. After repeated attempts, however, in some of which they met with a partial success, the Legislature of that State, during the autumn of 1805, succeeded in depriving both these Colleges of their funds, and consequently degraded them into private seminaries.

vail against the powerful foes of learning. It has however the merit of offering an example to the publick worthy of their imitation; it lends its aid also to preserve that morning twilight of science which, though not equal to the brightness of the rising sun, still preserves us from the totality of darkness.

And yet the same hard fortune, which has often been the reward of honest worth, has also attended us. Our actions have been calumniated, and the objects of our pursuit misrepresented. Not many years have elapsed since a conspiracy was found to exist in several parts of Europe, which threatened destruction to every nation in which it prevailed. The alarm which this excited, quickly spread across the Atlantick, and every society which in its proceedings shunned the publick eye, was denounced as dangerous. With the frog in the fable "Heu quanta nobis instat perniciēs," seemed to be language of every one. In the general commotion, the PHI BETA KAPPA society did not escape the charge of Illuminism. It was accused of nourishing principles that tended to the subversion of government, and it was predicted that hereafter it would send forth into the world a band of youthful Catalines. Some of the members terrified at the blackness of that cloud which seemed ready to burst over their heads, shrunk from the impending danger, and a proposal was actually and publickly made for the dissolution of the society. Happily, however, the storm has blown over without producing any injury. The publick mind is relieved from its anxiety, and is at length convinced, that our pursuits are of a very different nature. They are, indeed, widely different. You, my brethren, will bear me witness, that its only objects are the promotion of literature and of social intercourse. No dissensions, no differences of party, nothing which can violate the laws either of God or man are admitted within its walls.

Such then, being the ornaments of which we boast, it seems almost superfluous to exhort you to alacrity and vigilance. Every circumstance con-

spires to increase your ardour. You behold the society continually rising higher and higher in estimation. It is respected both for the number of its members, and the brilliancy of talents which many of them have exhibited. To that number it has lately also received an acquisition, from the character of which, we may confidently hope, that they will not suffer the vestal flame, with which they have been entrusted, to decay.

Since our last anniversary however one event has occurred to damp the general joy. One of our number has been taken from us; yet it is no small alleviation to the sorrow which we feel, that we are permitted thus publickly to bear testimony to his worth. He is taken from us; but his virtues remain for our imitation, and his failings have descended with him to the grave.

"Peace to the memory of a man of worth,
A man of letters and of morals too!
Of manners sweet as Virtue always wears,
When gay good nature dresses her in smiles.
He grac'd a college ———"

——— and was honour'd, lov'd and wept,
By more than one, themselves conspicuous there."*

But the death of our brother is a still greater incentive to the pursuit in which we are engaged, for it reminds us of that end to which all our labours should ultimately tend. Whatever may be our employment in this life, we should ever consider it as a state of preparation for the next; and at the same time remember, that all the science and all the genius which man can possess, are of little worth unless they operate for his eternal welfare.

* In speaking thus highly of Mr. Welton, the authour cannot reasonably incur the charge of being misled by the warmth of friendship. His acquaintance with the deceased was just in its commencement, yet at that early period of intercourse he saw qualities which he could not but admire and love. Even common Report which usually presents to view not only the luminous, but also the dark side of the human character, seemed in this instance to delight in her partiality.

Let us then be earnest in the strife for that heavenly garland, which we hope that our friend has attained before us. And while such is the glorious prize for which we contend, who will not animate us with the exclamation,

"Macte nova virtute—sicitur ad astra."

LEVITY.

During many delightful conversation scenes with Mr. Moore, we often heard him expatiate on the uncommon merit and brilliant genius of Mr. Curran, the celebrated Irish advocate. We have always understood that this eloquent lawyer, with the happy versatility of a truly original character, was an *"omnis homo,"* knowing every thing well, and talking on every topic enchantingly. As a specimen of his colloquial wit, we publish the following, which we have derived from a rare source, and we doubt not that we shall please the classical scholar.

The late Marcus Beresford, Esq. had a most remarkable shrill voice; so much so that it has not unaptly been compared to the sound produced by children through the windpipe of a goose. When he was first called to the bar, it was still more so. Once being employed upon a case of no very great import, such as might be entrusted to a tyro in the profession, the judges on the bench not paying much attention either to the youth or the case, entered into some conversation among themselves, and either did, or seemed to forget the speaker; which, when Mr. B. observed, he ceased to address the bench until he could command due respect. Upon the judges' resuming their attention, Mr. B. turned round to Mr. Curran, who was next to him, and said in a low tone of voice and with an air of mortification, What shall I say to these judges now, after their neglect of me so long? Say, replied Mr. C.

Ille ego, qui quondam gracili modulatus avenâ.

Once, knocking off the foot of his wine glass, he observed, *STEMMATA quid faciunt.*

An accident of rather a ludicrous nature having occurred to C. K. Bushe,

Esq. Solicitor General in Ireland, by the floor of a *necessary* having given way under him, Mr. Curran a few days afterwards addressed a note to him directed to The Right Honourable C. K. Bushe, &c. Mr. B. on meeting Mr. C. asked him why he had directed his note as above. Why, replied Mr. C. because I heard you had been made a *Privy Counsellor*.

A young gentleman in company with Mr. C. having pronounced the word *"nimirum"* thus, *"nimĩrum,"* was immediately exclaimed against for false quantity and mispronunciation. The gentleman, however, was with great gravity consoled by Mr. C. who assured him that at a period when the Latin tongue was in its highest state of purity, there was but one man among the Romans who could express the word with due correctness, quoting as sufficient authority for his assertion, the first line of Horace's epistle to Claudius Nero:

Septimius, Claudi, nimĩrum intelligit unus.

Between Mr. C. and Mr. Egan there existed, and still exists, a most warm friendship; they lived next door neighbours for several years, and were seldom seen going to court when practising barristers, but in each other's carriage. On alighting one day at the law court, a certain insect was observed crawling upon Mr. C.'s gown, by a brother lawyer, who, pointing to it, demanded *"Cujum pecus?"* Mr. Curran, nodding towards his companion, instantly replied, *"Nuper mihi dedidit EGON."*

MORTUARY.

Died, the 4th of October, at his lodgings, on the Pavilion Parade, Brighton, London, the celebrated Dr. Horsley, Bishop of St. Asaph. His Lordship was seized, a few days before, with a bowel complaint, which baffled all medical skill, and deprived the world of one of its brightest luminaries in religion and learning, as a Theologian, a Mathematician, and a

profound Classick. He was many years Rector of St. Mary's, Newington, the first parish to which he was promoted, and which preferment he held long after his episcopal elevation. His Lordship's first seat on the Reverend Bench, (for which he was, in a great degree, indebted to his noble friend the late Lord Thurlow), was in 1788, as Bishop of St. David's. In 1793, he was translated to the See of Rochester, with which he held the Deanery of Westminster, and in 1802 elevated, on the demise of the Hon. Dr. Bagot, to the more lucrative Bishoprick of St. Asaph. No man of the age, perhaps, possessed more of what is generally understood by the idea of *recondite* learning, or was more profoundly versed in classical chronology. He edited and illustrated some of the most important of Sir Isaac Newton's Works, and he was himself the authour of several esteemed mathematical and theological productions. As a senator, he was deservedly considered in the first class; there were few important discussions in the House of Lords, especially when the topics referred to the Hierarchial Establishments of the country, that stupendous event the French Revolution, or the African Slave Trade, of which he was a systematick opponent—in which his Lordship did not participate. The Reverend Prelate was many years a leading member of the Royal Society; but withdrew from it, as has been said, in consequence of a certain high appointment taking place, of which he disapproved. His concluding words on retiring were, "I quit that temple where Philosophy once presided, and where Newton was her officiating minister!"

A FLOWER—BY A LADY.

There is a flower, a little flower,
 With azure crest and golden eye,
 Whose smiles illumine the vernal hour,
 Whose tints reflect the sky—
 Tell me its name!

The gayer beauties of the field,
 With rainbow-colour'd glories bright,
 Their charms to every sunbeam yield,

And, on the admiring sight,
 Obtrusive glare.

But this small flower, to Friendship dear,
 Beneath the white thorn's humble shade,
 Amid the village haunts, shall rear
 Its unassuming head—

Uncultured grow,

To bless his steps who cheerless treads,
 Unconsciously the woods among;
 While busy Memory fondly leads
 To pleasures vanish'd long,
 And absent love.

The feeling heart shall seek the bower,
 Its early bloom was wont to cheer;
 Shall find the consecrated flower,
 To Recollection dear—
 Affection's child,

The distant, or the buried friend,
 The soul congenial link'd to thine,
 Again shall at thy side attend,
 In sweet communion join
 Thy pensive walk.

The joys that wing'd their rapid flight,
 Ere tasted half their magick power,
 Again return—again delight
 The retrospective hour,
 With softer sway.

The wreath poetick fancy twines,
 Inspir'd by love or lur'd by fame,
 With richer, gayer colours shines,
 And flowers of prouder nam:
 Their odours give.

But thou who own'st a kindred mind,
 Whose constant heart can feel the power
 Of Friendship, sacred and refined,
 Shalt hail the cherish'd flower,
 FORGET-ME-NOT!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
 In the light air waves the willow;
 Every thing of moving kind
 VARIES with the veering wind:
 What have I to do with thee,
 Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
 Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
 Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
 Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
 What have I to do with thee,
 Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Mr. Davis, authour of *Travels in America*, has nearly ready for publication, in one volume octavo, *Memoirs of the Life of Chatterton*: the Poet.

Barreaux, a wretched poet, presented Monsieur, the Prince, with an epi-

taph on Moliere ; the Prince thanked him, but told him, " I had much rather Moliere had brought me *yours*."

Translation of the forty-seventh sonnet of Petrarch.

TO LAURA.

Blest be the day, the month, the hour,
When first a lover's tender pain
Confess'd thine eyes' resistless power,
And captive fix'd me in thy train.

Blest be those sighs, those cherish'd tears,
That ardent, fond desire,
Which kindling all the poet's fire,
Taught me in numbers to invoke thy name ;
And glowing through Fate's checker'd
years,
Arous'd the generous voice of Fame.

Blest be the wound, which rankling still,
Declares my heart no longer free ;
And blest the thought, the mind, the will,
That ever faithful wait on thee.

MERRIMENT.

A gentleman, at whose house a large party were dining, intreated his visitors to drink freely, and without ceremony, assuring them his servant had orders to bring only those bottles marked B, so that they might depend on having none but the very *BEST*. When the company were rendered pretty nearly incapable of judging between good and bad, clear or thick, or even between red and white, he called for a bottle marked B. B. His next neighbour, who was the only one that had escaped the effect of the former wine, took the liberty to ask what sort of wine was coming *now*, jocosely chiding him for not introducing it before *he* had left off drinking, expecting from the mark, it would prove *better* than the *best*. " If you really do not choose any more," said his friend, " I will tell you, in confidence, the two B's mean *bottoms of bottles*."

When the tax was imposed on watches, Prince Hoare, with his usual sprightliness, observed, that the most prevalent *case* among the watchmakers was *chagrine*.

Some gentlemen talking before Mr. Tooke on the inattention of writers to

punctuation, it was observed, that the lawyers used no stops in their writings. " I should think nothing," said Mr. Tooke, " of their using no commas, semicolons, or colons, but the worst is, that they put no *periods* to their works."

Of a certain preacher, who, from early extravagance, had been what the sheriff's officers call a *little shy*, and from a slight weakness in his head, a *little obscure*, Dr. Parr wittily said, that " six days he was *invisible*, and on the seventh *incomprehensible*."

Lord G——, over the entrance of a beautiful grotto, had caused this inscription to be placed—" Let nothing enter here but what is good." Dr. Rennel, the Master of the Temple, who was walking over the grounds, asked, with much point, " Then where does his lordship enter?"

Dr. Pitcairn, having been out shooting one whole morning, without killing any thing, was returning home, when his servant begged leave to go into a field, where he was almost certain of finding some birds ; " and," added the man, " if there are, I'll doctor them."—" Doctor them !" said the son of Galen ; " what do you mean by that?"—" Why, *kill them*, Sir."

When the directory government was established in France, Thomas Paine drew an argument in favour of *five* directors from nature, which gives us *five fingers* on each hand, and *five toes* on each foot. Sir Robert Smyth, who was then at Paris, observed that Paine was hard put to it, and reduced to the *lowest extremities*.

A bon vivant of fashion, brought to his death-bed by an immoderate use of wine, after having been seriously taken leave of by Dr. Pitcairn, and ingenuously told that he could not, in all human probability, survive twelve hours, and would die by *eight o'clock* next morning, exerted the small remains of his strength to call the doctor back, which having accomplished with

difficulty, his loudest effort not exceeding a whisper, he said, with the true spirit of a gambler, "Doctor, I'll bet you a *bottle* I live till *nine*!"

The Margravine of Anspach, conversing with Mr. Matthias on Italian literature, said she was very fond of reading Ariosto: Mr. Matthias laughingly asked how she did when she came to the 28th Canto? "Oh, Sir," answered she, "at all such places, I skip."—"For joy, Madam?" asked he.

Miss Pope was rallied one evening in the Green-room, by a certain actress, more noted for her gallantries than professional talents, on the largeness of her shape, on which she observed, "I can only wish it as *slender* as your reputation."

Lord H— B— telling Captain Campbell, on his marriage with Lady Charlotte, that he could never look at his wife without breaking the tenth commandment. "Your Lordship," replied the Captain, "is welcome to break the *tenth* commandment as much as you please, provided you do not break the *seventh*."

The King, at a levee, was paying Admiral Gardner many compliments: the Admiral was overcome, and could not speak—Lord Melville (then Mr. Dundas) said, "Your Majesty sees Gardner may be overcome by his friend, but not by his enemies."

A gentleman, speaking of the marriage of Lord D— with Miss F—, expatiated *con amore* on the lady's beauty and elegant form, and praised, as liberally, the good nature of his lordship.—"Then," said Butler Danvers, "the worst thing they could do was to marry. It will spoil the *shape* of the one, and the *temper* of the other."

J. P. Kemble, when he performed at Plymouth, a few summers ago, was rehearsing the part of King Lear; when he came to the scene where the old King imprecates the curse of *barrenness* on his daughter Gonerill, he

observed the young lady, who was to enact the character, shudder and turn aside,—"Don't be alarm'd, my dear," said he, "I warrant there is no danger of the curse taking effect."

"What a sad life we *publick* men lead," observed a French magistrate of distinction. "We are at the mercy of every body's caprice."—"Alas! I know it but too well," replied Madame Tallien, "I have never slept a moment since *I belonged to the publick*."

Of the various devices impressed on the copper coins that were, a few years ago, sent into circulation, from almost every town in the kingdom, Dr. Parr observed, that perhaps the most appropriate was the Scotch half-penny, with the *face* of Mr. Dundas, and the motto—*are perennius*.

Mr. Canning, seeing the Duke of M—nch—r, rowing a boat with all the skill and strength of a waterman, (his favourite employment,) said, "That his Grace was certainly prepared for the worst extremities: since by the dexterous use of his *scull*, he could at least contrive to keep his own *head* above water."

A young musician, on his first appearance in publick, was so intimidated, as hardly to be able to perform his part, and particularly to execute well those graces that principally display talents; on which Mrs. Crespiigny observed, that "he *trembled* so much, he could not *shake*."

Mr. Jekyll, speaking of the Administration, said, it was an attempt to play the *Beggar's Opera* without *Macheath*.

Alderman Curtis will certainly be handed down to posterity as incontestably the best and most classical toast-master that ever presided over city festivities. On one occasion he displayed his vast knowledge of orthography by giving a toast—"The *three C's*, Cox, KING, and CURTIS." But even this was, perhaps, surpassed by

the elegant simplicity and laconick parsimony of words, so conspicuous in the patriotick toast he, at another time proposed, when in the fulness of his heart he exclaimed, "Come, gentlemen, charge your glasses, *Here's a speedy peace*, and soon."

"What unintelligible noises do those people make who cry goods about the streets," said a gentleman to Caleb Whitefoord, as they walked through the Strand—"Now hear that milkwoman! Does her scream resemble any sound in any language that ever yet was spoken?" "Oh yes," replied Caleb, "'tis very good French; the milkmen in London have cried their commodity in French from time immemorial, with a happy application to the composition of it: they cry *MILK*; that is, *half water*."

Lady S—— was saying one evening, that she had no control over her daughter, for that she would have her will in every thing; "and yet I cannot wonder at it," added she, "it is in the blood." "Say, in the *sex*," rejoined Mr. Sheridan.

Mr. Goldie, a Scotchman of some fortune, being supposed to be deranged in his intellects, his friends applied for a commission of lunacy against him, which, by the law of Scotland, proceeds on the verdict of a jury. Mr. Goldie conducted his own defence with an ability that astonished every one, and concluded an unsuccessful address to the jury in these words: "Thus, gentlemen, I have gone through the whole case, and it is for you to determine whether I be mad or not. If I am declared to be *mad*, I shall, at least, have the satisfaction to have it found by a verdict of my *peers*."

Wewitzer asked a citizen, whether he would rather *kiss a pretty girl, or partake of a good feast*? The citizen honestly replied, that he should prefer the latter. "I never thought you," replied Wewitzer, "a man of the *ton* before, but I now find that you have more *taste* than *feeling*."

Incedon was one day at Tattersall's, when Suett, happening to be there too, asked him, if he was come there to buy horses?—"Yes," said Incedon; "but what are you come here for? Do you think, Dicky, you could tell the difference between a horse and an ass?"—"Oh yes," answered Suett; "If you were among a thousand horses, I should know you immediately."

On the marriage of Admiral Sir H. P—— with Miss O——, Mr. Pitt said, that "forty-three years was certainly rather a long period to intervene between the age of a husband and his wife, but in the case of the gallant Admiral, it was quite in character—who had never yet regarded the *superior force* of the enemy!"

When a soldier once fell into the Thames, and was drowned, Prince Hoare asked what regiment he belonged to, and was answered, "The *Life-guards*."—"Nay, my good sir," said he, "there I think you must be mistaken, for he is certainly in the *Coldstream*."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"The fashionable party," is a very charming picture of "midnight dance and revelry." But the sprightly Garrick has painted it in colours of still brighter hue,

The *card invites*, in crowds we fly,
To join the jovial rout, full cry.

What joy, from *plagues and cares* all day,
To hie to the midnight hark away

Nor want, nor pain, nor grief, nor care,
Nor *DRONISH HUSBANDS* enter there;
The brisk, the bold, the young, the gay,
All hie to the midnight hark away.

Uncounted strikes the morning clock,
And drowsy watchmen idly knock;
Till daylight peep, we'll sport, and play,
And roar to the jolly hark away

When tired with sport to bed we'll creep,
And kill the oblivious morn with sleep;
Tomorrow's welcome call obey
And again to the midnight hark away.

The hint from Edinburg is *honoured*, and taken. For the character of a Scotchman and a scholar the editor

has the highest respect. He has cogent reasons to love the country. He can exclaim, with all the enthusiasm of Walter Scott,

O Caledonia! stern, and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetick child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
LAND OF MY SIRE! what mortal hand,
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!

The picture of a leading Jacobin in a neighbouring city is a full length. Churchill has given us the miniature,

A man so proud, that should he meet
The twelve apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all
And spurn his Saviour from the wall.

A man so mean, MEANNESS and PRIDE
Still go together, side by side,
That he would creep, would cringe, be civil
And hold a stirrup to the devil,
If, in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind!

"Carlos" is a cavalier. We wish him to become a constant correspondent.

We shall be happy to receive more specimens of Spierin's poetry.

"Sedley" goes on rejoicing. His rapid advance in the path of elegant literature is not less honourable to himself, than pleasing to his friends.

The difficulty of obtaining very old or scarce books, in this country, is a very common topic of complaint, with the studious and inquisitive. For COWLEY'S "Cutter of Colman Street," the Editor has searched the shops in vain. Any gentleman, possessing this interesting comedy, will oblige the Editor by sending it to his address. The solution of his solicitude to peruse an obsolete play, may be found in one of the critical canons of Dr. Johnson, who declares, somewhere, that it has, in a very great degree, the power of fixing attention, and exciting merriment.

The verses of "Annius" in this day's Port Folio are very melodious in their versification. The imagery of this poet is striking, and his sentiments are delicate and correct.

Mr. Jarvis's chaste and elegant oration, which reprobates the supine indifference of the republican faction to the charms of Literature, is the offspring of Genius, Taste, and just Indignation. The author's description of the mercenary, illiberal, surly, and

knave spirit with which the Majority are haunted, is faithful and true. One of the greatest favourites among our literary friends is preparing, very vigorously, to follow up this well-deserved blow on the callous cheek of the Citizen, and the Vandal character of the Government. During the hottest of the battle the Editor will advance with his auxiliaries, and MAINTAIN THE GROUND. He is unalterably of opinion, that Learning, Genius, and Literary Enterprize have no such foes as those miserable institutions under which we languish; and that penurious, cold blooded, and ignorant administration, which disgraces us at home, and makes us despised abroad.

While, to the very great regret of the Editor, many of the classical scholars of the country are wholly remiss in their correspondence, he is too often overwhelmed with a load of trash, and all the crudities of Literature. On searching his letter box he has often had the mortification to find, neither rhyme nor reason, but

Poems so very grave and sensible,
That they are quite incomprehensible,
Prose which has been at Learning's fair,
And bought up all the trumpery there;
The tattered rags of every vest
In which the Greeks and Romans drest;
And, o'er the figure, swoln and antick,
Scattered them all with airs so frantick,
That those, who saw' the fits she had,
Declared unhappy Prose was mad!

We have been much amused by the description of "a Lover." But we suspect, from our knowledge of the character alluded to, that he is a sincerer worshipper of Bacchus; than of Beauty. The gay Benedick might exclaim to our correspondent,

If you prove that he ever loses more blood with love, than he will get again with drinking, you may pick out his eyes with a ballad maker's pen, and hang him, up at a brothel, for the sign of blind Cupid.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Videor pios
Errare per lucos, amoenae
Quos et aquae subeunt et aurae.

Far beneath the western sky,
Where delightful regions lie,
Temper'd by a cooling breeze
Blowing from the southern seas,

In a deep embow'ring shade,
Shall my lonely house be made :
Wilt thou Cara, lovely fair!
Dwell with me secluded there?

There shall be a river near,
Deep, majestick, bold and clear ;
And a sweet pellucid rill,
Swiftly rushing from a hill ;
And a mountain's airy height
Shall arrest the wandering sight :
Shalt thou Cara, lovely fair!
Dwell with me, secluded there ?

Sitting in a cooling shade,
By a fair magnolia made,
Sweetly musing, we shall view
Proud *Albino's* misty hue
Mixing with the azure skies ;
Where the soaring eagle flies ;
Where sagacious buzzard's sail,
Softly sleeping on the gale ;
Where the weary clouds are seen
Resting on the summit green :
Wilt thou Cara, pensive fair !
Gaze with me delighted there ?

From the lightning-blasted oak,
Shall we hear the raven croak ;
And at eve, the whip-poor-will
Near our cottage, by the rill,
Shall, from his untiring throat,
Pour his melancholy note ;
Wildly up the lonely stream,
Shall we hear the panther scream ;
Hear the wolf's tremendous howl,
And the hooting of the owl ;
Wilt thou Cara, timid fair!
Trust to my protection there ?

Often from the craggy steep,
We'll survey the river deep ;
Where a thousand fowls appear,
Sporting in the water clear ;
Nearer to the brink we'll go,
Shuddering at the depth below ;
Where the rushing torrents roar,
Dashing on the rocky shore ;
Where the cedar ever green
On the jutting cliff is seen ;
And the spruce, with princely pride,
Towering o'er the foaming tide :
Wilt thou Cara, pensive fair !
Muse with me, delighted there ?

Haste thee Cara! let us stray
Through the forest wild and gay ;
Where the ponderous buffaloe,
Safe from man, his deadly foe,
Browses through the verdant glade,

Rest securely in the shade,
Or with elks, and sportive deer,
Seeks the river cool and clear :
Wilt thou Cara, smiling fair !
Stray with me, delighted there !

Then, transported, let us rove
Through the aromattick grove ;
And in fragrant orange bowers,
Deck the nuptial couch with flowers,
While the plaintive turtle dove
Sweetly sings her notes of love ;
Circled in thy lovely arms,
Feasting on celestial charms,
I will only live for thee,
Thou shalt only live for me ;
Every motion of thy eye,
Every look and every sigh,
Every smile and word of thine,
Shall be mine,——and only mine :
Hoary headed Time shall swear,
" Never lived a happier pair :"
Wilt thou Cara, lovely maid !
Seek with me the orange shade !

And when life's exhausted fire
Faintly burns,—we'll both expire ;
And with one united sigh,
In a moment we shall die :
Canst thou Cara, lovely fair !
Die with me, contented there ?

Should it be my fate to go,
Leaving Cara, here below,
Nightly, in the forest near,
Thou my doleful voice shalt hear ;
Haste thee Cara, I will say,
" Come my fair one ! come away !"
" Mounted in a fiery car,
" Guided by a friendly star,
" Soon we'll reach the land of joy,
" Where the pleasures never cloy :
" Heavenly groves, celestial bowers,
" Fragrant and immortal flowers,
" Chrystal streams, that ever flow,
" Trees, that green forever grow,
" Joyful springs, in meadows gay,
" Wait thy coming. Haste away !
" There our sister souls shall join
" Lost in ecstasy divine !"

ANNIUS.

April 9th. 1807.

EPITAPH—On a Soldier.

When I was young, in wars I shed my blood,
Both for my king and for my country's good:
In elder years my chief care was to be
Soldier to him, who shed his blood for me.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. IH.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 2, 1807.

[No. 18.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

TRAVELLING through the United States of America, a *foreigner*, but not a stranger, and solicitous to make accurate remarks, that he might draw correct inferences, the delineator of the PICTURE OF BOSTON confides in the *accuracy of his outline*, and that the individual features he has portrayed *closely resemble the original*; however the tints may fail in felicity of colouring, or be considered deficient in the distribution of light and shadow. The painter has, at least, *seen and studied* what he describes, and, *at the present moment*, having in his design nothing beyond a sketch, true in character, though possibly deficient in finishing, as such it is presented for engraving to The Port Folio: happy in being given to the American world through the medium of a publication which would confer honour, and obtain patronage, in any country where letters are appreciated and native talents estimated, beyond the adventitious acquirement of wealth, and the assumed aristocracy of its vulgar pretensions.

CARADOC.

PICTURE OF BOSTON;

A FRAGMENT.

BOSTON, thou mart admir'd, whose prosperous care
To Mammon breathes the vow, and pours
the prayer,
Whose throng'd Exchange, to christian jews
a prey,
Scares the kind hope of liberal trade away;
GOLD IS THY GOD, on that thy soul relies,
Beneath whose worship every virtue dies,
Hence the hush'd banker, scorning to relent,
Till his stor'd coffer teem with cent per cent.
Sees the cramm'd usurer, doubling every claim,
Lend to the struggling wretch his CAUTIONED name.
* * * * *
Yet fair thy hills, in summer pride are seen,
The bright stream curling mid their slopes
of green,
While the near ocean, broadening on the view,
Gives all Phœcia sought or Carthage knew.
Even MAN, whose mind the stamp of wisdom bears,
And in the image of a God appears,
Those "sons of soul," by heaven to earth resign'd,
Friends! patrons! and instructors of mankind!
Even these are seen mid severing clouds to shine,
And all the splendour of their fame is thine.
Beneath thy temple's holiest veil retired,
See the blest preacher, by his God inspir'd,
Warm from his lips the words of life descend,
Yet these the coldness of neglect attend.

M M

Though *Kirkland* all the lore of truth dis-
close,
And *Lowell's* heavenly voice instructive
flows,
McKean, of feeling heart, with soul refin'd,
Rich in the glowing energies of mind,
Powerful, yet mild as the transcendent light,
That radiant rules those speaking orbs of
sight;
With him so loved—the wanderer from thy
clime—
Ere his green years had bloom'd in man-
hood's prime,
In judgment ripen'd, and in thought mature,
His doctrine, like his sacred morals, pure,
Though *Gardiner*, SON OF GENIUS, round
the shrine
Of pastoral care the Muse's chaplet twine,
Say, can these bid the narrowing heart un-
fold,
Or show its hope a heaven more prized
than gold?

Within thy courts while Law and Justice
reign,
While Learning lends to Truth the impres-
sive strain,
Seen are thy tradeful sons; but Genius pines,
For him no favouring ray of fortune shines,
Though as her *Manesfield*, Britain's noblest
claim,
Thy *Parsons* blends his glories with thy name,
In all the patriot pride to *Sparta* known,
Lives to thy interest, mindless of his own,
Though classic *Gore* the honour'd robe
adorn,
And *Otis* rises, like a vernal morn,
Clear, brilliant, sweet, in Nature's gifts ar-
ray'd,
Where not a cloud obtrudes its devious
shade,
Though *Dexter*, with the strength of reason
fraught,
On the charm'd *forum* pour the depth of
thought,
While still, with speaking gaze, or starting
tear,
Admiring crowds the peerless pleader hear,
A Nation's honour, and a Party's shame*
Breathes in his voice, and blushes in his
fame.
So *GALILEO*, mid a world of night,
Rose, like a sun, in mental treasures bright,
Rich in the rays that powerful genius spread
Where favour'd Florence lifts her blooming
head;
Deaf as her hills, and ruder far than they,
Triumphant Folly bore the prize away,

Falsehood and Envy, to her mandate true,
With stormy breath each ripening hope
pursue,
Cloud following cloud, yet Truth eternal
shone;
Till Time and Glory made his fame their
own.

* * * * *

Since these are thine, IMPERIAL BOSTON,
say,
Does rich reward their mental wealth repay?
Or phantom honours, and reluctant praise
Light without warmth the desert of their
days?
Or SLANDER, Envy's child, with busied care,
From the fine front its graceful laurel tear,
Striving, unblest'd, to wreath the serpent
there?
Shame on the heartless hope, in vain appear
The smiles, that brighten round thy varied
year,
Though kind the culture of thy ample plain,
And rich the isles that gem its circling main,
Though where thy streets in pillar'd pomp
are seen,
The proud hill mingling with its rural green,
Wins every breeze that floats on zephyr-
wing,
Health and her lightly-warbled song to
bring,
Though the lov'd *Mall* each touching fea-
ture show,
And warm with life in moving landscapes
glow,
These but the drapery of a form arise,
Where the mind palsies and the feeling
dies.
Few, and unpriz'd thy sons of science rove,
No eye to gladden, and no heart to move,
While every Muse, with heaven-instructed
strain,
Would wake the harp or woo the lute in
vain;
GENIUS, THOU GIFT OF GOD, to thee be-
long
The base man's insult, and the oppressor's
wrong!
Nor thine the boast, that prosperous trade
bestows,
Ne'er to thy hope the golden Indus flows,
But thine that poverty to heaven allied,*
That meek Disdain, which Virtue leads to
Pride,
Though sunk to earth, thy soft imploring
eye
See many a *Levite* pass unheeded by,
Conscious of innate worth, not *Mockery's*
wile,
Nor chill'd *Neglect*, nor *Wealth's* contemptu-
ous smile,

* A Party's shame, must be understood as bearing particular allusion to the result of a late trial, which party malice, first rendering political, failed not to pursue with the rancour of personal abuse and injustice.

* Blessed be ye poor, for yours is the kingdom of heaven, says the MOST SUBLIME OF ALL AUTHORITIES.

Nor *Pity's* vaunting sneer, nor *Envy's* frown
Are known to bear the unblighted
SPIRIT DOWN.

Pensive thy solitary sufferers seem,
The sport of Fortune, yet of Fame the
theme,

Vain were to them the venal world's regard
WITH HEAVEN THEIR HOPE, AND NA-
TURE THEIR REWARD.

* * * * *

CARADOC.

—

For The Port Folio.

SOUND POLITICKS.

The Monthly Reviewers, criticising an answer to War in Disguise, or Remarks upon the New Doctrine of England concerning Neutral Trade, printed at New-York, and since reprinted in London, observe, that "It is not a little curious that the Americans, combatting this doctrine on various grounds, should assign novelty as one of the objections to which it is liable, when it is *confessedly* of a more ancient date *than their existence as a Republick*. They cannot without committing *felo de se*, represent every thing that has sprung up in modern times, as unfit, on that account, to be tolerated: for, in that case, *how would their political independence stand?* The goodly principle which has roused the zeal of our American brethren, which has called forth their dormant powers, and exhibited to view their dexterous disputants, is this: "Let England and France war against each other forever, provided we are allowed to enjoy undisturbed the commerce which their quarrel throws open. No matter what may be the injury thus occasioned to one of the parties, and though that party be one which, on many grounds, has claims to our respect and gratitude; though the independence of the world and our own, as included in it, should be surrendered to his exertions; though all this be so, America cannot forego any part of a commerce the sweets of which she has once tasted; *her object is the profit of traffick*, but she will hold herself out as the champion of

neutral rights. What if England allows her to supply all her demands from the colonies of her enemy; what if she has opened to her all the ports of her vast territories in the East; what if relations, mutually beneficial, unite the two States; Is America on that account to resign *commercial profit?*" In answer, be it remembered that these profits result from a traffick, that cherishes and nurtures the power, which holds in chains the continent of Europe; and which, *but for England*, would, in the space of one short year, involve in his vassalage *every transatlantick Briton*, and crush the rising prosperity of the western world. It is thus circumstanced that the advocates of the United States think it decent to *inveigh against England*, and, like a *wayward child*, to read lectures to a parent, who stands between them and destruction.

"We are, however, of opinion, that to this *young power*, some *indulgence* ought to be shown, and that it will be wise and becoming in us to *pardon her follies and even her freaks*. The passions must be allowed to cool, in order that Reflection may recover her proper province, and the good sense of that country may regain its just sway. America is yet of *tender age*; she will gain experience and wisdom as she advances, and she will learn to act in a manner not unworthy of her affinity. ENGLAND AND AMERICA MUST NOT QUARREL; it would be as unwise as it is unnatural; and *we are sure that it will not be the case*; but that forbearance and condescension will be shown here, while heat will not always continue there. America must consider the situation of England; and must reflect on the *interest* which she has in the struggle which the latter maintains; while England, in her turn, must make sacrifices to the *ruling passion** of the *juvenile state*. We have no fear as to the result; for we

* This same ruling passion of our republican faction the editor reverently presumes is *avarice*.

trust in the liberality of the present government of Britain, and in the good sense which is the predominant feature of our American brethren. Let them bury their jealousies; let each qualify her selfishness. *Let them draw together more closely the ties which unite them, and LET THEM STRENUOUSLY COOPERATE TO SUPPORT THE INDEPENDENCE OF NATIONS AND THE HAPPINESS OF THE WORLD! THIS IS THEIR TRUE POLICY, THEIR SUBSTANTIAL INTEREST, AND THE COURSE WHICH WILL LEAD THEM TO SECURITY AND GLORY!"*

MANNERS

Of Modern Paris, in the Month of October last.

A philosophical writer, under the pretext of giving the world a picture of Paris, has published six large volumes, which are much admired by foreigners. We will do justice to his intentions, and not read his book. He is a charming fellow; thinks in the street; writes about every post he comes to; and knows every thing, except the art of pleasing, and standing still. He has written six volumes on Paris. I shall give a few pages on the same subject, for I hate nothing so much as prolixity.

At Paris, every body builds and every body speculates: there some amuse, many ruin, and very few enrich themselves. The multitude live by the hopes and the follies of the opulent upstarts.

The *literati* excite very little sensation at Paris, because the spirit of books interests nobody, since the spirit of business has taken possession of every mind. Let us likewise acknowledge, that very little genius is requisite to compose a novel, and that none is necessary for a tragedy, which is first read with presumption, performed with confidence, praised with tumult, kept up with great expense, and is totally destitute of, every qualification that can command success.

The Drama, it is true, is rather neglected, and for this very reason, because the theatres are so uncommonly

well frequented: however paradoxical this observation may at first sight appear, it is nevertheless true. The Opera has only one male and one female singer, and two skilful dancers; the legs of the one, indeed, are rather old, and the head of the other rather young. Madame Branchu has a charming voice, great skill, taste, and what, I believe, is denominated manner; but she is not competent to the part of Armida, nor to that of Dido: consider her in whatever way you please, she is too small either on a throne or in a palace. The chorusses are very ill adapted, nay, almost foreign to the action; and those who execute them have the folly to use their spying-glasses, and to laugh, while they are singing the disasters of Greece. It is, upon the whole, a tedious and magnificent spectacle; what is done there only proves what might be done. The number of the audience is too great, and that of the actors too small: there is too much dancing, too few ballets, too much musick, and too little singing. Winther has failed, but Castor is kept up by means of Cardel and Dupaty.

At the Theatre Français, the elegant and accomplished Fleury evinces that grace may be acquired. Dugazon has brought to perfection the unfortunate profession of a buffoon. Dazincourt keeps up, with admirable spirit, the tone of comedy; beloved on the stage, esteemed in social life, he evinces that a good actor, as well as a great writer, always has something of his character in his talent. Mademoiselle Georges is rising, and Mademoiselle Duchesnois sinking; the one seeks instructors, the other panegyrists. A wrong estimate is formed of both; few have the courage to be now of the same opinion they will be ten years hence. Talma combines, in certain parts, the applause of the present age and that of posterity.

The comick opera continues to excite more regret than hope. Here are some little, and tolerably handsome young ladies, who sing pretty well, play wretchedly, and laugh with an air of self-sufficiency which proves

that they know not what they are doing. Ellevion is a fine actor, Martin a fine singer, but Madame St. Aubin and Madame Gourhier are capital actresses. Chenard has a good voice, a physiognomy for all his parts, and a happy mediocrity which never tires. The other theatres are not worthy of notice, except that of Louvois, which is frequented on account of Picard.

A taste for the drama makes no alteration in the manners of society. There is at Paris, an hour in which all appear equally rich, converse on the same subjects, and occupy themselves with the same things. Pleasure seems to be the only employment, and gaiety the prevailing characteristic. What shall we say to the opinion of Marivaux, who maintained—that people who are not offended by any thing, are not fitter for society, than those who take offence at every thing?

Reading and study are almost totally relinquished. How many things are there which it is dangerous to learn, and how many others, the knowledge of which is of no service! Fame is no longer the object to which we aspire, but wealth! Our very authors are a kind of literary financiers. There are undertakers and composers of histories, travels, new plays, necrologies, &c. It was formerly said that the sciences knew no differences of rank, but rather destroyed them, and conferred distinctions, which persons of the highest quality could not always attain. This fashion is past, the present generation takes delight in what is ridiculous.

As it was absolutely necessary to be rich in order to enjoy pleasure, the exterior of happiness, and a kind of consideration, no means are left untried to obtain wealth. Were any one to follow the path of virtue, I am convinced that he would procure applause, were it only because he would have very few competitors.

A talent which is on the decline at Paris, is that of conversation. Every thing is absorbed in the vortex of gaming. People in years still retain some sparks of gaiety; but, upon the whole, nothing is more insipid, frivo-

lous, more silly, than a handsome woman with whom you are not in love. You almost affront her if you speak to her of any thing else than her face. Nothing is so affected, so methodical, so full of pretensions, as ladies of this description; they rule despotically over your conversation, your taste, your ideas. But nothing is so formal, so disgusting, as a woman of genius, who writes little books and reads them to great connoisseurs. One of these ladies lately said to me, "To speak much and well, is the talent of the *bel esprit*; to speak little and well, is the character of the wise man; to speak much and ill, is the manner of the insipid fool; to speak little and ill, is the unfortunate fate of the silly." "And to speak like you, Madame," replied I, "is to speak like a book." She blushed, and has not since invited me to her house.

Scarcely any but foreigners frequent the Garden of Plants, the Libraries, the Museum, the works in the Louvre, the public monuments, which are the luxury of great empires, and the ornaments of their capitals. The inhabitants of Paris have so many occupations to attend to, so many invitations to dinners which they cannot refuse, so many solicitations which they have promised to make, so many unprofitable or sacred assignations, so many letters to write, so many ladies to console, so many interesting men to visit, that the morrow always surprises them before they have commenced the business of the day.

Laughing is out of fashion at Paris; in the promenades people yawn; in the saloons of company they play; at the theatres they roar; in the city they affect to prefer the country; and in the country they propagate the occupations of the city. Every one is eager to change his condition. He is a *capable* man who relinquishes the profession in which he lived obscure and tranquil, to aspire to a place of uncertain duration, and which is sure to ruin him who holds it.

"What is Mr. Such-a-one doing?" "Il est nul," is the reply. "Nobody speaks of him." So much the better

for him. What can be said of a quiet peaceable man, who, satisfied with the mediocrity of his lot, seeks not to raise himself by means of intrigue, but spends his days in the select circle of retired souls, in the bosom of the arts and of friendship!

In my opinion, the Parisians surpass all other people in a taste for the pleasures of the table (*gourmandiser*): we have a poem on *Gastronomy*; and *Almanach des Gourmands*, a *Journal des Gourmands*, and all these works have an astonishing sale. A celebrated *restaurateur* is a person of importance; there is nothing to which he may not aspire. In like manner, a good cook is a very reputable artist; he generally has some little foibles; he is addicted to drink, rather given to stealing and dishonesty, rather insolent, rather brutal, rather lazy, rather profligate; but his talent compensates for these trifling defects. The masters make a jest of and forgive them. For the rest, people do not eat, but devour; and voracity belongs, in some measure, to the *bon ton*.

In another half century, the people of Paris will go abroad only on horseback, or in coaches; its size is prodigious. A spleenetic calculator asserts, that the more houses there are in Paris, the fewer inhabitants it will contain. Population is in an inverse ratio to luxury.

THE FINE ARTS.

Relinquishing, for the present, the publication of many valuable papers, with which we have been recently favoured, we assign a *front* department and an ample space to the following ingenious and elegant harangue, pronounced by GEORGE CLYMER, Esq. at the opening of the Pennsylvania Academy of the FINE ARTS in this city. On this interesting occasion, the Editor was delighted to find the company numerous, and the most unequivocal proofs of a spirit of munificence, combined with a judgment satisfied, and a taste charmed with the admirable specimens of ancient genius, which attracted the general gaze. The Editor cannot omit this opportunity of speaking with great emphasis of the address of the orator. Mr. Clymer on this pleasing occasion displayed great propriety and liberality of thought, associated with great felicity of expression. We warmly wish that his most

sanguine expectations, with respect to the general glory of Philadelphia, and the advancement of this liberal institution in particular, may be fully realized. What he asserts of the glowing charities and the increasing magnificence of the METROPOLIS of our Empire is unquestionably just; and the Editor, who came hither as a stranger and a pilgrim, would be the most ungrateful of mankind, if he did not cordially join in the praise of Philadelphia. While from his NATAL TOWN the infancy of his literary labours received no fostering care, Philadelphia has adopted him as her own, and cherishes him with all the warmth of maternal regard. The vivid recollection of the benignity of individual and general friendship, habitually manifested to him by those classes of Philadelphia society, with whom it is the greatest honour to be connected, inspires the most grateful emotions. This highly favoured city has, in the imitable language of the Bible, "A south land, and springs of water." May she experience all the blessings of the upper and the nether springs. May her garners continue to be full, affording all manner of store. As the teribinthus of the ancients may she stretch out branches; and be those branches the branches of HONOUR and of GRACE. May she flourish like a rose growing by the brook of the field, and yield a pleasant odour like the best myrrh and sweet storax, and as the FUME OF FRANKINCENSE IN THE TABERNACLE.

In a city of such immense resources, liberal spirit, and golden prospects; an establishment, designed to form the taste, to excite the genius, and to promote the renown of America, looks for support to the munificent temper of individuals and to public curiosity. With a union of pleasure and pride, we are happy to state that by the fervid zeal of the directors, by the general generosity of the members of the institution, and the increasing spirit of public patronage, the finances of the Academy are in a promising, and we venture to predict, will soon be in a prosperous and flourishing condition. This elegant resort for all enlightened spirits, is becoming more and more a fashionable lounge; and we are convinced that in a short time we shall see this temple of taste thronged not only with the saunterers and the daughters of fashion, but by youthful artists emulous to excel. Already we see many an American genius worshipping with an artist's ardour at the feet of the Venus de Medici and at the shrine of the Apollo Belvidere. This, together with the dawn of domestic patronage, which, at length, in spite of dark clouds, begins to shine upon the brow of Genius, is contemplated by the writer of this article with the most heart-felt satisfaction. It is the day spring of talents. It is the

gay harbinger of our nation's glory. We hail it, as the Sicilian shepherd, chill'd by the nocturnal air of his native mountains, salutes the gorgeous sun of midsummer.

Philadelphia, April 15, 1807.

The opening of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, appointed for this day, says the editor of the United States Gazette, was very generally attended by the contributors. It is but justice to the directors to say, that the number and selection of casts they have imported, do great honour to their exertions. The figures are from the choicest pieces of statuary in Europe, and arranged with taste and judgment, formed a splendid exhibition, and gave universal satisfaction. The following appropriate address on the occasion, was delivered by GEORGE CLYMER, Esq. President of the institution.

The Directors of this Institution, having fixed on a day for opening the building, dedicated; by your liberality to the fine arts, they now call you together to witness how the trust committed to them has been executed. And intending at the same time, a short address to you, its founders and patrons, the task of its delivery, from the avocations of some gentlemen, has fallen upon me.

With this exposure of their work, it would be well if the directors could say that the funds so generously supplied, had been equal to the objects. And that they could speak confidently of their saving management in the expenditure, but this, I fear, would be a questionable theme. The truth indeed is, that the cost has exceeded the estimate! The calculations of inexperienced zeal are seldom just: And besides, they have been less intent on sparing your money, than solicitous to advance your reputation. And they have, perhaps, fallen into that mistake which is ever fortunate when it gives birth to schemes of publick usefulness that might, otherwise, not have been undertaken.

This acknowledgment notwithstanding I shall present you with nothing like a statement or account, with its deficient balance—this will come from another quarter, together with a plan from the directors for relieving the Academy from some present embarrassments, as well as for supplying the

means of placing it on a firmer and broader establishment.

If the contemplation of the pieces of exquisite workmanship that encircle you, would of itself impart a knowledge, as it will create an admiration of the art that produced them, you might expect something in this address, upon its principles—some indeed, there are, among us, who have a professional acquaintance with such subjects—but these are few, and the rest, not particularly instructed, are, I trust, not inclined to supply the defect of science, by the affectation of taste or the cant of connoisseurship: their business is not to offer the proofs of any present skill, but to lay the foundation, to furnish the means of the future attainment: and on this, none need apprehend the failure of success—No nation has the proud monopoly of Genius, or can make itself, its exclusive seat; wherever there are men, there Genius is to be found. Besides the universality of this grant of nature, instances sufficient are in evidence that we have not been omitted in the dispensation—Our country, it is true, has produced chiefly the bud or germ; for the development or expansion of the natural talent, with some very respectable exceptions, it has been, as yet, much indebted to the fostering care of some other. Hence in one of the most pleasing departments of the arts, a West, a Copley, a Stuart, and a Trumbull, who might have withered and declined in the native bed, by transplantation into a more improved soil, have arrived at the fullest growth of excellence. In this home establishment you provide what may make such excellence all your own—a school for study, a field for competition: and become, moreover, the instruments in diffusing a taste, throughout, to ensure general encouragement, and particular patronage.

If your just pride should be excited, from this one consideration, not to neglect a child of your own, it may be no less piqued by another.

The visitors to us from another hemisphere, before the era of our revolution, came to a new country, with

dispositions to estimate us, more by our advance on the course, than by our distance from the goal: and they were pleased to find that in its nonage, it had proceeded so far in culture and refinement. Those of latter days, now that we have cut the cord of foreign dependance, and set up for ourselves, discover a very different humour. Overlooking or derogating from whatever is valuable or praiseworthy, aggravating some blemishes, and condemning all things, in a new scene, which they have not the faculty to understand—instead of presenting a likeness of the country, they have disfigured it with a moral and physical caricature; insomuch that the notion they have succeeded, in their books of travels, in impressing upon the too willing belief of the ancient world; is that it demands the hardihood of a Ledyard, or of a Mungo Parke, to explore the miseries of our wilderness, and to encounter the barbarity of our manners.

Witnesses of the diligent habits, and various enterprise of the American people, they ascribe to avarice what is due to freedom, which always prompts the labours of man by the assurance it gives that the fruit is all his own; and they insist with a wonderful harmony of detraction, that all our pursuits are selfish; and that going straight forward in one sordid path, there is nothing sufficiently powerful to allure us from it, either to the right hand or to the left.

Your effectual support of this institution, wherein no personal motive can be pretended, will be so far a practical contradiction of the libel, and prove its best refutation.

Nevertheless, objections will be made to your design, as a departure from accustomed simplicity: between simplicity and refinement, or, if you will, luxury, the question has been frequent and undecided; but if luxury be a consequential evil of the progress of our country, a better question perhaps it would be, How is it to be withstood? Where an unrestricted and unoppressed industry gains more than simplicity requires, the ex-

cess, as it cannot be pent up, will be employed upon gratifications beyond it—how retain the cause and repress the effect? Philosophy and the laws would here teach in vain! Where a constantly rising flood cannot be banked out, the waters should be directed into channels the least hurtful—so ought the exuberant riches, which would incline towards voluptuousness, to be led off to objects more innoxious—even to those of greater purity and innocence; those that will not pamper the senses, but rather amuse, if not instruct the understanding; and it may, with some truth be observed, that those who carry the whole fruit of an assiduous and successful toil to the common herd of national wealth, undiminished by any waste of it, but on the few wants of simplicity, contribute with most effect to the refinements or luxuries, to which in their practice they seemed most averse.

Such being the consequence of a growing opulence, the alternative would be, not as between simplicity and luxury, but between the grosser and more refined species of the latter. Where is the room then for hesitation in the choice?

But are our particular objects alone to be cherished? Are none else worthy of our care? This is best answered by remarking that ours are well suited to a voluntary society; that all the liberal arts are of a kindred spirit—kindling at each other's flame; that as members of the same family, they have a mutual sympathy and relation: naturally flourishing together; the best examples in poetry, eloquence, and history, being always contemporary with those of sculpture, painting, and architecture. In this institution you directly or indirectly promote them all.

The mechanick arts, we mean those of the more ingenious and elegant kinds, not failing of the inspiration; the workman in them is converted into an artist, and they partake of the common benefit. Even fashion, which always comes in as a beauty, and goes out as a deformity—Fashion on whose incess-

can change the judgment takes so little part, may be brought more under the dominion of taste, with her "fixed principles and fancy ever new."

But a stronger incentive to second your original efforts remains,—your interest in the national reputation. Men identifying themselves with their country, take it with a salutary prejudice to their bosoms, and I trust not only from this natural bias, for which we have the strongest pleas, but that we have a pride in whatever tends, in the world's estimation to exalt the character of our city, and that we gratulate ourselves on its numerous institutions, which regard our charities, our civil economy and police, and extending in not a few to the interests of literature and the sciences—among which may be particularly distinguished the Philosophical Society, the very extensive publick library—the museum, that spirited labour of an individual, and the enlarged medical school—An establishment for the Fine Arts is now our principal desideratum, and perhaps more than all, in adding to its attractions, may contribute to determine the choice of the hesitating stranger to Philadelphia as the desirable seat of reason and politeness.

A further doubt than what has been suggested may be urged against your design. It is whether your country has reached that point of exaltation which calls for, or justifies it?

Let him who may suggest the doubt, bear this truth in mind, that every civilized and intelligent community, naturally rises in its condition, and that it is only from the defect of wholesome principles in the political association where this consequence is not perceived; it is indeed chiefly in arbitrary monarchies, in which the whole being of less account in the eye of government than the individual at the head, and the universal good held in subordination to his particular interest, where this tendency is resisted or a country made stationary or retrograde.

The forms and objects of our various American governments are of this tendency, and when improved by

experience, and ameliorated by time, they will as we are bound to hope, be the guarantees of our growth and prosperity. But there are other contributory causes—a geographical position and figure, the most favourable to a foreign commerce—and to supply it, the double fertility of spring and autumn: so unusual to regions of our temperature, with a rapid agricultural improvement. An increase of population unknown to any modern time, and now proceeding at an accelerated pace. Those we may say, are the principles that as a nation have already carried us the full length of some, and those not the *least* considerable, of the European states—and having seen their effect in part, we may prophecy the rest, that we are destined to a rank and station with the *most* considerable.

These few considerations, as the subject will be enlarged on by your own reflections, have been thought sufficient by the directors for this occasion—and with these few, they venture to solicit the continuance of your support to this object of your munificence. To solicit, indeed, is unnecessary—It is enough, they are persuaded, to hint that the institution is still in need of the hand that raised it—that without it, it may decline to a mere monument of abortive zeal, ominous of future undertakings, instead of what it ought to be, the standing evidence of a successful labour, so highly creditable to your city and to yourselves.

Not that the directors mean to confine themselves to the original patrons—their hope does not rest solely on your liberality: trusting that many there are of a congenial spirit, yet untried, who, following in your steps, will cheerfully incline to assist your views.

At a meeting of the members of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, in the hall of the academy,

The following resolutions having passed the board of directors, were proposed and unanimously adopted, to wit:

Whereas this society has obtained a charter of incorporation, and by the aid of voluntary contributions, has become possessed of a valuable appropriate building, erected under their own authority and direction; and also of a considerable importation of casts, from the most celebrated collections of statuary. For the purposes of more firmly establishing the said institution, and rendering it commensurate with the laudable intention of its supporters, *Be it resolved,*

1. That the rights and property of the society shall be divided into 300 shares.

2. That every subscriber of 50 dollars in cash, and paying an annual subscription of 2 dollars, shall receive a certificate of proprietorship, for one share, to be held in perpetuity by himself, his heirs or assigns.

3. Transfers of shares may be made by the proprietors in person, or by attorney, with the approbation of any three of the directors, and in the presence of the president or treasurer, subject always to the said annual payment of two dollars; and the proprietor of each share of stock for the time being, shall be entitled to a free admission into the academy at all times within the hours appointed for public exhibition.

4. The building having been erected on two lots taken on annual ground rents for the purpose, *Resolved,* That the surplusage arising from the annual payment of two dollars on each share, after the payment of the said ground rents, shall be solely applied to the forming a sinking fund, until the sum is sufficient to purchase off and extinguish the same, unless other means be adopted for that purpose.

5. That the monies which shall hereafter, be received from the subscription for shares, shall be duly applied in the following order, to wit: first, to the discharge of the present claims on the society, for materials and work applied to the building—Second, to the discharge of all monies now held on loan—Third, that the remainder, together with the revenue arising from the exhibition, after de-

ducting the salary of the attendant and other contingent expenses, shall be applied to the further promotion of the objects of the institution.

6. Those who are now subscribers under 50 dollars, shall be invited to make up their subscriptions to that amount—and such as decline doing so, shall have a free ticket, and enjoy all the rights to which they are now entitled, but shall not be considered as share-holders on the terms of these resolutions,

7. All subscribers to the institution, either by contribution or loan, who incline to become share holders as aforesaid, may be credited the amount of their subscription, or any part thereof, in payment for such shares of stock as they shall respectively apply for.

LEVITY.

Among the sweet singers and sweeter songstresses, who compose our musical private parties, as well as at every publick serenade, no song appears more popular than the gallant invocation of the well bred WALPOLE to the Sleeping Beauty, with whom he was enamoured,

Rise, Cynthia, rise.

Now as a parody of a popular song will always excite a temporary interest, and generally beguile the lounge of some of his cares, let us make the attempt and sneer at the *democrats*. By our art potential we will, with Ovidian dexterity, metamorphose a lying gazette into an ideal goddess, and invoke her in manner following:

Rise, *Aurora*, rise:

Rise, *Aurora*, rise:

The *factions* tribe on tiptoe stand,

To view thy smutty face,

Mammoth, with *philosophick* eyes,

Sees none more fair in all his race.

The *swinish* herd who round thee gaze,

Will draw fresh venom from thine eye,

Then ah in pity,

Then ah in pity,

In pity to Duane,

Do not in drunken slumbers lie.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Cadell and Davies, London, have published an Account of the Life and Writings of David Hume, Esq. By Thomas Edward Ritchie.

MUNIFICENCE OF A MONARCHY.

His Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a pension of 200*l.* per annum to Mr. Campbell, authour of "*The Pleasures of Hope*," a poem of well known merit.

Robert Semple, authour of "*Walks and Sketches at the Cape of Good Hope*," and formerly a frequent writer in *The Port Folio*, has just published, "*Charles Ellis; or the Friends*," a novel, comprising the incidents and observations occurring on a voyage to the Brazils and West-Indies, actually performed by the writer.

Charlotte Smith has printed an octavo volume of elegant poetry, with the title of "*Beachy Head*."

Messrs. C. & R. Baldwin have published a very curious work: *The Climate of Great Britain*; containing an inquiry into the changes it has undergone, particularly within the last fifty years, accounting for the increasing humidity, and consequent cloudiness and coldness of our springs and summers, with their effects on the vegetable and animal economy: including various experiments to ascertain the causes of such changes, arrest their progress, and counteract their effects; interspersed with numerous philological facts and observations, illustrative of the process in vegetation, and the connexion between the phenomena of the weather, and the productions of soil. By John Williams, Esq.

It is with great pleasure that we announce to our readers the publication of a new work entitled the "*Caricature Magazine*;" being a collection of the best caricatures from original designs. By W. M. Woodward, Esq.

The Rev. John Wool, late Fellow of New College, *Oxford*, has published in a superb quarto, with a portrait of Dr. Warton, from an original picture, a sketch of his monument in Winchester Cathedral, and a facsimile of his hand writing, price 1*l.* 7*s.* in boards, Biographical Memoirs of the late Rev. Joseph Warton, D. D. Master of St. Mary Winton College; Prebendary of Winchester Cathedral; and Rector of the parishes of Wickham and Upton, Hants. To which are added, a selection from his works, and a literary correspondence between eminent persons, reserved by him for publication.

By the close application which Addison gave, when at college, to the study of the Greek and Roman classics, "he caught," says Mr. Tickell, "their language and manner, as strongly as other young people gain a French accent or a genteel air. An early acquaintance with the classics is what may be called the good breeding of poetry, as it gives a certain gracefulness which never forsakes a mind that contracted it in youth, but is seldom or never hit by those who would learn it too late. There is not, perhaps, any harder task than to tame the natural wildness of wit, and to civilize the fancy. The generality of our old English poets abound in forced conceits and affected phrases; and even those who are said to come the nearest to exactness, are but too fond of the unnatural beauties, and aim at something better than perfection. If Mr. Addison's example and precepts be the occasion that there now begins to be a greater demand for correctness, we may justly attribute it to his being first fashioned by the ancient models, and familiarized to propriety of thought and chastity of style."

Comparison between Fox and Pitt.

The sweetness of Mr. Fox's disposition displayed itself even in his argumentative warfare. The sarcasm of Mr. Pitt was terrible; it burned to the bone; his heart seemed to go along with it; it bore the aspect rather of an effort to hurt the adversary's feelings, than to serve his own argument. The hearer was astonished and admired his powers, but felt his heart instinctively engaged on the side of the sufferer. He showed the object through the glass, which magnified its bad features to a disproportioned size. On the contrary, Mr. Fox, in his sarcasm, which he rarely used, seemed desirous to represent his adversary just as he was. His luminous effusions of irony threw a blaze of light over the object, and held it there till it was seen by every one in its own plain shape; and, as he seldom employed his sarcasm against any one who did not deserve it, the exposure of that shape was enough for his purpose. All were delighted with his attack wit; but none, sometimes not even the objects of it, felt angry. Mr. Pitt, never, when he was vehement in this way, carried along with him the hearts of his auditors. Compared with Mr. Fox's, his satire might be called excruciation. The furies of Juvenal flamed in Mr. Pitt's, the amenity of Horace shone in that of his great adversary.

The late Mr. Pitt.—It deserves to be recorded of this illustrious statesman, that he beguiled the last hours of his tedious illness by the perusal of Miss Owenson's Novel of St. Dominick. This was, in fact, the last amusement of his mind, and the last employment in which he engaged himself.

MERRIMENT.

A showman, exhibiting at Eton, pointed out in his box, all the crowned heads in the world, and being asked by the schoolboys who looked through the glass, which was the Emperor? which the Pope? which the Sultan? and which the Great Mogul?

exclaimed eagerly, "which you please, young gentlemen; which you please."

Bonomi, the Italian architect, walking along Pall-Mall, wrote the following pasquinade on one of the columns, which, contrary to every rule and principle of architecture, stand insulated in the front of Carlton House, supporting nothing:

*Cate colonne
Che fate què
"Non lo sappiamo
"In verità,"*

Ah! my dear columns,
Why stand ye so?
"Indeed, my good Sir,
"We do not know."

George Hanger taking the air in Hyde Park, an observation was made on the indecency of persons bathing in the Serpentine river. "It is, indeed," said George, "very indecent to see so many girls running about naked."—"Girls!" said a young lady, "they are boys."—I ask your pardon, madam," returned he; I find I have been mistaken; as they had no clothes on, I did not know; but I yield to your superiour judgment."

A tradesman finding his circumstances irretrievably involved, put a period to his existence in the canal in Hyde Park. A gentleman asking Mr. Deputy Birch, who he knew had been acquainted with the man, how he came to drown himself? The deputy answered, "Because he could not keep his head above water."

Caleb Whitefoord purchased the chambers he now possesses in the Adelphi from his friend Mr. Browne. When the latter was erecting the balcony in front of them, Mr. Whitefoord observed, that it was very *disinterested* in him. "How disinterested?" said Mr. Browne, "because you can have no view in it?"

An Italian Prince, whose dominions were not very extensive, being informed that a certain Frenchman at

court had spoken rather sparingly of him and his intentions, sent to him to say he banished him his kingdom, and gave him three days to depart. "He is too bountiful," replied the Frenchman, "to grant me so much time; three quarters of an hour would be quite sufficient."

Knight, passing the evening among some friends in the city, was requested, in his turn, to favour the company with a song; he politely declined it, alledging that he was so indifferent a performer, that any attempt of his would rather disgust than entertain. One of the company, however, asserted that he had a very good voice, and said, he had frequently had the pleasure of hearing him sing.—"That may be," resumed the wit, "but as I am not a freeman, I have no voice in the city."

When Mr. Erskine ingeniously compared a fine woman, deserted by her husband, to a *loose fish*, in the case of *Esten v. the Duke of Hamilton*, Mr. Jekyll said his learned friend had certainly borrowed the figure from Horace, who, on a different occasion, says,

Desinit in Piscem Mulier formosa superae.

When Lord Thurlow was at the bar, his clerk was reading to him, one day, a legal instrument, and when he came to the part, "*I do devise all that farm,*" &c. &c. he was seized with so violent a fit of coughing, that he could not proceed: on which the testy lawyer exclaimed, "*Read on, with a curse to you—your heirs and their heirs forever.*"

A young nobleman, not remarkable for punctuality in the payment of his bills, once called upon the Margravine of Anspach in an elegant new phaeton, and at parting begged she would come to the door just to look at it. "'Tis very pretty," said he, "and I have it on a new plan."—"Before I set my eyes on it, my lord," said she, "I am afraid you have it on the old plan—never to pay for it."

A barrister, in the Court of King's Bench, describing the bad usage of a high-bred horse, said that the animal had for some time been employed in dragging heavy loads, and fed on *coarse old hay*, till the animal himself demurred to the treatment. "He should not have demurred," replied Mr. Erskine, "now the winter season is over; he had better have put himself on the country."

As Mr. Cunningham, the late pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday, he was observed by the Rev. Mr. B. who severely reprimanded him for thus profaning the sabbath. The poor man heard him with meekness, and then replied, "If your dinner was at the bottom of the river, like mine, you would angle for it too."

A poor woman, whose husband kept his bed, with a lingering illness, went to a neighbouring physician, who kindly gave her a prescription, and directed her to the chemist to get it made up. When finished, the man stupidly wrote on it, "to be taken in a proper vehicle." Now "vehicle" was a word so far beyond the good woman's capacity, she thought no one but the clergyman of the parish learned enough to explain its meaning. Not showing him the label, she merely asked him "What was a vehicle?" He replied, a phaeton, a curricule, a landau, a whiskey, or a wheelbarrow. The last of these terms exactly suited her comprehension, and she returned home vastly pleased, where she actually made her husband rise, come down stairs, get into a wheelbarrow, take his physick, and go to bed again.

For The Port Folio.

TRIBUTE TO GREATNESS.

The death of GEN. HAMILTON was described, in a publick assembly, as a great national misfortune. A gentleman who subsequently touched upon the same topicks, adverting to this point, remarked, that, "The death of

GEN. HAMILTON has been described as a great public calamity. No one more sincerely and sorrowfully accords in this sentiment than I do. Would to God that this were the time and place, and that I possessed adequate powers to pay due honours to the memory of that illustrious statesman: his august image should be deposited in the centre of the Temple of Fame. The Minervas should be situated, one on his right hand, and the other on his left. The goddess of peace, with her benignant train, should occupy the foreground; and Bellona, with her triumphant car, should be placed in the rear. His armorial bearings should be "the bird of day, gazing at the sun with a steadfast eye." Upon his escutcheon should be inscribed the texts of his policy; and around the venerable form, as a drapery, should be hung the symbols of national gratitude. Then should the ardent Genius of our country silently repair to the consecrated temple; there to contemplate the departed greatness of the orator, and the statesman, of the patriot, and the warrior. The lofty strains of his eloquence and the sublime precepts of his wisdom; the disinterested purity of his virtue; and the gallant generosity of his spirit, should animate and inspire the orators, the patriots, and the warriors of other and better ages. But it pleased Providence, whose wisdom we must not question, and whose ways we cannot fathom, at a period of political peril, and at a crisis of public danger, to remove him from the scenes of terrestrial action; and apparently, ere the measure of his glory was full. Alas! this country was not bereaved of her champion by the ordinary dispensations of heaven; he did not breathe his last upon the bed of sickness, neither did he expire upon a bed of laurels in the arms of victory; but perished in private combat before a vindictive foe. As HAMILTON devoted his life to his country, and died a martyr to our cause, we will hallow his memory, and strive to emulate his virtues.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

A METAMORPHOSIS.

Ovid, a bard well known of old,
Of many a transformation told,
But ne'er so great a wonder knew
As we can tell, and prove it too.

In days when WASHINGTON presided,
When patriots firm our councils guided,
When some regard was paid to fame,
And honour was not thought a name;
Swift as the thunderbolt of Jove,
A bird descended from above,
Whose talons and whose beak declare
The strong-wing'd monarch of the air.
Perch'd on the Capitol he stood;
In his left talons grasp'd we view'd
An olive branch; his dexter bore
A sheaf of arrows dipt in gore.
But—strange to tell! when dastards came
To quench the bright and holy flame,
That glow'd in every patriot heart,
And griev'd we saw that flame depart,
Which once Columbia held so dear,
Ere taught a foreign frown to fear;
Ere her best interests were for sale;
Ere Jefferson had, in his scale,
Found, and to all his party told,
How light is honour weigh'd with gold;
Then—and although you well may stare,
The fact a thousand will declare;
The arrow-bearing bird became
A gander, spiritless and tame,
That seeks, with oary feet, to keep
In pools, afraid to tempt the deep;
Unfit to swim, to walk, to fly,
A squalling hiss his only cry,
And pluck'd by every passer by. A.—

For The Port Folio.

PAINS OF MEMORY.

A POEM.

"Canst thou not minister to mind diseases'd?
"Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow!
"Eaze out the written troubles of the brain,
"And with some sweet oblivious antidote
"Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
"Which weighs upon the heart?"

MACBETH.

Oh Memory! thou busy source of pain!
Thou actor of our miseries o'er again!
Thou harsh intruder! whose tormenting
pow'r
Instilling thought, embitters every hour;
Forego thy bitter unrelenting sway,
Nor doom to horrors every coming day.
Ah! what avails Imagination's powers
With fancied bliss to cheat the tardy
hours,
Whose sweet delusions banish care away
And to the mind bestow perpetual day;
If the sad soul is wrapt in constant woe
And all is one vast wilderness below;
How lovely, Nature, is thy varied scene!
Thy purple-tinted cloud and painted green!

What joy to see the dazzling orb of day
 In rising splendour give the genial ray!
 While every grove with feather'd musick
 sounds
 And varied foliage deck the smiling
 grounds.
 Silent and soothing is the evening hour;
 Then sweet and pleasant is the woodbine
 bower;
 When boisterous passions from their Vic-
 tim fly
 And freed from Earth his looks are fix'd
 on high.
 The cold and pale fac'd Wand'rer of the
 night
 With fainter beams imparts a silver light;
 Yet oft the passing cloud obscures her
 blaze
 Tho' brighter still it meets the ardent
 gaze.
 Pleasant the murm'ring of the sea-beat
 shore
 Where never ending, foaming billows
 roar,
 While we along the sandy margin stray
 Or from some mountain top the surge
 survey.
 O wretched mortal! curs'd with me-
 mory's power,
 Whose anguish'd mind feels torture every
 hour,
 For you kind Nature lavishes in vain
 The warbling woodland or the cheerful
 plain;
 The hills and dales, the Sun's celestial
 light,
 The foaming ocean and the orb of night;
 The sweet asylum which the dark wood
 shows;
 Where often times rapt inspiration glows
 All pass thy vision in fantastick dreams
 And this good Earth a sterile region
 seems.*
 Say, from what source can memory im-
 part,
 One pleasing sense to sooth the mur-
 derer's heart?
 When busy fancy brings the injur'd shade
 To haunt his solitude—his peace invade?
 The guilty wretch, who waded to the
 throne
 Thro' kindred blood, from danger con-
 scious grown,
 Now, by the trembling limb and bloodless
 cheek
 Betrays his crimes; nor can a refuge seek
 From bleeding forms, who bare the
 mangled breast,
 And to his frighten'd vision stand con-
 fest!—
 Behold that wretched tyrant youth ex-
 pire, †

His frame consum'd by more than mortal
 fire;
 Stung by remorse, not all the charms of
 art
 Could hush his cares, or ease his aching
 heart:
 Each hour recalls the bloody dreadful day,
 When by his mandate thousands slaugh-
 ter'd lay,
 When in cold blood, confounding youth
 and age,
 His wretched subjects felt his bigot rage.
 Oh! friend to Virtue! whose all power-
 ful aid,
 Sooner or later owns the heav'nly maid;
 Interrou's cloth'd, the villain's mind assail,
 And with just vengeance tear aside the
 veil
 That from himself his hideous portrait
 hides,
 And for his crimes a lasting scourge pro-
 vides.

See the proud monument and marble
 bust
 With useless pomp insult the humble
 dust;
 Whilst gorgeous pageants more supremely
 show
 That all *parade* is mockery of woe;
 Unheeded by the father, lover, friend,
 Who o'er the grave in silent anguish
 bend—
 Will no kind genius watch the fatal hour,
 And blunt the invidious tyrant's baleful
 power?
 Lull with a Syren's spells the aching
 sense,
 And to the mind oblivious aid dispense?
 Ah! no,—for all is horror and dismay:
 While yet the husband hugs the breath-
 less clay,
 Ten thousand thousand sad illusions rise
 To aid his anguish and increase his
 sighs—
 Now is recall'd each hour, each happy
 day
 That smooth'd the passage of life's dreary
 way;
 Now do contrasted pleasures mock his
 woes,
 And to impending grief, lost joys oppose.

When the loud gale's tempestuous force
 descends,
 And sharpest light'ning Heav'n's vast con-
 cave rends;
 Whilst thro' the crackling rigging howls
 the storm,

cause of the massacre of St. Bartholomew's
 day, when 40,000 Protestants were slain.—
 For an account of the transaction, and his
 horrid death, see Voltaire's History, and
 Henriad, and Sully's Memoirs.

* This goodly earth seems to me a sterile
 promontory. HAMLET.

† Charles IX, of France, the infamous

And nought prevails but tumult and
alarm;
Then to the youthful breast of him who
roves,
Far from the mistress whom he fondly
loves;
Malicious memory proves her hated art
And emulates the vile tormentor's part.
O, cursed gold! the source of various
wo,
From whom our sorrows more than plea-
sures flow:
In search of thee, I brav'd the faithless
seas,
To gain by added fortune future ease;
For visionary wealth I wildly roam,
And madly leave my plighted love and
home;
Fool, not to know, that competence was
bliss,
And certain happiness exchange for this!
Let me again behold my native shore,
And I will tempt th' uncertain waves no
more.

But most, when madness rules th'
unhappy hour
Must wretched man sustain thy keenest
power;
All other sense of joy or sorrows gone,
And the whole soul absorb'd with one
alone.
Hail! thou great master of the magick
pen!
Whose piercing eyes beheld the hearts
of men;
Hast thou not forc'd the sympathetick tear
With the keen horrors of thy frenzied
Lear?
When to his comfort ev'ry door was
clos'd,
And bare he stood to pelting storms ex-
pos'd;
The fretful elements contend in vain,
They hurt not him whose agonized brain
Dwells on a father's violated right,
And tells his sorrows in the ear of night,
While rain, and storm, and lightning, all
conspire
To aid "th' unnatural hags" against their
sire.
Remembrance, ever constant, points the
pain,
Shows him his wrongs, and tells them
o'er again;
For when in lonely hovel he describes,
In seeming madness where sad Edgar
lies,

Poor wretch, says he, thy fate is hard in-
deed;
Nought but ingratitude has done this
deed.
Hark! the loud shriek and piercing cry
assail,
And bitter lamentations fill the gale;
'Tis madness raves, for frenzy and des-
pair
And moping melancholy, and gnawing
care,
Alternate seize upon a father's brain,
And doom their victim to eternal pain.
The mournful scene is view'd from day
to day;
The father's fondness and the infant's
play;
And now before him lies the breathless
child,
Now grief unnerves, and now with an-
guish wild,
His sighs, his shrieks, invade Compassi-
on's ear,
And force from harden'd man the social
tear!
Such is the deep-wrought wo which me-
mory gives,
And such the anguish while the sufferer
lives;
For, while she rests in his distracted brain,
Nor happiness, nor joy are his again.

(To be continued.)

* Garrick was acquainted with a worthy
man in Goodman's Fields; this friend had an
only daughter two years old; he stood at his
dining room window fondling his child and
dangling it in his arms, when it was his mis-
fortune to drop the infant into a flagged area,
and killed it on the spot—He remained at
his window screaming in agonies of grief;
the neighbours flocked to the house, took
up the child, and delivered it dead to the
unhappy father, who wept bitterly, and filled
the street with lamentations. He lost his
senses, and from that moment never reco-
vered his understanding.

Garrick went frequently to see his distract-
ed friend, who passed the remainder of his
life in going to the window, and there play-
ing in fancy with his child. After some
dalliance, he dropped it, and bursting into a
flood of tears, filled the house with grief and
bitter anguish. He then sat down in a pen-
sive mood, his eyes fixed on one object, at
times looking slowly around him as if to im-
plore compassion. *Murphy's Life of Garrick.*

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various,—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 9, 1807.

[No. 19.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I PRESUME it is in literature, as in all other modes of amusement and employment which occupy the time and talents of the various actors on this great theatre of human life: the important personages who represent the kings and heroes of the drama, look down with contempt on those petty actors who personate servants and messengers; while he, whose most exalted business is to deliver a letter with a respectful bow, despises most cordially the whole gang of scene-shifters and candle-snuffers. In other departments of life the same gradations prevail as among "the abstract and brief chronicles of the time." A merchant, whose vessels are forwarded to their destined ports by every wind that blows, who sees on his table the produce of the Eastern and the Western Indies, and who can jocosely boast of his farms in either hemisphere, casts a supercilious eye on the industrious trader who subsists by retailing these valuable commodities: he, in turn, thinks commerce degraded by those petty dealers who preside over a chandler's shop; while the chandler's clerk contemns the

travelling pedler whose whole possessions are contained in a portable pack.

Thus it is, one universal chain of subordination pervades the whole of society, and the connecting links are not more easily distinguishable in the gradations from a monkey to Sir Isaac Newton than in every particular class and order into which the human species is reducible. Authors, no doubt, preserve the same proportionable distinctions; and the important compiler of a folio scoffs at the wittling whose labours can be comprised in an octavo or duodecimo; while he who arrives at the dignity of a bound book, however small, derides the fugitive efforts of a periodical writer. All orders of men, however, are ingenious at finding their own inferiours. Thus even a diurnal or weekly essayist may fancy himself superiour to the nursling of the muses, who ventures an occasional sonnet in *The Port Folio*, or who sends an unfledged elegy to flutter in a newspaper.

There is, however, a class of writers for whom it would be difficult to find an appropriate station; men who occasionally display in small compositions, every talent requisite to adorn the sublimest; who are capable of involving an apparently clear subject in metaphorical obscurity, or of adorning a barren one with all the graces of poetry; some who, in the compass of twelve or fourteen lines, display a co-

pious command of words, and a perfect knowledge of the beauties of language; others, who, satisfied with the intrinsick merit of the subject of their labours, content themselves with displaying its utility in specifick terms of elegant and affecting simplicity. I have myself bestowed infinite attention on the compositions of this class of authours. To describe half the merits I have discovered in them, would fill a folio of no common size. Let not, therefore, these my worthy brethren suppose, that because my essays, small as they are, are more bulky than theirs, I rashly imagine myself their superiour. No! no! I flatter myself that I am too good a judge of intellectual merit, and well know that wit is not to be appreciated by weight or bulk; for there is often greater talents displayed in a composition of four or five lines, than in the most ponderous volume industry ever compiled. It is to reserve this class of writers from unmerited neglect that I now draw my quill; and though I may not enumerate more than one of those productions which have so often afforded me delight and instruction, let not others who are overlooked, attribute that circumstance to my blindness of their merits, but rather let them, with me, lament that want of leisure which the present time will not afford for further extending my commendations.

A few days since I picked up a newspaper with the following advertisement: from the singular modesty with which this is introduced, it scarcely arrests the eye in the same manner as more splendid advertisements; it does, however, sufficiently partake of their nature to be pronounced of that class of writing; and I shall not scruple to declare it one of their brightest specimens, though simply called

A HINT.

"Any person nicely sensible, irritable, hypochondriacal, hysterical; or who, again, is dyspeptick, hepatic, splenetick, gouty, paralytick, rheumatick, of an evil habit of body, scorbutick, asthmatick, dropsical, corpulent,

bloated, yellow, flabby; or otherwise, thin, dry, and rigid; who (harrassed with spasms, cramps, wind, hickups, belchings, acidity, distracting dreams, depressing thoughts, and sleepless nights) is uneasy, anxious, low, wandering, dissatisfied; who without being able to present an adequate cause or reason, fears fevers of the nerves, and derangement of their functions; and who thence dread to become excors, orbus, and expes, may, with the utmost confidence and freedom, relate his (or her) case, in detail, to Mr. Rymer, surgeon and apothecary, at Rigate, Surry, for advice, and (*deo lubente et juvante*) relief. Letters may be sent, post free. See Mr. Rymer's Tract, price 1s. upon indigestion, hypochondriacism, gout, &c. sold by Evans, Paternoster-Row; at No. 29, Haymarket; No. 87, Fleet-street; No. 63, Bishopsgate-street, within where may be had by the same authour, "*Physiological Conjectures relative to certain Functions of the animal Economy*," price 1s."

All compositions, of whatever size and extent, usually bear upon the face of them one prevailing characteristic, no one can hesitate in pronouncing this to bear the stamp of peculiar modesty. I own that I was more immediately struck with traits of moral character than with indications of talent; and therefore perhaps it is that I am more delighted with the singular humility of Mr. Rymer's address, than with his unequalled display of erudition.

PHILANTUS.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CHARACTER OF MR. FOX.

That mingled good and evil which pervades all the principles and events of this world, confounds the reasonings of the most considerate and perplexes the desires of the most sagacious. The dull monotony of common-place sensations, which indicates rather the absence of want of feeling, than the lively activity of vigorous sentiment, may wear away life with little occasion of self-reproach, but

with still less of self-gratulation : it is like the relaxed wire of an instrument, which though struck by a master's hand, and though it may be seen to vibrate, yields no perceptible note : it is like the stagnant pond whose waters however impelled preserve their dead level, and having no outlet indicate no tendency but that of regaining their equilibrium in the shortest time possible. Who wishes to resemble such characters ?

But the opposite extreme has disadvantages equally dangerous. A mind easily agitated, a rapid and lively conception, a creative fancy, a vigorous intellect, an extensive comprehension of objects, a just appreciation of their excellencies ; whatever constitutes genius, whatever manifests taste, whether it dazzle in the blaze of elocution, or astonish in the thunder of rhetorick, alas, it is accompanied by passions so violent, and propensities so overbearing, that like a wire over-stretched, the slightest vibration snaps it : like a cataract, it rushes with accumulating velocity adown that precipice whence it falls into the fathomless gulf below.

The province of Education is, to correct the imperfections of nature, to impart a modest confidence to the timid, by a conviction of competent ability : but to check the sallies of the vehement, and to restrain the advances of the forward : to prevent passion from getting the start of reason, and to gain time for attention to the gentle admonitions of prudence. It is the placid Minerva, who descends from heaven to restrain the violent Achilles ;

While half unsheath'd appears the glittering blade,

She whispers soft, his vengeance to control,
And calm the rising tempest of his soul.

What then is the situation of that youth who deriving from nature intellectual powers of no ordinary description, with all that eagerness of temper which accompanies them, has never been benefited by the soothing lessons of education, but inflamed by parental indulgence ; never taught to pause, and by pausing to detect and

abandon error, but impelled by native impetuosity, and flattering himself that all is well, he boldly perseveres till the brink of the precipice sinks beneath his feet,

And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

The errors of genius are notorious as well as lamentable, and ever will the superficial inspector wish, and repeat his wishes, for a combination of the virtues attendant on mental powers of the first order—without their vices. It is OTHERWISE ORDAINED : various causes may promote one and restrain the other, but an entire separation is not to be expected, till

Earth repossesses what to man she gave,
And the free spirit mounts on wings of fire.

Charles James Fox was the second son of Henry Fox, afterwards Lord Holland. He was born Jan. 13, O. S. 1749. His father early discovered in him striking tokens of genius and abilities, and being himself in office, his son was gradually initiated into the management of business, and saw at least the routine of it, in his boyish days. There are not wanting those who affirm that he read his father's despatches, at the same period as he amused himself with spinning his top ; and that, on one occasion, after having perused a very long letter written with Lord Holland's own hand, he discovered his opinion of its contents by committing it to the fire !—His father, who never contradicted him, and possibly too was sensible of the justness of the verdict, patiently wrote another. Lord Holland was esteemed a sagacious character ; but, of what advantage was parental sagacity, if he never controlled the eccentricities of those to whom its admonitions were due ? Tutors and governors indeed were called into attendance, but self-government was an accomplishment which young Fox never learned. Whatever could be purchased from hirelings was purchased : but how small a proportion of the complete gentleman can hireling instruction communicate ?

The temper of Charles was forward, predominant, vehement ; at the same

time it was open, candid, and manly. He was thought fit to take the lead, and the lead he readily took. His opinion was expected, and he frankly gave his opinion. All were supposed to notice him, and he dashed into notice; *ex animo*. He was educated at Westminster and at Eton, where he obtained distinction: his studies were not severe: his happy genius, and retentive memory, enabled him to acquire advantages for which others are beholden to labour. From Eton he went to Oxford, where his stay was not long: whence, his father, impatient to behold him a man of consequence, sent him over Europe, to make what was called the Grand Tour. There can be no doubt, but many advantages attended that rational intercourse with continental courts, and foreign statesmen, which was offered by the Grand Tour. It afforded many opportunities of observation, it admitted those who were capable of profiting by the privilege to an insight into the characters of men, and they were usually men of ability, whose manner of discharging the duties of their important employments, was well calculated to impress and improve the youthful mind. But it also afforded opportunities of the most flagrant licentiousness, and being performed at that period of life, when the blood boils in the veins of youth: it became the means by which many thoughtless English heirs were ruined in body, mind, and outward estate. Among this number was Charles Fox, who had disencumbered himself of his patrimony before he had attained the age of manhood. Precocious in every thing, a fribble to excess in dress, and appearance, an adventurer without reserve, at dice and cards; always a leader, and usually a loser too. The last bill drawn on Lord Holland, by his sons, was from Naples, for a debt of honour, value 36,000*l*. Nor could they stir till this was paid.

Returned to England, Mr. Fox was, when under twenty-one years of age, admitted into the House of Commons, as representative for the borough of Midhurst. The expectations formed

from his talents caused this irregularity to be overlooked; and thus was he placed in the very post of honour, in the very pathway of ambition. At a time of life when others are supposed to have acquired barely wisdom enough to govern themselves, he was understood to possess sufficient to govern the nation. And he meant that his governing spirit should be known; unused to meet rebuffs, he thundered at those who opposed him, stood forward as the champion of ministry, vindicated the famous election of col. Luttrell for Middlesex, and derided Johnny Wilkes and his partisans, with all the powers of his lungs, laughter, and eloquence. Never will the excess in which he indulged himself, never will the appellation "scum of the earth," which he liberally bestowed on the freeholders of Middlesex, be forgotten. In return, he was told, that the *scum* would ever be uppermost, that the "Young Cub," was not yet Old Reynard, and that French taylor never made English statesmen. His family interest, and his personal talents procured him a seat at the board of Admiralty; he was here a junior, but being denied the influence of a senior, he resigned in disgust: he was a second time appointed, but was now removed to the treasury, where he differed in opinion with the premier, and was dismissed. He could not preside, and he would not submit; but being restive his name was *omitted*, in Lord North's phrase, from a new commission for managing that department of state. He was now about 25 years of age: extremely corpulent in person: notorious for his amours, addicted to the extremes of what was called fashion; and he even disgraced the honest plainness of the English character by the coxcombry of wearing *red* heels to his shoes, with every other mark of the *petit maitre*:

Bien poudré, bien frisé, tout à fait un Marquis.

His time was devoted to the gaming-table; he played at the clubs, till credit was banished, and *ready money* was enacted to be *indispensable*. His con-

nexions were extensive among the money-lending Jews; and when the old arts of obtaining were exhausted, his ingenuity in devising new, was the admiration of his associates. Ever forward, the leader, the head, the precursor of his companions, he was distinguished no less by the intrepidity of his career, than by the superiority of his intellect.

But the superiority of his intellect did not always secure Mr. Fox from being a dupe to the arts of others; report attached to him the incident of having designed to repair his ruined fortunes, by marriage with a West-Indian lady of immense value! pointed out to him by a kind lady-guardian, but, unluckily, *not visible today!* His benevolent introductress hoped for better fortune on the morrow; on the morrow he was again at his post, "tomorrow, and tomorrow, and tomorrow," but, an unwelcome inflammation in the eyes! rendered an interview impossible. This delusion was at length dissipated by the officers of justice recognising an old acquaintance in the lady who *was* visible, and who, it afterwards appeared, under the sanction of intimacy among the nobility, "witness a certain chariot which might be seen in attendance, day after day, for hours together, at her residence," had advertised "Places at Court, to be disposed of." A scene in a comedy of Foote's commemorates this incident.

Being dismissed from the treasury, Mr. Fox entered the lists of opposition; and here he soon was leader. His talents were of the first order in debate; he excelled every speaker in discovering the weaknesses of his antagonist's arguments. He could set the minister's propositions in so many different lights, gradually deprive them of what reasonings they might justly claim: supply them with suppositious arguments, confute these, and so thoroughly embarrass the whole, that the minister could scarcely recognise his own offspring, swaddled as it was in the envelops with which Mr. Fox had disguised it. It was now that among the opponents of the American

war, Mr. Fox acquired popularity; and he deserved it, if unwearied efforts, unlimited vehemence of debate, and a manly soundness of judgment, could deserve it: but he passed many years in attack before the fortress of government submitted to the besiegers. Lord North was, certainly, not the minister required by the times in which it was his lot to conduct the state: yet the violence of Mr. Fox rendered it unsafe for Lord North to resign, and he held his situation, not so much to despise his antagonist as to secure himself. But the defences of ministry were gradually weakened, till at length the opposition became the stronger party, and the leaders of the *outs* burst into the Cabinet. Mr. Fox was appointed Secretary of State, and found the advantage of an early acquaintance with business: he conducted the affairs of his office with dignity and despatch. The death of the Marquis of Rockingham was a mean of dissolving this ministry, and the reigns of government were committed to Lord Shelburne, afterwards Marquis of Lansdowne. Mr. Fox went out; but quickly forming the famous coalition with Lord North, whose principles he had formerly reprobated, without modesty or reservation, and whose head he had repeatedly threatened in the most opprobrious terms, he again rose to power. But the spirit of the British nation was offended; this union of parties, formerly so embittered against each other, was thought to be unnatural; and the opinion, or rather, the feeling of the people abhorred the connexion. Sensible that he was not now the man of the people, neither was he truly the man of the King, he meditated a continuation in power independent of both people and King, and such, it is probable, would have been the issue had his famous India bill become a law: the additional patronage which that included, would have been the impregnable bulwark of his permanence. We pretend not to know in what light he described this bill to his Majesty; but it is certain that other of his Majesty's friends described it very dif-

ferently, and the bill was stifled in the House of Lords in a manner entirely unusual. In the event, the King threw himself on his people, his people supported their King; and the parliament, then governed by Mr. Fox, was almost wholly renovated. Mr. Fox and his fellow ministers having resigned, of course, he resumed his station at the head of the opposition. Here he did many essential services to his country; some propositions he caused to be new modified: some few he happily set aside, and many a hint which induced caution, if nothing more, did Mr. Pitt receive from his acute discrimination. On the question of the regency, the opinion of the publick was with Mr. Pitt: and the doctrines of Mr. Fox were not popular in the nation. Mr. Fox varied them once or twice, by which he lost time; and never was any man more completely a dupe to his own artifice, than he was in proposing a reexamination of the Royal Patient by the consulting physicians. The loss of this opportunity was the loss of the whole object; time was gained; the Royal Patient recovered, to the infinite joy of his subjects, whose steady conduct during the painful interval ought never to be mentioned without applause, and to the disappointment, so far as their admission to power was in question, of Mr. Fox and his friends who had indulged expectations.

Mr. Fox displayed his good opinion of the French revolution without reserve, in its earliest stages; he even ventured to predict glorious events as arising from it: but events discredited his predictions, and there can be no doubt that he felt much regret at the character which that sanguinary convulsion afterwards assumed. His quarrel with Mr. Burke, in consequence of his separation from that political father, must, unquestionably, have been painful; for Mr. Fox, though ambitious, had not suffered ambition to destroy the sentiments of friendship. Mr. B. maintained a hauteur which affected a superiority over his friend, and effectually precluded their reconciliation. Mr. Fox

took occasion, after a long contest with Mr. Pitt, as he said, fruitlessly, to secede from his place in the House: this step has been loudly blamed: certainly it showed that he thought little of the importance attached to a member of the *Wittenagemote* of the country, wherein no individual can tell what importance may arise out of his advice and opinion. But this secession was precisely in character for a man who affected the power of a dictator, and because he could not dictate would not condescend to advise. Whether Mr. Fox might have come into office when Mr. Pitt went out, and the present Lord Sidmouth became minister, or at *any time since*, we cannot affirm. Perhaps the terms that were offered were unfit for his acceptance: perhaps he could not consistently with his veracity and honour accept them: be that as it might, his way to power was not clear till death had deprived the country of Mr. Pitt's services: when the Prince of Wales in recommending a ministerial arrangement, included Mr. Fox. He held the place of Secretary of State for a few months, and was barely settled in office when he died.

In estimating the character of a minister, the good he has done must guide our opinion, but the character of an oppositionist must be estimated by the evil he has prevented: always provided that the measures pursued to effect that prevention be legal and commendable. How far this proviso applies to the mission of Mr. Adair into Russia for the purpose of counteracting Mr. Pitt's negotiations there, we cannot tell. The whole of the facts in that case are not before the publick. We have already stated that the advantages which the nation in a domestick point of view derived from the opposition of Mr. Fox, were considerable; and the liberal principles which he professed in religion, in trade, &c. procured him many adherents. Nor was he destitute of friends; and when his circumstances were reduced beyond recovery, a number of these effected an unsaleable annuity

on his life, which rendered his latter days comfortable.

Mr. Fox was allied by birth, or by connexion, with many of our noblest families: but his character was formed by himself, and by circumstances. His father had been an opponent of Wm. Pitt, afterwards Lord Chatham, and this opposition descended to their sons.

Each of the fathers, too, had trained up his son with unlimited attention and expense, had infused the principles of ambition in their strongest forms into his youthful mind, had prepared him for the high station he was intended to occupy, and thus neither could bear a rival. *Aut Caesar aut nullus* was the motto which each might have adopted;—but Mr. Fox was not destined to be Cæsar.

Had Lord Holland been a popular character instead of being branded and petitioned against as a “public defaulter;” had his son been introduced much later into public life, had he tempered his vivacity by sober reflection, instead of heating his blood by liquors, and his mind by the chances of the dice; had he taken his due station at first, instead of insisting on guiding affairs before he was well acquainted with them, and had he waited till experience had qualified him in the eyes of others as well as in his own, Mr. Fox must have been the first man in the state, and probably would have shone in the pages of our history, with a steady illumination of glory, not unequal to that of our most honoured Statesmen.

Those talents would have been developed in the man, which could only be budding in the youth: and who was bound to submit to embryo abilities? If ever there was a character thrown away in early life, by being prematurely urged into publicity, Charles Fox was that character: if ever the most valuable gifts of nature were rendered unavailing by notorious dissipation, and want of morals, they were those bestowed on Charles Fox: if ever any ambition was constantly deluded by hope, but hope, evanescent and fleeting, it was the ambition

of this eminent statesman: he was permitted to touch authority, but not to grasp it: he wore it for an instant, but could not call it his own; and when, apparently, he might have continued to enjoy it, he was seated in office, not to give importance to his life, but dignity to his death: his friends were called to lament his loss, while his country, looking wistfully around for the services he had performed, rested her hopes on those which she gave him credit for the ability of performing.

MORTUARY.

The ensuing pathetick and well written article, was published in the Gazette of the United States. We suspect that it is the production of the ingenious Editor of that valuable Journal. Whoever is the authour, it is alike honourable to his head and his heart.

He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept and welter to the parching wind
Without the meed of one melodious tear;
Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,

For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor;
So sinks the DAY STAR in the ocean bed
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore.

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky,
So Lycidas sunk low but mounted high
Through the dear might of HIM THAT
WALK'D THE WAVES,
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies
That sing and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears forever from his eyes.

MILTON.

Distressing Event.—On the first of April, about a mile from this city, the New Castle Packet Tryphena (on board of which had taken passage for Baltimore, a young gentleman from Boston, by the name of Brimmer) was nearly overset by a sudden flaw of wind, but on her righting, the violence of the motion threw from her deck the gentleman abovementioned. Trusting probably to his skill in swimming, he

while in the water, disencumbered himself from his great coat, hat, and neck handkerchief, and made immediately for the shore; but the exertions already undergone, the weight of his boots and other articles of clothing, probably rendered his endeavours unavailing, as was unhappily every effort made from the vessel for his preservation. Thus in one fatal moment was snatched from life a young man of the highest promise, justly beloved and respected by all who knew him, idolized by his particular connexions, of affluent fortune, frank and engaging manners; in the bloom of manly grace and beauty, with the world smiling before him, is he now called from the shifting scene. Long will his memory be cherished by those who have only known him transiently; what then must be the heart-rending grief of their hearts who are yet to learn the sad tidings; those to whom he is endeared not only by his own deserts but by the ties of kindred and affection.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

From the "*Herald of Minerva*," published monthly, in Philadelphia, by William P. Farrand.

The publisher begs leave to present this summary of book and literary intelligence as a gratuity to his own correspondents. He has been led to the publishing of this paper, with a view to supply them with a species of information relative to new publications and new editions of books, which otherwise, he thinks, they could not easily acquire, and which many reasons incline him to believe will be highly acceptable.

The plan adopted for the purposes abovementioned, is to devote the first four pages to remarks, general and particular, though always brief, on publications that are new or particularly interesting to American readers. In this department will be given some account of the contents of books, of their size, their mechanical execution, and price; and particular notice of the improvements introduced into American editions, which often render them more valuable than

those which are imported. With equal promptitude shall notice be given of any unwarrantable mutilations of books, whereby the expressions of authours may have been cancelled and so altered as to render the sentiments contained in them no longer their own. The reprinting of old European editions, heretofore not unfrequent, shall also be pointed out with particular care. In short, it is our intention to present our readers, who have not a convenient opportunity of examining new publications, with a brief account of their authours, contents, size, price, typography, and every other help that will assist them in forming an accurate opinion for themselves, for the usefulness and value of the book.

The fifth and sixth pages of the paper will be devoted to Literary Intelligence. Under this head the publisher thinks an extensive correspondence on the continent of Europe, as well as in Great Britain and Ireland, and the assistance of several literary friends, will enable him to introduce many very valuable articles of book and literary intelligence. He also invites publishers in the United States to forward their proposals.

The seventh and eighth pages will be devoted to advertising purposes.

Two Greeks, the brothers Zozima, are applying part of their fortune towards a new edition of the ancient Greek classics from Homer down to the time of the Ptolemies, under the superintendence of their countryman Coray. This collection, which is to be printed in Paris by Didot, is intended for such of their countrymen as wish to learn the ancient language of their forefathers. It will be delivered gratis in Greece to diligent scholars and active teachers; and a considerable discount will be allowed to such wealthy patrons of learning as buy copies for the purpose of presenting them to poor students.

The imperial printing establishment at Paris affords constant employment for 400 workmen, besides a

number of women, who fold and stitch the pamphlets and laws printed there.

The Literary Panorama.

The first number of this periodical work appeared in England in January last. It contains 250 large royal pages. The knowledge we have of the character of several gentlemen who are connected with the Panorama, leads us to form high expectations of its future excellence. It is the largest periodical work now published in any country, and we presume our expectations, as to its superiour excellence, accord with the general opinion in Great-Britain. We add the following advertisement, published with the first number:

"The object of this work is not to add another, to the vehicles of mere amusement, already too numerous. It will associate the sprightly effusions of CULTIVATED TASTE, with the earliest records of USEFUL DISCOVERIES, in every science; and whether an invention or improvement be of British suggestion, or devised by the ingenious of distant climes, if it have but merit, we shall take a pleasure in making it known.

"A principal part of our review, as well as of our intelligence, will be composed of foreign publications. In this department we shall occasionally improve our priority of information, by announcing important performances concisely; reserving a right to resume the consideration of them in a manner proportionate to their merits. Of some we shall only remark their nature and subject; of others we may offer extracts; others we may insert entire. Our number will comprise publick and official papers; reports from our agents abroad; translations from foreign communications, publick and private; proceedings of learned societies, and other laudable institutions; literary intelligence of works in hand, or in the press; lists of books published; to these will be added, novelties in the polite world, in the fine arts, in articles of taste and elegance; and, generally, communications."

The fourth volume of that eccentric work, the *Lounger's commonplace Book*, is in preparation.

Mr. Gifford's edition of Ben Jonson is ready for the press: he has been assisted greatly by some valuable MSS. of the late Mr. Whalley.

The London booksellers are engaged in bringing out a translation of Cicero's works, which will be sold separately as well as collectively.

Mr. Northmore has nearly completed an epick poem, of ten books, upon which he has been engaged for a considerable time; it is entitled, *Washington, or Liberty Restored*, and, exclusive of the imagery, is entirely founded upon historical records.

Lord Woodhouselee has written, and will shortly publish, the *Life* of the late Lord Kames.

J. Gifford and H. R. York, Esqrs. have in great forwardness the *History* of the administration of the late Mr. Pitt, which will be comprised in four octavo volumes.

Mr. Cumberland and Sir James Bland Burgess, have, in conjunction, written a poem, of which, report speaks highly; entitled the *Exodiad*, embracing the history of Moses from the period of his leading the Israelites out of Egypt, to his death upon Mount Horeb. The work was to appear in England in the month of January.

Mr. C. Taylor, London, publishes a work, denominated *Records of Literature, domestick and foreign*. It is said to be the most complete literary register extant. It exhibits a comprehensive survey of the state of letters under the following sections: 1. Correct information relative to works announced: 2. A clear and concise account of works published, with occasional abstracts or extracts: 3. The prizes proposed and distributed by learned societies: 4. A literary Necro-

logy. In short, this work is intended to form an Epitome of the Literature of the World. No. 3 is published.

Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription, "Lectures on Church History, by George Campbell, D. D." To which is annexed his "Essay on Miracles." Hopkins & Co.

The lectures of Dr. Campbell on Ecclesiastical History are in all respects worthy of their distinguished author. They were read by him for a number of years to the students in theology of the college in which he was principal. Before they were printed, their publication was considered, both by the doctor's pupils and by other men of science, as an important desideratum in literature and divinity; and since they have been published they have been much read in all parts of England and Scotland. A difference in theological opinions has produced, in this as in other instances, a different estimation of the degree of reliance which ought to be placed on the historical statements contained in this work: but by all competent judges it is admitted to be a work of deep learning and of much candour, which every person, whose studies are directed to the subject on which it treats, ought to examine with care and attention, and from which the most important information may be acquired. To this it may certainly be added with truth, that the reading will be productive of no ordinary degree of pleasure; for the Doctor has found the art of rendering his historical narrative in the highest degree entertaining and interesting. This he has affected not by mingling a variety of different subjects with each other, but by taking up each separately, and pursuing it in an undisturbed discussion till it is completed.

With this American edition of the Lectures, the publisher has connected the Doctor's far-famed essay on Miracles—a work which has ever been considered as the most able reply to the most insidious attack that was ever made on the Christian faith. Perhaps, indeed, there is no other

example of controversy on any subject in which so complete and decisive a victory has been gained over an ingenious antagonist, as Dr. Campbell has in this essay obtained over Mr. Hume.

Dr. Aikin observes in his *Athenæum*, No. 2, that Mr. Janson, who has lately returned from America, has brought with him many interesting materials towards furnishing a complete survey of the state of society and manners in that country; which will speedily appear in one 4to. volume, accompanied with a number of engravings. The editor has just received a letter from Mr. Janson stating many particulars, as to this work. He first proposed to publish it in a periodical form, but has determined to publish it in one volume, which he calls "The Stranger in America."

Mr. J. informs us that in his work "much is said of Philadelphia, and many publick characters in the United States are introduced," also "that he does not expect it will be reprinted in the United States, because he has mentioned truths which should not at all times be told." Our readers will probably conclude Mr. Janson intends to make it a good *British* book.

LEVITY.

For The Port Folio.

ADVERTISEMENT EXTRA.

Proposals are issued for publishing by — & Co. New York, a new Biographical Dictionary, containing an accurate detail of the most illustrious catalogue of scoundrels who have flourished since the deluge: the following are among the most prominent characters: Itinerant Quack-Doctors, Empiricks in literature, Liars, Jacobins, Pickpockets, Highwaymen, and Democrattick Editors. This work will be comprised in two folio volumes, printed with an entire new type, founded at the works near Hell-Gate, on a vellum hot-pressed wire-wove paper, with a rivulet of margin, meandering through a meadow of text, embellished with striking portraits. The au-

thour cherishes the fondest hopes of success from the liberal patronage, already experienced from a multitude of our most exalted men in office, viz. Members of Congress, Governours, Senators, Constables, Collectors, &c. &c. all of whom have evinced the most laudable solicitude for its completion.

N. B. A prospectus of the work in question shall be forwarded to W. D. Philadelphia, with a request to give them an extensive circulation through Virginia, &c.

* Illustrative hints, scandalous anecdotes, atrocities and apostasies of every kind, addressed to the authour, will be most gratefully received, and the postage willingly paid. The authour being determined to demonstrate the truth of the old apothegm, "That good shall come out of evil."

ALSO,

A supplementary volume, containing the lives of the most omnipotent Dunces, leaden-pated Fools, political Idiots, religious Enthusiasts, Justices of the Peace &c. &c.

This work will certainly overflow with interesting matter, the materials being chiefly local, and very abundant.

It shall appear in a thick republican octavo, printed on foolscap paper, bound in calf unlettered.

AMERICANUS.

For The Port Folio.

A wild Irish editor had the misfortune, some time since, to understand, that, by the carelessness of a drayman, a couple of casks of his favourite liquor were staved to pieces. The baleful news reached his ears just as he was humming over a popular song—

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?

In a fit of abstraction, occasioned by the grief of parting with *Nantz*, he broke out to the astonished prentices in the Aurora-office :

Devils! I have lost my gin,
Have you seen my brandy?
The julap of each jacobin,
The bliss of Napper Tandy.

Never shall I soundly snore,
Until their returning,
All my drunken joys are o'er,
And I must mope till morning.

I for gin my home forsook,
To set my blood a mounting,
Left my types, my wife; and book,*
And hied me to the Fountain.

Whither is my liquor flown?
Devils, tell me whither;
Ah! wo is me—the gin is gone
Forever and forever.

But yonder see some grog appear,
Grog for which I languish;
Its potent fumes my spirits cheer,
And dissipate my anguish.

Whether the reader of the above parody will be edified or amused by it, is very uncertain. But he cannot fail to be charmed with the graceful simplicity of the original :

Shepherds, I have lost my love,
Have you seen my Anna?
The pride of every shady grove
Upon the banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,
Near yon misty mountain,
Left my flock, my pipe, and crook,
Green wood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more
Until her returning.
All the joys of life are o'er,
And mirth is chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer gone?
Shepherds, tell me whither?
Ah! wo is me, I fear she's gone,
Forever and forever.

But yonder see the nymph appear,
Her for whom I languish;
Her heavenly smiles my spirits cheer,
And dissipate my anguish.

* He was engaged at that time in editing a treatise entitled an Account of some Curious Phenomena in the Polar regions, by Pulaski Straddle, a Polish Knight, the very Pole Star of the malecontents in Poland.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

On Monday arrived in town, from the City of Washington, the Hon. DAVID MONTAGUE ERSKINE, his Britannick Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States, with his Lady and family.

The Critical Reviewers, speaking of the speech of Mr. Randolph on a motion for the nonimportation of British merchandize pending the present disputes between Great Britain and America, declare, that it is highly deserving the perusal of an Englishman, as it is an uncommon specimen of American candour, as it leaves behind all the sophistical rags and tatters with which the *frauds* of the American neutralists are covered, and treats the menaces of *American hostilities* with **DESERVED CONTEMPT**. The sentiments of this speech would do honour to any statesman of any age or any country. As an oration, it is irregular and desultory; but as the effusion of the moment, it is highly creditable to the head and heart of the speaker.

It seems necessary to notice an occurrence of considerable importance, which has recently taken place in the country to which these remarks relate; which occurrence is no less than an accusation of treason, preferred by one of the Attornies General of the United States, against Mr. Aaron Burr, who, as the publick will recollect, was lately Vice President of that country. From the accounts which have reached this country, it would appear that Burr, who is a man of great ambition, and of talents and courage equal thereto, had formed a scheme, which scheme he was actually prepar-

ing to put in practice, for separating the Western from the Eastern part of that immense country called the United States, and to erect a kingly government in the Western part, of which he himself intended to be king. In this project, viewing it with a mere philosophical eye, I see nothing more objectionable, than the novel circumstance of there being a king of the name of Aaron; for, it is impossible for any man to make me believe, that the Western States will remain, or can remain, for ten years at the utmost, members of the Confederation. Separated from the inhabited part of the Eastern States, (or, speaking more properly, perhaps, the Atlantick States) by an almost impassable wilderness of more than four hundred miles across; having their outlet to the sea by a channel nowhere communicating with the Atlantick States; pursuing the same sort of traffick as the Atlantick States, and driving a trade to the same markets; under these circumstances, the Western States must necessarily be rivals of the Atlantick States, and the two sets of States must feel, with respect to each other, as rivals for gain generally feel. And, to check the effects of this feeling, there is wanting in America that *attachment to country*, which sometimes operates so powerfully in other parts of the world, and which has its foundation in circumstances of which a native American has no practical idea. Mr. Burr *may* fail; but I am not the man to say he will fail; and if he does, some other man will not: at any rate, the separation must take place, and when it does take place, it will astonish me if that which is now called the Federal Government should long remain in existence. *Lon. Pa.*

Dr. Caustick, who is constantly breaking his jokes on politicians, fops, &c. has lately become so indiscriminating in his satirical attacks, as not even to spare the defenceless (we had almost said naked) bosoms of the fair. We confess the doctor deserves a volley of *fair* frowns for such stoical disregard of politeness to the sex. But

just to give the ladies a caution not to expose themselves too *unguardedly* to the attacks of such unmerciful old fellows, we republish from the *Weekly Inspector*.

A CRACKER.

Futminated from the Garret of Dr. Quastick.

The following satirical stricture on the modern dress or rather undress of our fashionables, is vastly impolite, and it was not without great difficulty that we could prevail on ourselves to give it a place. But as it is our duty, as Sub. Inspector, to bestow an occasional glance at the petty peccadillos of the fair; we are determined, at the risk of our reputation as a lady's man, to circulate it in a

WHISPER.

"Ah! do not then so wildly dare!
Ah! do not risk a sure defeat!
My fair philosophers beware,
Dread, dread the power of latent heat!"

"You should appear within the lists,
Arm'd cap-a-pee, like quondam knight—
The war is not a war of fists,
Yet ye, like bruisers, strip to fight."

"The bruiser stunn'd by many a blow,
Falls prostrate, but is seldom slain;
With mortal weapons, man, your foe,
Strikes and you never rise again."

"Then quick! each outwork quick replace!
In maiden armour take the field!
Nought naked save your conquering face;
Who can resist it?—All must yield."

"But if you raze, instead of rear,
Your bulwark, I must, should you frown,
Just WHISPER in each female ear—
You mean not to defend the town."

MERRIMENT.

A gentleman returned from India, inquiring of Jack Bannister respecting a man who had been hanged after he left England, was told that he was dead. "And did he continue in the grocery line?" said the former.—"Oh no," replied Jack, "he was quite in a *different line* when he died."

General Fitzpatrick, being at a country play last summer, the entertainment happened to be the *Stage Coach*, which was acted so wretchedly, that it was impossible to make head or tail of it. As soon as the curtain dropped, and one of the performers came to

give out the next play, the General begged leave to ask the name of the entertainment just finished. "*The Stage Coach*, sir," says Buskin, bowing very respectfully. "O then, sir," says the general, "will you be so good to let me know when you perform this again, that I may be an *outside passenger*."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For 'The Port Folio.'

Say shall the Heathen Gods debate,
Whether 'tis nobler in their statues
To stand exposed, to women's sneers,
Or by concealment end them?

Parody of Addison, by MYSELF.

SIR,

I am one of a Christian Society in this city, which has long been known by the title of Free Masons, whence derived, however, I am not at liberty to inform you, but as I am confident of the liberality of your sentiments, I know you will be pleased with an instance I am going to give you of ours. Ecce signum.

No better bond of love was ever given,
Than that, which Christians have received
from Heaven:

Let Christians then, that noble work extend,
And be to Turk and Infidel the friend!
But We as Masons have a higher view,
Not only loving, but converting too.

Sublime that thought, which coming from
above,

At first united men in bonds of love.
And shall not we such high-drawn counsel
take,

And ere we seek a friend a convert make?
The Jews, the Turks who wander in our
land,

Receive Salvation's secret at our hand.
So other breasts masonick truth have known
And our immortal glory breathes in stone.

As We with lowly heart our prayers prefer-
red,

The heathen gods, themselves, looked
down and heard;

And as before the great Apollo's shrine
We bent the knee, and raised the hymn di-
vine,

His nobler thought received Devotion's fire,
And with ecstatic joy he struck the lyre.
Enraptured by his love, tho' every tongue
Cry shame, *We put our magic apron on.*

Thus is the heathen god united to our band,
We boast this true conversion in our land.

But not alone was great Apollo blest,
For all the gods had heard and would be
drest.

We, thus enshrin'd, within that sacred dome,
Hold equal empire with the arts of Rome.

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,"
Should native genius try her humble part,

* "*And sets, like stars that fall, to rise no more.*"

The nation would approve, a few adore,
Our fam'd insignia still will go before;
For who's the artist that would dare remove
That emblem of masonick truth and love,
Or rob the gods, so modestly attired,
Of what the men designed, and all admir'd!
A MASON.

For The Port Folio.

SORROW.

While yet a child, in playful mood,
I gathered pebbles in a wood,
Before my eyes a phantom stood;
That struck me with surprise;
It seemed a woman, in her air
Were marks of sadness and despair,
Her face was pale, her bosom bare,
And tears had dimmed her eyes;
Wild was her mien, her head was crown'd
With drooping willows, and around
Her gloomy brows was cypress bound;
Disordered was her hair.
The robe was sackcloth that she wore,
She, in her hands a goblet bore,
With bitter waters flowing o'er,
The waters of despair.
'Twas Sorrow;—on my infant head
Her leaden hand the Goddess laid,
"Be thou a child of mine," she said,
"Let sorrow cloud thy days!"
She made me taste the bitter bowl,
I felt the waters chill my soul;
"Thee with my vot'ries I enrol,
Forsake thy childish plays."
She said; and I forgot my joys,
I dropped my pebbles and my toys,
Forsook the gambols of the boys,
Nor joined their petty strife.
And still, with my increasing years,
Increased my sorrows and my fears,
And I've bedewed my path with tears
In every stage of life.

ANNIUS.

For The Port Folio.

Vernal address to — at Coldenham, New-York.

How shall I greet thee, changeful Spring,
Clad in thy variegated vest?
Now, borne on Zephyr's sportive wing,
And now by chilling blasts depressed.
Lo! tepid April's sunny hue,
Has glanced across the willow bower,
The daffodil, the violet blue,
And crocus rear'd its golden flower.
Winter's relentless gales depart,
And, reckless of thy swift return,
Soothing the griefs that wound my heart,
I muse beside the hallowed urn.

Come then, sweet lyre! thy plaintive
strain
Shall undulate in Sorrow's ear,
Softening the throbbing sense of pain,
And chase the silent-stealing tear.

Ah! no my friend, the tuneful string
Warms not the faded cheek of wo,
'Tis not the simple lore I bring
That checked the tear, or bade it flow.

Yet I have seen a cloudless sky,
And marked the trembling lustre fade,
While recollection's tender sigh
Deepened the chasm time had made.

Saved from the wreck of many a storm
And cheered by Friendship's meek caress,
The stranger—Peace, in *William's* form,
Whispered a dream of happiness:

But ere the dew of morning fled,
Ere Hope revived the embryo bloom,
My lacerated bosom bled
Afresh at *William's* tranquil tomb.

B.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The subsequent song was written for an anniversary
upon the banks of the Andros.

PERGRÆCAMINI.

Plautus.

Now bleakly to our shivering pines
November tells his story,
Of fading leaves, and fainting lines,
The hap of Summer glory.
Oh, thus we gild our natal day,
To care alone 'tis treason,
The month of joy is ever May,
For souls are aye in season.

These fallen blooms and wintry hues,
The star of Autumn tinges,
With yellow like the moonlight dews
That bathe the lime of Indies.
And when the beam of day is dim,
That northern urn shall cheer us,
The bright seducer smiles like him
With blushes sinking near us.

Ye winds, that lay my temples bare,
Your spite a mockery crushes;
'Tis not your fang that *purples* there,
But mantling bliss that flushes!
How sweetly now the boreal lyre
These Runick airs are sweeping;
How bright the tints they lend the fire
In which the lip is steeping.

Where bugles once by Branksome bower
Cheered Teviot's wave benighted,
There's not a gale of sound, or flower
For loves and buds are blighted.
And where the lute through Maglanvale
In mildest lapses floated,

* Pliny.

† The sweets of this once charming valley
on the banks of the Arva, as you pass to
Chamouny and the Glaciers of Savoy, are
preserved by M. de Florian.

Those strains in dreams alone they hail
 That vesper echoes quoted.
But here, o'er shades and torrent streams
 Where raving nightwinds flaunted,
 While Science from her crescent beams,
 By Hunter spirits haunted—
 • On mouldering graves of native bones
 We weave a Grecian union,
 And English song with Indian groans
 Resounds our wild communion.

For me—whatever climes I trace
 For life or love a rover,
 And whether Fate my hopes deface
 Or every pang be over—
 And though my head be bald or grey
 I'll keep the fête of Reason;
 My latest month shall still be May,
 When souls are all in season.

—
For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The enclosed epigram was accounted elegant by Claudius Minos, a Parisian regius professor of the 16th century. It was written, he said, in the university, and its allusion was to the Greek and Latin languages.

If you like me, as I am young enough (18), and vain enough to hope, you shall hear more of my proceedings.

Fundabat satis Aonias una ancora puppes,
 Dum tamen Ausoniis Musa nataret aquis.
 Nunc cum Palladiæ sulcant maria omnia
 naves,
 Visa quod una paràm est ancora, facta
 duplex.

It was upon the western wave,
 When the Pierian banner flew,
 The evening tides would love to lave
 Its anchor in their deepest blue.

But ranging every azure swell,
 And floating under every star,
 The seamaias moored their sailor shell
 With double drops of coral spar.

H. L.

Bruns. Me.

—
For The Port Folio.

PAINS OF MEMORY.

A POEM.

(Concluded.)

Where, far remote, some desert Island
 lies,
 Midway in seas, and cursed by wintry skies,
 Some shipwrecked mariner perchance now
 strays
 A hapless wanderer, doomed to pass his
 days
 'Midst barren rocks where hideous monsters
 roar,
 And tempests rage forever round the shore;

From mankind banished, he must ever
 weep,
 And curse the fate which saved him from
 the deep:

Happy, would sweet oblivion prove but kind,
 And blot remembrance from his wretched
 mind:

Of at the lingering close of cheerless day
 Is seen with gloomy eye the parting ray—
 Of that fair orb which each sad morning rose
 To see him weeping o'er his constant woes:
 Thro' all the tardy night scenes past arise,
 His throbbing bosom heaves with struggling
 sighs;

Then by his sorrowing mind is seen once
 more

Those tender objects who his loss deplore;
 To his sad view appears the widowed fair
 Whom fancy dooms to sorrow and despair:
 His friendless children in a hovel die,
 Oppressed with care and want; no father
 nigh!

Those cherub faces which were wont to
 charm,

And of each harsher thought his soul disarm,
 Fresh to his mind in native force appear,
 While keener feeling draws the bitter tear.
 O worse than death! thou ever vexing
 power,

When thus thou lov'st to kill from hour to
 hour;

And He, great tyrant, whom the worldlings
 fear,

Compared with thee is of all pleasures dear.
 But see! the eastern skies illumed with gold,
 All nature's charms to wond'ring man unfold;
 The blue serene, the wide expanse of waves,
 The gilded sea-worn rock which ocean laves,
 Sooth each keen sense to momentary ease;
 Elate with hope he feels a favouring breeze:
 And oh! the bliss when on the farthest verge
 Of distant horizon, the faithless surge
 Wafts towards his ravished sight a distant
 sail;

Oh! with what ecstasies he feels the gale
 That onward brings the long, long wished
 for aid,

So long to his unceasing prayers delayed.
 Alas! stern Fate, relentless, heeds no sigh;
 For see, the unconscious vessel passes by,
 With rapid motion leaves the aching sight,
 And all is lost in one unbounded night!

Say, who to Dulness' stupid sway con-
 signed,

All pleasing thoughts of happiness resigned?
 Reflecting, dwells on scenes enjoyed before,
 And not lament those scenes to come no
 more?

Thus the poor exile from his native home,
 By ruthless force, abroad compelled to roam;
 Whether from Africk or from Gallia driven,
 Sees for his portion nought remain but
 Heaven:

In foreign countries doomed to beg or toil,
 With heart-wrung grief does *this* reflect the
 while

* Συγγενεὶς τοῖς κυπρίοις, was the Del-
 phick response to the stoick of Cyprus.

On his dear native land, and former ease,
 And those loved scenes where all was wont
 to please:
 Whilst *that* with unavailing grief complains,
 Of ruined fortunes, and usurped domains.
 For such Compassion heaves the sorrowing
 sigh,
 While social tears suffuse soft Pity's eye.
 But say, ye grasping avaricious fools,
 In whom the love of money only rules;
 Who with insatiate wants forever cursed,
 Behold the doom of prosp'rous fate reversed;
 Say, can you claim of sympathy the meed?
 For your distress what pitying heart will
 bleed?
 The proffered boon of competence was
 nought;
 Unbounded wealth your greedy purpose
 sought,
 Yet blessed with all that mortals could im-
 plore,
 Your narrow, sordid hearts still grasped at
 more;
 Still for superfluous riches spent those hours,
 Ordained to exercise far nobler powers—
 Now, doomed in poverty your days to close,
 And with departed joys contrast impending
 woes,
 Thee! sad Remembrance, we then fly in vain,
 By thee reflection brings continuous pain;
 Thy constant power the art of man defies,
 Times past incessant to his thoughts arise:
 Alas! how few th' intrusive view can bear!
 How oft excited, starts Contrition's tear!
 Yet art thou not to self alone confined;
 With other woes th' historian wrings the
 mind;
 'Tis but to seek the thicket's inmost shade,
 Possessed of Clio's stores, implore their aid;
 Instant we pierce the distant maze of time;
 And view the ills of every age and clime;
 O then what gloomy objects rise to view!
 In the long lapse of time behold how few
 The friends of virtue and of good appear,
 With casual joy to check the constant tear.
 Life's varied scenes delusive seem, and vain,
 Producing nought but sorrow, grief and pain;
 And this sad truth forever wounds the mind,
 That man's most deadly foe is human kind.
 In vain the eager eye with ardour pores
 O'er classic pages, and the time explores
 When Roman virtue and the patriot's pride,
 To gods above the human soul allied:
 Ages of crime and wretchedness succeed,
 The wicked triumph, and the virtuous bleed,
 Whilst monster tyrants in succession show
 The sad varieties of human woe;
 And long old Rome is seen in sullied state;
 Her freedom sacrifice to factious hate.—
 Extend our views; regard the Christian
 world;
 The Crescent and the Cross behold unfurl'd;
 The red-cross banner waves o'er Europe's
 land,—

And Christian rage and folly now command:
 Still human blood in streams perpetual flow,
 The baleful flames of persecution glow,
 And Heaven's meek child, Religion, sacred
 maid,
 To deserts flies, and seeks Retirement's
 shade:
 There, with her God, in peace secure re-
 mains,
 Whilst all the world her sacred name pro-
 fanes.
 The tyrant's pretext, and the impostor's aid;
 See for destruction drawn the murderous
 blade:
 In Gallia's land, on Belgium's hapless shore,
 Holy fanatics lavish human gore.
 A bigot woman—Britain's lasting shame,
 There, points the sword, or blows the cruel
 flame.
 Now warrior monarchs peaceful realms in-
 vade,
 To gain those laurels which may never fade;
 The battle ended, and the millions slain,
 Say, is the victor's brow entwined in vain?
 Long shall they flourish? Yes, the tyrant's
 name,
 Th' indignant page will damn to lasting
 fame.—
 The bloody thirst of gold contemned the
 waves,
 And ravaged shores the southern ocean
 laves;
 The name of *Cortez* pains the sorrowing
 mind;
Pizarro's fame to ages goes consigned.—
 O wave thy leaden sceptre, gentle sleep!
 And give a transient death to those who
 weep;
 Press on the anguished sense Oblivion's
 hand,
 And let forgetfulness be thy command:
 Alas! thy Lethæan power is tried in vain;
 'Tis thine to wound with complicated pain:
 For vagrant Fancy that so sweetly roves
 On Avon's banks or in the Classic grove,
 Combined with Mem'ry, magnifies each
 wo,
 And makes realities more vivid glow;
 To each dire image gives terrific power,
 And horrid visions mark the slumbering
 hour.
 O Death! long while invoked, 'tis thou
 canst save!
 And grant asylums in thy friendly grave.

The preceding Poem was principally written prior to the Author's having seen Mr. Merry's on the same subject, and was occasioned, like his own, by a perusal of Mr. Roger's PLEASURES OF MEMORY. Since it was intended for publication in one of our modern periodical works, where it has appeared, it has undergone some alterations, and a few additions have been made. The attempt is a very limited one for so fruitful a subject, and the Author hopes some day to see it extensively handled with the real genius of an AKENSIDE or a CAMPBELL.

THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 16, 1807.

[No. 20.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

Though politicks must sometimes have their place, and though topicks of local interest will assert their claim, yet the department of belles lettres, wide as it is, must be traversed, in every direction, by the conductor of a journal, expressly designed to nurse the genius, to excite the taste, and to interest the gentleman and scholars of the country. Incited by the glorious example of Sir W. Jones, by the ingenious writers in *The Adelphiad* who are pursuing a similar track, and by the counsel of a learned and respected friend, we shall again direct our willing eyes to the charms of the graceful muses of the eastern nations. Careful that the speculations, which may appear on this subject be not too dry and recondite, we frankly avow, that it is designed by a natural process to lead men from admiring, exclusively, the poets of Arabia to the study of other eastern and western poets, whose piety, sublimity, good sense, and good taste, challenge our strongest praise. A series of papers of this nature, judiciously diversified, and not too diffusively written, which should comprehend most of the leading canons of criticism, and point out the principal beauties in the best walks of composition cannot fail to be useful to many; and of peculiar benefit will they prove to some, who, aloof from vulgar cares, or who disdain their control, care for nothing so much as literary distinction.

ORIENTAL POESY.

THE discordant and inconsistent accounts of the commentators, who seem to have collected without examination every tradition that presented itself, have left us much in the

dark on the subject of the two following poems: but the common opinion, which appears to me the most probable, is, that they are, in fact, *political and adverse declamations*, which were delivered by Amru and Hareth, at the head of their respective clans, before Amru, the son of Hinda, king of Hira, in Mesopotamia, who had assumed the office of a mediator between them, after a most obstinate war, and had undertaken to hear a discussion of their several claims to preeminence, and to decide their cause with perfect impartiality. In some copies, indeed, as in those of Nahas and Zanzeni, the two poems are separated; and in that of Obaidalla, the poem of Hareth is totally omitted: a remarkable fact of which I have made some use to a different purpose in a *preliminary dissertation*. Were I to draw my opinion solely from the structure and general terms of Amru's poem, I should conceive that the king of Hira, who, like other tyrants, wished to *make all men just but himself*, and to *have all nations free but his own*, had attempted to enslave the powerful tribe of Tagleb, and to appoint a prefect over them; but that the warlike possessors of the deserts and the forests had openly disclaimed his authority, and employed their principal leader and poet to send him a defiance, and magnify their own independent spirit.

Some Arabian writers assert, that there is abundant reason to believe, that the abovementioned king was killed by the authour of the following poem, who composed it, say they, on that occasion; but the king himself is personally addressed by the poet, and warned against precipitation in deciding the contest; and, where mention is made of *crowned heads left prostrate in the field*, no particular monarch seems to be intended, but the conjunction *copulative* has the force, as it often has in Arabia, of a *frequentative* particle.

Let us then, where certainty cannot be obtained, be satisfied with high probability, and suppose, with Tabreizi, that the two tribes of Beir and Tagleb, having exhausted one another in a long war, to which the murder of Coleib, the Taglebite, had given rise, agreed to terminate their ruinous quarrel, and to make the king of Hira their umpire; that, on the day appointed, the tribes met before the palace or royal tent; and that Amru, the son of Celthum, prince of the Taglebites, either pronounced his poem according to the custom of the Arabs, or stated his pretensions in a solemn speech, which he afterwards versified, that it might be the more easily remembered by his tribe and their posterity.

The oration or poem, or whatever it may be called, is arrogant beyond description, and contains hardly a colour of argument: the prince was, most probably, a vain young man, proud of his accomplishments, and elate with success in his wars; but his production could not fail of becoming extremely popular among his countrymen; and his own family, the descendants of Josham, the son of Beir, were so infatuated by it, that (as one of their own poets admits) *they could scarce ever desist from repeating it, and thought they had attained the summit of glory without any further exertions of virtue*. He begins with a strain perfectly Anacreontick; the elegiack of the former poems not being well adapted to his eager exultation and triumph; yet

there is some mixture of complaint on the departure of his mistress, whose beauties he delineates with a boldness and energy highly characteristic of unpolished manners: the rest of his work consists of menaces, vaunts, and exaggerated applause of his own tribe for their generosity and prowess, the goodness of their horses, the beauty of their women, the extent of their possessions, and even the number of their ships; which boasts were so well founded, that, according to some authours, if Mahomed had not been born, the Taglebites would have appropriated the dominion of all Arabia, and possibly would have erected a mighty state, both civil and maritime.

THE POEM OF AMRU.

Holla! awake sweet damsel, and bring our morning draught, in thy capacious goblet, nor suffer the rich wines of Enderrein to be longer hoarded! Bring the well-tempered wine, that seems to be tinged with saffron; and, when it is diluted with water, overflows the cup.

This is the liquor which diverts the anxious lover from his passion; and, as soon as he tastes it, he is perfectly composed: hence, thou seest the penurious churl, when the circling bowl passes him, grow regardless of his pelf; when its potent flames have seized the discreetest of our youths, thou wouldst imagine him to be in a phrenzy.

Thou turnest the goblet from us, O mother of Amru! for the true course of the goblet is to the right hand. He is not the least amiable of thy three companions, O mother of Amru, to whom thou hast not presented the morning bowl!

How many a cup have I purchased in Balbeck! how many more in Damascus and Kasirein!

Surely our allotted hour of fate will overtake us; since we are destined to death, and death to us!

O stay a while, before we separate, thou lovely rider on camels, that we may relate to thee our sorrows, and thou to us my delights! O stay! that we may inquire, whether thou hast altered thy purpose of departing hastily, or whether thou hast wholly deceived thy too confident lover! In the hateful day of battle, while he struggles amid wounds and blows, may the ruler of the world refresh thy sight with coolness, and gratify it with every desired object!

O Amru! when thou visitest thy fair one in secret, and when the eyes of lurking enemies are closed in rest, she displays two lovely arms, fair and full as the limbs of a

long-necked snow-white young camel, that frisks in the vernal season, over the sandy banks and green hillocks; and two sweet breasts, smooth and white as vessels of ivory, modestly defended from the hand of those who presume to touch them: she discovers her tender shape, tall and well proportioned, and her sides gracefully rising, with all their attendant charms; her hips elegant and swelling, which the entrance of the tent is scarce large enough to admit, and her waist, the beauty of which drives me to madness; with two charming columns of jasper or polished marble, on which hang rings and trinkets, making a stridulous sound.

My youthful passion is rekindled, and my ardent desire revives, when I see the camels of my fair one driven along in the evening; when the towns of Yemima appear in sight, exalted above the plains, and shining like bright sabres in the hands of those who have unsheathed them. *When she departs*, the grief of a she-camel, who seeks her lost foal, and returns despairing with piercing cries, equals not my anguish; nor that of a widow with snowy locks, whose mourning never ceases, for her nine children, of whom nothing remains but what the tomb has concealed.

Such is our fate! This day and the morrow, and the morning after them, are pledged in the hand of Destiny for events of which we have no knowledge.

O son of Hinda, be not precipitate in giving judgment against us! Hear us with patience, and we will give thee certain information that we led our standards to battle, *like camels to the pool*, of a white hue, and bring them back stained with blood, in which they have quenched their thirst; that our days of prosperity, in which we have refused to obey the commands of kings, have been long and brilliant!

Many a chief of his nation, on whom the royal diadem has been placed, the refuge of those who implored his protection, have we left prostrate on the field, while his horses waited by his side, with one of their hoofs bent, and with bridles richly adorned.

Often have we fixed our mansions in Dhu Thaluh, towards the districts of Syria, and have kept at a distance those who menaced us.

We were so disguised in our armour, that the dogs of the tribe snarled at us; yet we stripped the branches from every thorny tree, every armed warrior, that opposed us.

When we roll the milk-stone over a little clan, they are ground to flour in the first battle; from the eastern side of Najd the cloth of the mill is spread, and whatever we cast into it soon becomes impalpable powder.

You alight on your hills as guests are received in their station, and we hasten to give you a warm reception, lest you should

complain of our backwardness: we invite you to our board, and speedily prepare for your entertainment a solid rock, which, before daybreak shall reduce you to dust.

Surely hatred after hatred has been manifested by thee, *O hostile chief*, and my secret anger has been revealed! but we have inherited glory, as the race of Maad well knows; we have fought with valour till our fame has been illustrious. When the falling pillars of your tents quiver over our furniture, we defend our neighbours from the impending ruin. We dispense our gifts to our countrymen, but disdain to share their spoils; and the burdens, which we bear, we support for their advantage. When the troops of the foe are at a distance from us, we dart our javelins; and, when we close in the combat, we strike with sharp sabres; our dark javelins exquisitely wrought of Khathaian reeds, slender and delicate our sabres, bright and piercing: with these we cleave in pieces the heads of our enemies; we mow, we cut down their necks as with sickles: then you might imagine the skulls of heroes on the plain to be the bales of a camel, thrown on the rocky ground. Instead of submitting to them, we crush their heads; and their terror is such that they know not on which side the danger is to be feared. Our cymeters, whose strokes are furiously interchanged, are as little regarded by us, as twisted sashes, in the hands of playful children. Their armour and ours, stained reciprocally with blood, seems to be dyed or painted with the juice of the crimson syringa-flower.

At a time when the tribe is reluctant to charge the foe, apprehensive of some probable disaster; then we lead on our troop, like a mountain with a pointed summit; we preserve our reputation, and advance in the foremost ranks, with youth who consider death as the completion of glory, and with aged heroes, experienced in war: we challenge all the clans together to contend with us, and we boldly preclude their sons from approaching the mansion of our children.

(To be continued.)

SATIRICAL.

From New-York we receive, though not with quite so much regularity as it is printed, an ingenious pamphlet with the appropriate title of "*SALMAGUNDI*, or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Lancelot Langstaff and others." Its avowed object is to smile at the peculiarities of humourists, to deride the follies of fashion, and to expose the absurdity of our institutions. Its editors are a confederacy of men of wit and men of the world; and though they have very carefully concealed themselves from the publick, yet they are not unknown to us. During our Academical life, as we disdain-

ed the dull discipline of a Calvinistick College, we pursued a course of studies of our own choice, and, as our humour prompted, used to raise the Devil with Dr. Faustus, or study the stars like Goodman Ptolemy. Magick had much of our regard. We held sorceresses in high estimation, and had a profound respect for a necromancer. We were skilled in fairy wiles and roscrusian arts and all curious arts but the *black art*, which our honour would not permit us to understand. The moment we heard of this incognito club at New-York, we called for our *books of curious science*, and casting several figures and making divers flourishes with a Jacob's staff, which is a sort of heir-loom in our family, we saw distinctly the whole group of the caterers for Salmagundi; and truly they are purveyors of an exquisite taste,

"Merrier men,
Within the limits of becoming mirth
We never spent an hour's talk withal."

In the following poignant essay, the writer, who is a well principled Federalist, a wit, and a cavalier, has derided a chattering country with great liveliness of description, and all the sharpness of satire. *Satis eloquentie, sapientie parum*, is the characteristick of Columbia as well as of Cataline. We talk incessantly, and talk loud, and Candour is willing to acknowledge that many talk well. But after bellowing vehemently, do our politicians act wisely? Do we follow up angry orations with valiant actions, and is our spirit of the same tone with our speeches? No; the reverse is lamentably the case. Like our *red brethren*, we have many a *long talk*, but we have neither their *war-whoop*, nor their dexterous stratagem.

We cannot conclude this introduction, without again commending the conductors of this facetious miscellany. The style of Mustapha, without servility, very successfully emulates GOLDSMITH's manner in the Citizen of the World.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN,

To ASEM HACCHEM principal slave-driver to his highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.

I promised in a former letter, good Asem, that I would furnish thee with a few hints respecting the nature of the government by which I am held in durance.—Though my inquiries for that purpose have been industrious, yet I am not perfectly satisfied with their results, for thou mayest easily imagine that the vision of a captive is

overshadowed by the mists of illusion and prejudice, and the horizon of his speculations must be limited indeed.

I find that the people of this country are strangely at a loss to determine the nature and proper character of their government. Even their dervises are extremely in the dark as to this particular, and are continually indulging in the most preposterous disquisitions on the subject; some have insisted that it savors of an *aristocracy*; others maintain that it is a *pure democracy*; and a third set of theorists declare absolutely that it is nothing more nor less than a *mobocracy*. The latter, I must confess, though still wide in error, have come nearest to the truth. You of course must understand the meaning of these different words, as they are derived from the ancient greek language, and bespeak loudly the verbal poverty of these poor infidels, who cannot utter a learned phrase without laying the dead languages under contribution. A man, my dear Asem, who talks good sense in his native tongue, is held in tolerable estimation in this country; but a fool who clothes his feeble ideas in a foreign or antique garb, is bowed down to, as a literary prodigy. While I conversed with these people in plain English, I was but little attended to, but the moment I prosed away in Greek, every one looked up to me with veneration as an oracle.

Although the dervises differ widely in the particulars abovementioned yet they all agree in terming their government one of the most *pacifick* in the known world. I cannot help pitying their ignorance, and smiling at times to see into what ridiculous errors those nations will wander who are unenlightened by the precepts of Mahomet, our divine prophet, and uninstructed by the five hundred and forty-nine books of wisdom of the immortal Ibrahim Hassan al Fusti. To call this nation *pacifick*! most preposterous! it reminds me of the title assumed by the Sheek of that murderous tribe of wild Arabs, who desolate the valleys of Bel-saden, who styles himself *star of courtesy*—*beam of the mercy seat*!

The simple truth of the matter is, that these people are totally ignorant of their own true character; for, according to the best of my observation, they are the most warlike, and I must say, the most savage nation that I have as yet discovered among all the barbarians. They are not only at war (in their own way) with almost every nation on earth, but they are at the same time engaged in the most complicated knot of civil wars that ever infested any poor unhappy country on which ALLAH has denounced his malediction!

To let thee at once into a secret, which is unknown to these people themselves, their government is a pure unadulterated LOGOCRACY or *government of words*. The whole nation does every thing *viva voce*, or, by word of mouth, and in this manner is one of the most military nations in existence. Every man who has, what is here called, the *gift of the gab*, that is, a plentiful stock of verbosity, becomes a soldier outright, and is forever in a militant state. The country is entirely defended *vi et lingua*, that is to say, by *force of tongues*. The account which I lately wrote to our friend the snorer, respecting the immense army of six hundred men, makes nothing against this observation; that formidable body being kept up, as I have already observed only to amuse their fair country women by their splendid appearance and nodding plumes, and are, by way of distinction, denominated the "*defenders of the fair*."

In a logocracy thou well knowest there is little or no occasion for fire arms, or any such destructive weapons. Every offensive or defensive measure is enforced by *wordy battle*, and *paper war*; he who has the longest tongue, or readiest quill, is sure to gain the victory—will carry horror, abuse, and *ink shed* into the very trenches of the enemy, and without mercy or remorse, put men, women, and children, to the point of the—pen!

There are still preserved in this country some remains of that gothick spirit of knight-errantry, which so much annoyed the faithful in the middle ages

of the Hejira. As, notwithstanding their martial disposition, they are a people much given to commerce and agriculture, and must necessarily at certain seasons be engaged in these employments, they have accommodated themselves by appointing knights, or constant warriors, incessant brawlers, similar to those, who, in former ages, swore eternal enmity to the followers of our divine prophet.—These knights denominated editors or SLANG-WHANGERS are appointed in every town, village and district, to carry on both foreign and internal warfare, and may be said to keep up a constant firing "in words." Oh, my friend, could you but witness the enormities sometimes committed by these tremendous slang-whangers, your very turban would rise with horror and astonishment. I have seen them extend their ravages even into the kitchens of their opponents, and annihilate the very cook with a blast; and I do assure thee, I beheld one of these warriors attack a most venerable bashaw, and at one stroke of his pen lay him open from the waistband of his breeches to his chin!

There has been a civil war carrying on with great violence for some time past, in consequence of a conspiracy among the higher classes, to dethrone his highness, the present bashaw, and place another in his stead. I was mistaken when I formerly asserted to thee that this disaffection arose from his wearing *red breeches*. It is true the nation have long held that colour in great detestation in consequence of a dispute they had some twenty years since with the barbarians of the British islands. The colour, however, is again rising into favour, as the ladies have transferred it to their heads from the bashaw's—body. The true reason I am told, is that the bashaw absolutely refuses to believe in the deluge, and in the story of Balaam's ass;—maintaining that this animal was never yet permitted to talk except in a genuine logocracy, where it is true his voice may often be heard, and is listened to with reverence as "the voice of the sovereign people." Nay, so far

did he carry his obstinacy that he absolutely invited a professed *anti-deluvian* from the Gallick empire, who illuminated the whole country with his principles—and his *nose*. This was enough to set the nation in a blaze—every slang-whanger resorted to his tongue or his pen; and for seven years have they carried on a most inhuman war, in which volumes of words have been expended, oceans of ink have been shed; nor has any mercy been shown to age, sex, or condition. Every day have these slang-whangers made furious attacks upon each other, and upon their respective adherents, discharging their heavy artillery, consisting of large sheets, loaded with scoundrel! villain! liar! rascal! numskull! nincompoop! dunderhead! wiseacre! blockhead! jackass! And I do swear by my beard, though I know thou wilt scarcely credit me, that in some of these skirmishes the grand bashaw himself has been wofully pelted! yea, mostignominiously pelted!—and yet have these talking desperadoes escaped without the bastinado!

Every now and then, a slang-whanger, who has a longer head, or rather a *longer tongue*, than the rest, will elevate his piece and discharge a shot quite across the ocean, levelled at the head of the Emperor of France, the King of England; or, (wouldst thou believe it, oh, Asem) even at his sublime highness the bashaw of Tripoli! these long pieces are loaded with single ball or langrage, as tyrant! usurper! robber! tyger! monster! And thou mayest well suppose, they occasion great distress and dismay in the camps of the enemy, and are marvelously annoying to the crowned heads at which they were directed. The slang-whanger, though perhaps the mere champion of a village, having fired off his shot, struts about with great self-congratulation, chuckling at the prodigious bustle he must have occasioned, and seems to ask of every stranger, “Well, sir, what do they think of me in Europe.”* This is suffi-

cient to show you the manner in which these bloody, or rather *windy* fellows fight; it is the only mode allowable in a *logocracy* or government of words. I would also observe that their civil wars have a thousand ramifications.

While the fury of the battle rages in the metropolis, every little town and village has a distinct broil, growing like excrescences out of the grand national altercation, or rather agitating within it, like those complicated pieces of mechanism where there is a “wheel within a wheel.”

But in nothing is the verbose nature of this government more evident, than in its grand national divan, or congress, where the laws are framed; this is a blustering windy assembly where every thing is carried by noise, tumult and debate; for thou must know, that the members of this assembly do not meet together to find out wisdom in the multitude of counselors, but to wrangle, call each other hard names, and hear *themselves* talk. When the Congress opens, the bashaw first sends them a long message (i. e. a huge mass of words—*vox et pretereæ nihil*) all meaning nothing; because it only tells them what they perfectly know already. Then the whole assembly are thrown into a ferment, and have a *long talk*, about the quantity of words that are to be returned in answer to this message; and

the following anecdote, related either by Linkum Fidelius, or Josephus Millerius, vulgarly called Joe Miller—of facetious memory.

The captain of a slave vessel, on his first landing on the coast of Guinea, observed under a palm-tree a negro chief sitting most majestically on a stump, while two women, with wooden spoons, were administering his favourite pottage of boiled rice, which, as his imperial majesty was a little greedy, would part of it escape the place of destination, and run down his chin. The watchful attendants were particularly careful to intercept these *scape-grace* particles, and return them to their proper port of entry. As the captain approached, in order to admire this curious exhibition of royalty, the great chief clapped his hands to his sides, and saluted his visitor with the following pompous question, “Well, sir! what do they say of me in England?”

NOTE, BY WILLIAM WIZARD, ESQ.

* The sage Mustapha, when he wrote the above paragraph, had probably in his eye

here arises many disputes about the correction and alteration of "*if so be*," and "*how so evers*." A month, perhaps, is spent in thus determining the precise number of words the answer shall contain, and then another, most probably, in concluding whether it shall be carried to the bashaw on foot, on horseback or in coaches. Having settled this weighty matter, they next fall to work upon the message itself, and hold as much chattering over it as so many magpies over an addled egg. This done they divide the message into small portions, and deliver them into the hands of little juntos of *talkers*, called committees: these juntos have each a world of talking about their respective paragraphs, and return the results to the grand divan, which forthwith falls to and *re-talks* the matter over more earnestly than ever. Now after all, it is an even chance that the subject of this prodigious arguing, quarrelling, and talking, is an affair of no importance, and ends entirely in smoke. May it not then be said, that the whole nation have been talking to no purpose? the people, in fact seem to be somewhat conscious of this propensity to talk, by which they are characterized, and have a favourite proverb on the subject, viz. "all talk and no cider;" this is particularly applied when their congress (or assembly of all the sage chatters of the nation) have chattered through a whole session, in a time of great peril and momentous event, and have done nothing but exhibit the length of their tongues and the emptiness of their heads. This has been the case more than once, my friend; and to let thee into a secret, I have been told in confidence, that there have been absolutely several old women smuggled into congress from different parts of the empire, who having once got on the breeches, as thou may'st well imagine, have taken the lead in debate, and overwhelmed the whole assembly with their garrulity; for my part, as times go, I do not see why old women should not be as eligible to publick councils as old men, who possess their dispositions—they certainly

are eminently possessed of the qualifications requisite to govern in a logocracy.

Nothing, as I have repeatedly insisted, can be done in this country without talking, but they take so long to talk over a measure, that by the time they have determined upon adopting it, the period has elapsed, which was proper for carrying it into effect. Unhappy nation—thus torn to pieces by intestine talks! never, I fear will it be restored to tranquillity and silence. Words are but breath—breath is but air; and air put in motion is nothing but wind. This vast empire, therefore, may be compared to nothing more nor less than a mighty windmill, and the orators, and the chatters, and the slang-whangers, are the breezes that put it in motion; unluckily, however, they are apt to blow different ways, and their blasts counteracting each other—the mill is perplexed, the wheels stand still, the grist is unground, and the miller and his family starved.

Every thing partakes of the windy nature of the government. In case of any domestick grievance, or an insult from a foreign foe, the people are all in a buzz—town meetings are immediately held, where the quid-nuncs of the city repair, each like an Atlas, with the cares of the whole nation upon his shoulders, each resolutely bent upon saving his country, and each swelling and strutting like a turkey-cock, puffed up with words, and wind, and nonsense. After bustling, and buzzing, and bawling for some time, and after each man has shown himself to be indubitably the greatest personage in the meeting, they pass a string of resolutions (i. e. *words*) which were *previously prepared* for the purpose; these resolutions are whimsically denominated the *sense* of the meeting, and are sent off for the instruction of the reigning bashaw, who receives them graciously, puts them into his red breeches pocket, forgets to read them—and so the matter ends.

As to his highness, the present bashaw, who is, at the very top of the logocracy, never was a dignitary bet-

ter qualified for his station. He is a man of superlative ventosity, and comparable to nothing but a huge bladder of wind. He *talks* of vanquishing all opposition by the force of reason and philosophy; throws his gauntlet at all the nations of the earth and defies them to meet him—on the field of argument!—Is the national dignity insulted, a case in which his highness of Tripoli would immediately call forth his forces—the bashaw of America—utters a *speech*. Does a foreign invader molest the commerce in the very mouth of the harbours, an insult which would induce his highness of Tripoli to order out his fleets—his highness of America utters a *speech*. Are the *free* citizens of America dragged from on board the vessels of their country and forcibly detained in the war ships of another power—his highness—utters a *speech*. Is a peaceable citizen killed by the marauders of a foreign power, on the very shores of his country—his highness—utters a *speech*. Does an alarming insurrection break out in a distant part of the empire—his highness—utters a *speech*!—nay, more, for here he shows his “energies”—he most intrepidly despatches a courier on horseback, and orders him to ride one hundred and twenty miles a day, with a most formidable army of *proclamations*, (i. e. a collection of words) packed up in his saddle-bags. He is instructed to show no favour nor affection, but to charge the thickest ranks of the enemy, and to speechify and batter by words the conspiracy and the conspirators out of existence. Heavens, my friend, what a deal of blustering is here; it reminds me of a dunghill cock in a farm-yard, who, having accidentally in his scratchings found a worm, immediately begins a most vociferous cackling—calls around him his *hen-hearted* companions, who run chattering from all quarters to gobble up the poor little worm that happened to turn under his eye. Oh, Asem! Asem! on what a prodigious great scale is every thing in this country!

Thus, then, I conclude my observations. The infidel nations have each

a separate characteristic trait, by which they may be distinguished from each other; the Spaniards, for instance, may be said to *sleep* upon every affair of importance—the Italians to *fiddle* upon every thing—the French to *dance* upon every thing—the Germans to *smoke* upon every thing—the British islanders to *eat* upon every thing,—and the *windy* subjects of the American logocracy to *talk* upon every thing.

Ever thine

MUSTAPHA.

LAW INTELLIGENCE.

POLICE OF LONDON.

A young man, named Hervey, a drummer to the Bishopsgate corps of volunteers, was charged with a violent assault and battery upon an old lady named Foxham, who keeps an oyster-stall in Bishopsgate street. From the old lady's statement, it appeared, that this *tormentor of parchment*, with several others his companions, came to her stall in a very riotous manner, and said they must have some of her wares; but, suspecting they meant to *bilk* her, she refused to open them any; upon which the delinquent, in a very unsoldierlike way, beat a tattoo about her head with as little feeling as if he had been thumping his own drum, blackened one of her eyes, upset her magazine of shellfish, spilled her vinegar, dispersed her pepper to the winds, and threw her half penny-roll in the mud.

The drummer denied the charge altogether, and said he only asked her to open him a penny worth of oysters: that she refused, pushed him away, and discharged her whole battery of shells at him. He gave a very *blinking* account, however, about the old lady's black eye. The Lord Mayor, after giving him a very severe reprimand for his unsoldierly, inhuman, and ruffianly conduct, ordered that he should immediately retire, and satisfy the poor woman amply for the injury he had done, or find bail to stand trial.

Sept. 5.—This day a dowager, about fifty-six, named Martin, who exhibit-

ed one conspicuous black eye, charged a Mr. M'Gloughlin, a foreign gentleman, who lodged in the same house, with knocking her down at her lodgings on Thursday night, beating her unmercifully, and giving her the black eye.

The charge was corroborated upon the venerable testimony of her mother, a lady whose age seemed converging to the termination of her first century.

Mr. M'Gloughlin being called on for his plea of defence to this charge, stated that it arose from jealousy, not indeed of an amorous kind. He was in his own apartment opposite that of these ladies, retiring to rest with his wife, when he suddenly heard a most obstreperous volley of eloquence at his door, discharged by the junior dowager, in which she greeted him by all the opprobrious epithets which her fancy, aided by the inspiration of her duffy bottle, could suggest. He opened the door to entreat a parley, and inquire into the cause of the good lady's ire; but she flew upon him like a lynx, tattooed his visage with her claws, which immediately brought the purling streams of blood meandering down his cheeks. He endeavoured to retreat from the attack, but the lady followed up her first essay, and in endeavouring to make a second spring at her object, missed her pounce, and fell flat on the floor, when she immediately seized Mr. M'Gloughlin by the legs, made a desperate attack on them *unguibus et rostro*, and brought him down. He endeavoured, in vain, to extricate himself from her clutches, and declared he was obliged to strike her in order to force her to let him loose. The only reason she assigned for her violent attack, was, that he had one day the audacity to tell her, that he liked the manners and deportment of her mother better than her own.

The Lord Mayor very patiently reprimanded the unmanly circumstance of striking a woman, in any case, but much more so a woman of the plaintiff's advanced years; and insisted upon satisfaction being made to her.

Yesterday a full grown, well-dressed, and gentlemanlike lady, named Basset, who would certainly have carried the prize at any show of *female magnitude* in Leistershire, Woburn and elsewhere, was charged by a Mrs. Boon, the wife of a publican, who keeps the sign of the Rose, in the Old Bailey, with very disorderly and riotous behaviour, breaking her bar windows, demolishing several bottles of her reviving cordials, and assaulting her husband on the preceding night.

It appeared that Mrs. Basset who attired herself on Thursday evening in her conversation bonnet, snow-white gown, and rich black lace Spanish cloak, for a visit to the cheerful shrine of Saint Bartholomew, in Smithfield, had gone thither with a few friends; and having lost or being lost by them in the fair, on her return homewards, she called in at the sign of the Rose, to revive her exhausted spirits, with just a drop or two of Queen's cordial. But Mrs. Boon seeing the lady rather *full blown* and in *high colour*, and fragrant already from the *pytsan* she had taken at the fair, did not choose to comply with her wishes. Upon which Mrs. Basset, in the language of the Old Bailey, nabbed the rust; insisted upon some liquor, would not quit the house without it, and began to blow up the hostess and blast the rose. Mr. Boon, good man, "*who did not like to have none of that there piece of work,*" endeavoured, by a little gentle force, to urge Mrs. Basset into the open air; upon which, she faced about, *tipt him a Belcher* in the best eye, and then darted her fist through the bar window up to her shoulder, demolishing bottles, glasses and cordials, altogether amounting to 25s.

Mrs. Basset in her vindication, said, she only went into the house to take shelter from the rain, and that Boon insisted she should not stay there, as she had no money to spend; that he had turned her out, torn her cloak, knocked her into the kennel, and sent her to the Compter. This story, however, being disproved, except the Compter part, Mrs. Basset was or-

dered to pay the damages, to which, with great reluctance, she consented.

MISCELLANY.

Among the many extraordinary characters which have started up in our romantic country, few have attracted more curiosity than a gentleman by the name of Burr, who, during the revolutionary war, was an officer in the American Army, and who, within a short period, has been charged with treason in the west, has been illegally prosecuted, and by a sort of confederacy of jacobinical editors, has been, to the mockery of all law and justice, condemned unheard. Dazzled by the splendour of this corruscating meteor, continually darting across our American hemisphere, some Kentucky Plutarch has in the following very extraordinary manner described his impressions at the sight. As the style of this singular composition is altogether to the taste of the great majority of our loving countrymen, I beg leave to recommend the authour as eminently qualified to shine as a July orator.

PORTRAIT OF BURR.

Frankfort, August 30th, 1805.

My dear Friend,

I have, at length, been gratified with a sight of the late Vice-President, Aaron Burr. He arrived in this place on the 28th instant from New-Orleans. A few days after, I had the honour of spending an evening in his company. I know you will laugh at the idea of my awkwardness; but be it as it may, I had some good solid looks at him; and can tell you something about him.

His stature is about five feet six inches; he is a spare, meagre form, but of an elegant symmetry; his complexion is fair and transparent; his dress was fashionable and rich, but not flashy. He is a man of an erect and dignified deportment; his presence is commanding; his aspect mild, firm, luminous and impressive. His physiognomy is of the French configuration: his forehead is prominent, broad, retreating, indicative of great expansion of mind, immense range of thought, and amazing exuberance of fancy; but too smooth and regular for great altitude of conception, and those original, eccentric and daring aberrations of superior genius. The eye-brows are thin, nearly horizontal, and top far

from the eye; his nose is nearly rectilinear, too slender between the eyes, rather inclined to the right side; gently elevated, which betrays a degree of haughtiness; too obtuse at the end for great acuteness of penetration, brilliancy of wit, or poignancy of satire; and too small to sustain his ample and capacious forehead; his eyes are of ordinary size, of a dark hazle; and from the shade of his projecting eye-bones and brows, appear black, they glow with all the ardour of vernal fire, and scintillate with the most tremulous sensibility—they roll with the celerity and phrenzy of poetick fervour, and beam with the most vivid and piercing rays of genius. His mouth is large; his voice is manly, clear and melodious; his lips are thin, extremely flexible, and when silent, gently closed; but opening with facility to distil the honey which trickles from his tongue. His chin is rather retreating and voluptuous. To analyse his face with physiognomical scrutiny, you may discover many unimportant traits; but upon the first blush, or a superficial view, they are obscured like the spots in the sun, by a radiance that dazzles and fascinates the sight.

In company, Burr is rather taciturn. When he speaks, it is with such animation, with such apparent frankness and negligence, as to induce a person to believe he was a man of guileless and ingenuous heart; but in my opinion there is no human creature more reserved, mysterious, and inscrutable.

I have heard a great deal of Chesterfield and the graces. Surely Burr is the epitome—the essence of them all; for never were their charms displayed with such potency and irresistible attraction. He seems passionately fond of female society, and there is no being better calculated to succeed and shine in that sphere; to the ladies he is all attention—all devotion—in conversation he gazes on them with complacency and rapture, and when he addresses them, it is with that smiling affability, those captivating gestures, that *je ne sçai quoi*, those dissolving looks, that soft, sweet, and

insinuating eloquence, which takes the soul captive before it can prepare for defence. In short, he is the most perfect model of an accomplished gentleman that could be formed, even by the wanton imagination of poetry or fiction. But, alas! my friend, what avails these splendid talents—that transcendent address—nay, all the blessings that heaven can bestow, without that solace, that inestimable boon, content and tranquillity! Burr is an exemplary, an illustrious instance of the capriciousness of popular admiration, and the mutability of human glory and felicity. But why should we wonder at popular instability and clamour—a discordant voice that vilifies and arraigns even Omnipotence itself? The circumstances that have thus contributed to blast the popularity and poison the peace and happiness of this unfortunate man, are lamentable indeed; but he who will presume to ascribe them to a corruption or depravity of heart, rather than to the fallibility of man, and the frailty of human passions, must be blinded by his own venom and utterly estranged to every sentiment of compassion, and that lenient and divine maxim which instructs us, that where opposing presumptions are of equal weight, the scale should always preponderate on the side of mercy. Confident I am that there is no person more sincerely penitent for this misfortune, than him who was the instrument. Yes, my friend, even Burr, the inimitable Burr, is disturbed, is unhappy! Often did I mark the perturbation of his mind, the agonizing sensations which wrung his too susceptible heart, and which in spite of his philosophy and sprightliness, wrote themselves in the darkest shades of his countenance; and when I beheld the melancholy, the saturnine clouds which often enveloped his bleeding, his magnanimous soul, my feelings were melted with a thrilling, a sublime sympathy—the tears started in my eyes, and could I have given them the efficacy of the angels, I would have expiated his crime—I would have blotted out the imputation from the memory of man, and the records of heaven!

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the willow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measure'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

During the celebrated controversy betwixt Mr. Boyle and Dr. Bentley, on the subject of the Epistles of Phalaris, some Cambridge wags made the following pun. They exhibited in a print, Phalaris' guards thrusting Dr. Bentley into the tyrant's brazen bull, and this label issuing from the Doctor's mouth—"I had much rather be roasted than boiled!"

Literal Translation from a Bourdeaux paper, showing one of the elegant and pure manners of the Great Nation.

LATEST FASHIONS AT PARIS.

"There has been much clamour against stays (corsets) and whale-bones and yet every young lady now wears stays and whale-bones, nay there is even a *professor of Stays*, like a professor of Belles Lettres, attached to every Boarding School. Every week Mr. professor visits and inspects the waists of his young élèves, makes them manœuvre and display their shapes for half an hour, while you hear him roaring out "Mademoiselle Julie, a little more on your right haunch; Mademoiselle Amanda, don't poke out your stomach so much; Mademoiselle Georgiana, your elbows have no play, your arms are falling to pieces, your body is not ballanced in a direct line; and all of you young ladies, pray remember that you must use your left as well as your right hand, and that, notwithstanding the perfection of my *corsets*, she that uses her right hand more than her left, will infallibly become hump-backed."

IMITATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Belinda, would'st thou seek to prove
If still thy heart be fit for love,
Go, pierce the deep embow'ring shades,
Go, muse along the silent glades;
If there the brook, that murmur'ing flows,
If Zephyr—if the breathing rose—

If these thy heart to transport move,
Belinda, it is fit for love!

But, ah! if 'mid the wild wood's charms,
Wherespreads the oak his moss-grown arms,
If tuneful birds—if rising day—
If ev'ning's purple westerling ray—
If, on the boundless pebbly shore,
Thou list the glitt'ring ocean's roar—
And if thy heart no transport move,
Oh never, never speak of love!

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

A work entitled *More Miseries, being a continuation of The Miseries of Human Life*, having been recently advertised—WILLIAM MILLER respectfully informs the publick, that it has no connexion whatever with that published by him, in June last, under the title of—*The Miseries of Human Life*—and which has already gone through *Five Editions*, that he is now permitted to announce the name of the Rev. JAMES BERESFORD, Fellow of Merton College, Oxford, as the real and sole authour of the last-named performance; and that no present or future production (under whatever title) upon the subject in question is to be considered as that of the original authour of the *Miseries*, &c. unless it be advertised as published by William Miller, who takes this opportunity of giving notice, that a second and entirely new volume of the *Miseries*, &c. is in preparation, and will be published in January next.

MARRIAGE.

On Tuesday, at Stingford Church, Dorsetshire, Lord Marsham, only son of the Earl of Romney, to Miss Pitt, daughter and sole heiress of Wm. Morton Pitt, Esq. M. P. for Dorset, with a fortune of 60,000*l.* and an estate of 12,000*l.* per annum, independent of the estates of her father. Mr. and Mrs. M. Pitt gave the lady away, while Colonel Noel and Miss Beckford officiated on the occasion. The early part of the morning the whole of the unmarried female branches of the neighbouring tenantry and villages attended at Kingston-house, the seat of W. M. Pitt, Esq. every female attired in an elegant white muslin dress, provided for them, as a present on the occasion,

by Miss Pitt; after refreshments, about forty couple proceeded two-and-two before the procession to the church, strewing on the way (before the happy couple) in the ancient style, flowers of every description, and after the ceremony they returned in the same order, attended by near 300 spectators, to Kingston-house, where a dinner was provided in booths on the lawn, and the festive eve concluded with a ball on the green, in which the nobility present shared in the mirth. Early in the evening, the happy couple and suite set off in post carriages to pass the honey-moon at the lady's own seat, Hinchcombe-house, Dorset.

The following beautiful lines upon Sir William Jones, are from Grant's Poem upon the restoration of learning in the east.

His was the soul, by fear nor interest sway'd,
The purest passions, and the wisest head,
The heart so tender and the wit so true,
Yet this no malice, that no weakness knew;
The song, to Virtue as the Muses dear,
Though glowing chaste, and lovely though severe.

What gorgeous trophies crown his youthful bloom,

The spoils august of Athens and of Rome.
And, lo! untouch'd by British brows before,
Yet nobler trophies wait on Asia's shore:
There, at his magick voice, what wonders rise!

Th' astonish'd East unfolds her mysteries;
Round her dark shrine a sudden blaze he showers,

And all unveil'd the proud Pantheon's towers.
Where, half unheard, Time's formless billows glide,

Alone he stems the dim discover'd tide;
Wide o'er the expanse as darts his radiant sight,

At once the vanish'd ages roll in light.
Old India's Genius, bursting from repose,
Bids all his tombs their mighty dead disclose;

Immortal names! though long immers'd in shade,

Long lost to song, tho' destin'd not to fade.
O'er all the master of the spell presides,
Their march arranges, and their order guides;
Bids here or there their ranks or gleam or blaze

With hues of elder or of later days.

* This alludes to the various elucidations which Sir W. Jones has given of Hindoo mythology.

See, where in British robes sage Menu†
shines,
And willing Science opens her Sancreet mines!
His are the triumphs of her ancient lyres,
Her tragick sorrows, and her epick fires;
Her earliest arts, and learning's sacred store,
And strains sublime of philosophick lore:
Bright in his view their gather'd pomp ap-
pears,

The treasur'd wisdom of a thousand years.
Oh, could my verse, in characters of day,
The living colours of thy mind portray,
And on the skeptick, 'midst his impious
dreams,

Flash all the brightness of their mingled
beams!

Then should he know, how talents various,
bright,

With pure Devotion's holy thoughts unite;
And blush (if yet a blush survive) to see
What genius, honour, virtue ought to be.

Philosopher—yet to no system tied,
Patriot—yet friend to all the world beside;
Ardent with temper, and with judgment
bold,

Firm, though not stern, and though correct,
not cold;

Profound to reason, or to charm us gay,
Learn'd without pride, and not too wise to
pray.

At the time of the marriage of the
Duke of Wirtemberg, the following
couplet was handed about. His high-
ness was unusually corpulent, and also
of a very warm temperament.

"Quoth Wirtemberg's duke, I burn with
desire,"

"Then, Cupid exclaims, all the fat 's in the
fire."

These lines cannot be said to be very
applicable to the present Prince (Je-
rome) and Princess of Wirtemberg.
A wit thinks, however, with a trivial
alteration, they would not be very un-
apt, if the spare form of his Imperial
Highness is considered:

"Quoth Wirtemberg's prince, I burn with
desire,"

"Says the princess, *n'importe*, there 's no
fat in the fire." *Walpole Wag.*

INTEGRITY OF THE AMERICAN BAR.

We have repeatedly taken occasion to
speak with our loudest emphasis of the
probity as well as the talents of a learned
profession, who are perpetually assailed by

† In reference to Sir W. Jones's celebrated
translation of "The Institutes of Menu,"
the great Indian legislator.

the American vulgar. Genius and Virtue
are always hated by every Vandal and eve-
ry villain. The flame of persecution, which
these execrable wretches have long been
kindling, we hope soon to see extinguished
in their own blood. As another proof of
the integrity of our lawyers, if a new proof
be wanting, we subjoin the following reso-
lution of the Cumberland Bar. It exhibits
all the delicacy of the moral sense, and all
the spirit of scholars and gentlemen.

CUMBERLAND BAR.

Whereas it is essential to the ho-
nour and reputation of the Bar, and
highly conducive to the good of the
community, that all suits of law
should be originated with *pure* mo-
tives, and conducted to their issue
with candour and fidelity; and where-
as it is more especially important that
no bond, note, or demand, should be
directly or indirectly purchased or ob-
tained by loan or advance of monies
thereon, with the corrupt view of mul-
tiplying actions and accumulating
costs: It is therefore *resolved* as the
united sense of the Cumberland Bar,
that no counsellor or practising at-
torney can consistently with his oath
or duty, or with honour or honesty,
directly or indirectly purchase, or
otherwise obtain by loan or advancing
money thereon, or promising so to do,
or raising expectation thereof, or by
any other means, any bonds, notes,
securities or demands whatever, with
intent, and for the purpose of com-
mencing actions thereon, and there-
by creating controversies and costs:
and it is further resolved as the opi-
nion of the Bar, that such conduct in
a counsellor or practising attorney,
is a *desertion of moral principle*; a *vi-
olation of professional confidence and
duty*; a *disgrace to the Bar*; and a
mischief in society.

And to prevent the imputation of
such conduct to the Bar, as a *body*,
when it may be deserved by *individu-
als* thereof only, it is further resolved,
that the secretary of the Bar forth-
with cause an attested copy of the
foregoing resolutions to be published
in the Portland Gazette and Eastern
Argus, for three weeks successively.
A true copy from the Record of said Bar.

Attest,

HORATIO SOUTHGATE, Sec'y.

From the Anti-Jacobin Review.

Sir,

I send you a trifle that was written some years ago, and suggested, I believe, by the "Needy Knife Grinder" of your illustrious predecessour, the original Anti-Jacobin. Whatever may become of the sentiment, the sapphick metre seems to be pretty correct. We must suppose a philosophical Jacobin, who had been contemplating with rapture the massacres at Lyons, La Vendee, &c. And that soon after, on considering the fate of a Goose that had been roasted and eaten in the house of a loyal gentleman, he breaks out into the following poetick-patriotick whinnings.

BENVOLIO.

Sappha's Lamentation of a Jacobin on the demolition of a roasted Goose.

Scaly Goose-gander, what a sad mishap this!
Innocent throat cut—not a friend to save thee,

While cruel cook, sans pity, Goosey gander,
Sticks on a vile spit.

Scaly Goose-gander, whither art thou wander'd?

Not, as thy bard sings, in a lady's chamber;
Tho' to that room thy pretty snowy plumes may

Pass in a down bed.

Pluck'd are thy plumes all lily bright and shiny.

Now, alas! e'en thy merry-thought's a sad thought;

And the dear breast bone, lie upon the tyrant,

Turn'd to a skip-jack.

This the proud tyrant's little boys and girls took,

Making it skip where thou! alas, devour'd wast.

Cobler, how cou'dst thou pitiless supply wax

For such a foul deed?

Jacobins thee would not abuse so grossly.

Tender are their hearts—regicides and atheists

Melt at each downfal of a bug or louse destroy'd by the tyrants.

MERRIMENT.

Mr. George Wood, as amiable as a man, as he is eminent as a special pleader, was at the theatre seeing the play of Macbeth. In the scene where Macbeth questions the witches in the cavern, what they are doing, they an-

swer, "a deed without a name." This phrase struck the ears of the special pleader much more forcibly than the most energetick passages of the play, and he immediately remarked to a friend who accompanied him. "A deed without a name, why 'tis void."

Mrs. S. of faro memory, was reproaching her daughter with her frequent disappointments, in not having been able to get married. "Ah, child!" said she, "if you had played your cards as I have done, you would have got off long ago." "Ah mother!" she replied, "I *should* have got off long ago, if you had *not* played your cards at all."

On the corporation of London presenting the freedom of the city to Admiral Rodney, in a *gold* box; and to Admiral Keppel, in a box of *Heart of Oak*; Mr. Whitefoord wrote the following epigram:

Each admiral's defective part,

Satirick cites, you've told;

The cautious *Keppel* wanted *heart*,

And gallant *Rodney*, *gold*.

Mr. Pitt, walking one dark evening, with the late Edmund Burke, and the latter coming to a short post fixed in the pavement, which, in the earnestness of conversation, he took to be a boy standing in his way, said, hastily, "get out of the way, boy." "That boy, sir," said the minister, very calmly, "is a *post-boy*, who never turns out of his way for any body."

A carpenter passing by with a deal board on his shoulder, hit Mr. Pratt on the head with the end of it; when perceiving what he had done, he cried out, "Have a care, sir." "Why," replied Mr. Pratt, "do you intend to hit me again?"

Dr. Parr is not very delicate in the choice of his expressions, when heated by argument or contradiction. He once called a clergyman a *fool*, who, indeed, was little better. The clergyman said, he would complain of this usage to the Bishop. "Do," said the

Doctor, "and my lord Bishop will confirm you."

Rowland Hill, holding forth at the chapel in Wapping to a crowded audience, used the following phrase, "You are all sinners! great sinners, vile sinners, wicked sinners, *Wapping sinners!*" The last phrase bearing a double meaning, some of the congregation considered it as particularly aimed at their own vicinity, and drove him from the pulpit.

An eminent collector of books, who seldom reads any thing beyond the title page, told Professor Porson once that he was fond of books in *folio*. "There," said the professor, "I differ from you: I like them best in *fructu*."

When Graham the auctioneer had the impudence to stand candidate for Westminster, his coach one day happened to prevent Lord Wm. Russel's from drawing up. On this his lordship desired the coachman to drive off; at the same time calling to the owner, "Mr. Auctioneer, your coach is a going! a going! a going! gone!"

At a representation of the *Chances* at Plymouth, two or three years ago, Miss Mellon performed the part of the Second Constantia. A young midshipman was enraptured with her; and when she recited, "Now, if any young fellow would take a liking to me, and make an honest woman of me, I'd make him the best wife in the world." "I will, by G-d," exclaimed the tar; "and I have two year's pay to receive next Friday."

Mr. Reynolds was at one of the Dutchess of B——'s masquerades, when, being known, some of the characters took occasion to rally him on having introduced his dog Carlo, as one of the Dramatis Personæ, in his new farce, *THE CARAVAN*. "Why," said he, "to tell you the truth, our poets have gone over the same ground so often, that I was forced to go to *New-found-land* in search of novelty."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following lines were written by a lady, and addressed to Mr. Trott, an artist deservedly celebrated for the character and style of his paintings.

Think 'tis for Love's fastidious eye,
So hard to please, your skill you try,
Who, conscious of your power, demands
The finish'd portrait from your hands.
Then let him in the picture trace
More than the image of my face;
Let him, in every line express'd,
Behold what passes in my breast.
But is not this beyond your art?
Or are you skill'd to read the heart?
And can your pencil's magick touch,
Say all, but yet not say too much?
Can it bid warm affection glow?
Can it a grateful passion show?
Can it a face so plain as mine
Irradiate with that air divine,
Which love, love only can impart,
Which speaks the fond, devoted heart?
Can it to memory restore
My form, when I'm beheld no more,
And make the faithful picture glow
With feeling which no words can show?

Lines addressed by a lady in New York to a young lady in Philadelphia.

For thee, dear girl, I'd wishes form,
That pain and sorrow ne'er were known,
That disappointment's cankering worm
Were gendered in the brain alone.

I'd wish that envy, hate and scorn
Might no more on our earth be seen,
Or banish'd with thy youthful morn,
Should be as though they ne'er had been.

And all the vapours of the earth,
From bog, or brake, or sightless fen,
The glorious sun should scatter forth,
And hills and vallies smile again.

I'd ask the fragrant breath of heav'n,
To paint the roses on thy cheek,
And all the dewy stars of ev'n,
To give thine eyes effulgence meek.

The gentleness that marks the dove,
Should in thy gentler bosom dwell;
Nor e'en the potent god of Love
Should harm it by his magick spell.

The wisdom which in ancient days
Form'd the bright wreath for Sheba's name,
Thine should transcend, as do the lays,
Which spread the Swan of Avon's fame.

I'd call on Plenty to bestow
The treasures of her fruitful horn;
And Health without whose smile, you know,
All other good excites our scorn.

But counting now this scene of bliss,
Which I would fain that you possest,
The debtor page is simply this;
Content—it balances the rest.

For The Port Folio.

THE STREAM UNKNOWN TO SONG.

There is a stream, unknown to fame,
A stream, that bears a barb'rous name,
A stream unknown to classick song,
That rolls its placid waves along
Through fields of corn, and fertile plains,
The wealth and pride of rustick swains,
Supported by the living rills
That gurgle from a thousand hills,
Until it finds a flow'ry dell,
Where Naiads might delight to dwell;
And sportive Fays, if such there were,
Might hold their nightly revels there:
Oft have I view'd the pleasing scene,
Beneath the beech that shades the green;
Or where the oak its branches spreads,
Or poplars raise their tow'ring heads;
Or where the ash and elm combine
To prop the weak aspiring vine;
Oft in a listless, waking dream,
Where bending willows kiss the stream,
I've gaz'd to see the passing tide
Swift o'er the grav'ly bottom glide;
Onward, it rolls its lucid flood
Through the dark umbrage of a wood,
Till rushing from the shady grove
It bursts upon the fields I love,
And winding on by cooling bowers,
Where Beauty's hand has planted flowers,
With hast'ning current boldly flows
O'er rocks that would its course oppose.
How swiftly do its waters play!
Ye waves! why haste ye, thus away?
Where will ye find another vale,
Where maids as fair as Cara dwell?
Sweet vale! where oft at early light,
I watch'd the slow retiring night!
Sweet vale! where oft at eve I stray'd,
To muse upon my fav'rite maid!
Not Ida's sacred piny grove,
Where Paris yielded all for love;
Nor yet Arcadia's classick plains,
So fam'd of old for piping swains;

Not Tempe's vale, where Iô stray'd
Till Jove surpris'd the wand'ring maid;
Nor yet those gay Sicilian bowers,
Where Ceres' daughter gather'd flowers,
And whence, the nymph, in sad affright,
Was borne by Dis, to realms of night;
Not all that heated fancy dreams
Of sylvan grots, and haunted streams;
Not happy isles, Elysian shades,
Or Moslem heaven of black-eyed maids,
Could tempt to rove my steady eye
From the delightful fields that lie
Upon the stream, unknown to fame,
The stream that bears a barb'rous name!

ANNIUS.

April 25, 1807.

For The Port Folio.

WAR.

Hark the trumpet's shrilly sound!
Hark the whizzing bullets fly,
See the wounded strew'd around,
See the earth of bloody dye,
See the smoke in volumes rise,
Mark the horror of each face,
See the vanquished party flies,
See the victors urge the chase;
Cruel War! when wilt thou cease,
When, oh when wilt thou be o'er—
When shall we behold sweet Peace,
Or shall she return no more?
When shall be no blood-gorged field,
When his field the peasant till?
Shall it no more harvests yield,
His barn, his granary, to fill?
Alas! when from the bloody strife
Shall conflicting bands retire?
When, oh when, the drum and fife
No more barb'rous man inspire.

I. S. H.

The following is a very humorous parody of Horace's "Persicos odi."

TO MY BARBER.

Friz me no more—I cannot bear
Mountains of powder on my hair,
And oceans of pomatum:
Let city prigs or courtly beaux
Wear the scarce bag, or scarcer rose,
I will not, for I hate 'em:
To be so feathered, as an owl,
Or larded like a Gallick fowl,
For Englishmen is horrid;
Dress me no longer like a fop,
But bring my *Scratch*, whose Tyburn top
Lies snug upon my forehead.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 23, 1807.

[No. 21.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

ORIENTAL POESY.

THE POEM OF AMRU.—*Concluded.*

ON the day when we are anxious to protect our families, we keep vigilant guard, clad in complete steel; but, on the day when we have no such anxiety for them, our legions assemble in full council: led by a chief among the descendants of Josham, the son of Beir, we bruise our adversaries, both the weak and the strong.

Oh! the nations remember not the time when we bowed the neck, or were ever flogged in the conflict. Oh! let not the people be infatuated or violent against us; for we will requite their infatuation, which surpasses the folly of the most foolish.

On what pretence, O Amru, son of Hinda, should we be subject to the sovereign whom thou wouldst place over us? By what pretence, O Amru, son of Hinda, dost thou yield to our calumniators, and treat us with indignity? Thou hast menaced us; thou hast sought to intimidate us; but, gently, O king! say, when were we ever the vassals of thy mother?

Our javelins, O Amru, disdain their vehemence before thee, in assailing foes: whenever a man uses force to bend them, they start back, and become inflexibly rigid; so rigid, that when they return to their former state, they ring with a shrill noise, piercing the neck and forehead of him who touches them.

Hast thou ever been informed that Josham, the son of Beir, in battles anciently fought, was at any time remiss? We have inherited the renown of Alkama, the son of

Saif, who, by dint of valour, obtained admission for us into the castles of glory. We are heirs to Mehalhil, to Zoheir, the flower of his tribe: Oh! of how noble a treasure were they the preservers!

From Altabalso, and from Celthum, we have received the inheritance transmitted from their progenitors. By Dhu'lborra, of whose fame thou hast heard the report, have we been protected; and through him we protect those who seek our aid.

Before him, the adventurous Coleib sprung among us; and what species of glory have we not attained?

When our antagonists twist against us the cords of battle, either we burst the knot, or rend the necks of our opponents.

We shall be found the firmest of tribes in keeping our defensive alliance, and the most faithful in observing the bond of our treaties.

When the flames were kindled in the mountain, on the morning of the excursion, we gave succour more important than the aid of other allies. To give immediate relief, we kept all our herds confined in Dhu Orathei, until our milch camels of noble breed were forced to graze upon withered herbs.

We protect with generosity the man who submits to us; but chastise with firmness him by whom we are insulted. We reject the offers of those who have displeased us; but accept the presents of those with whom we are satisfied.

We succoured the right wing, when our troops engaged in combat, and our valiant brothers gave support to the left. They made a fierce attack against the legions which opposed them, and we not less fiercely assailed the squadrons by which we were opposed. They returned with booty and with rich spoils, and the sons of kings were among our captives.

To you, O descendants of Beir, to you we address ourselves! Have you not learned the truth concerning us? Have you not experienced with what impetuosity our troops have attacked your troops, with what force have they darted their javelins? We are armed with bright sabres, and clad in harbergcons made in Yemen; our cimeters are part straight, part bent. We have coats of mail, that glitter like lightning; the plaits of which are seen in wrinkles above our belts: when at any time our heroes put them off, you may see their skin blackened with the pressure of the steel. The plaits of our halberds resemble the surface of a pool, which the winds have ruffled in their course.

On the morning of attack, we are borne into the field on short-haired steeds, which have been known to us from the time when we weaned them, and which we rescued from our foes after they had been taken. They rush to the fight, armed with breast-plates of steel; they leave it with their manes dishevelled and dusty; and the reins, tied in knots, lie on their necks. We inherited this excellent breed from our virtuous ancestors: and, on our deaths, they will be inherited by our sons.

All the tribes of Maad perfectly know, when their tents are pitched in the well-watered valleys, that we support the distressed every year; and are bountiful to such as solicit their bounty; that we defend the oppressed, when we think it just; and fix our abode in Arabia, where we find it convenient; that we give succour to those who are near us, when the bright cimeters make the eyes of our heroes wink. We entertain strangers at our board, whenever we are able; but we hurl destruction on those who approach us hostilely.

We are the tribe who drink water from the clearest brooks; whilst other clans are forced to drink it foul and muddy.

Go, ask the sons of Tamah and of Domia, how they have found us in the conflict!

Behind us, come our lovely, our charming damsels, whom we guard so vigilantly that they cannot be made captive, or even treated with disrespect; fair maidens, descended from Josham, the son of Beir, who comprise every species of beauty, both in the opinion of men, and in truth: they have exacted a promise from their husbands, that when they engaged with hostile legions, distinguished by marks of valour, they would bring back as spoils, coats of mail and cimeters, and captives led in pairs.

Thou mayest behold us sallying forth into the open plain, whilst every other tribe seeks auxiliaries through fear of our prowess.

When our damsels are on foot, they walk with graceful motions, and wave their bo-

dies like those of libertines, heated with wine. They feed with their fair hands our coursers of noble birth; and say to us, *you are no husband of ours, unless you protect us from the foe.* Yes; if we defend them not, we retain no possessions of value after their loss, nor do we think even life desirable! but nothing can afford our sweet maids so sure a protection as the strokes of our sabres, which make men's arms fly off like the clashing wands of playful boys. We seem, when our cimeters are displayed, to protect all mankind as fathers protect their children. Our heroes roll the heads of their enemies, as the strong well-made youths roll their balls in the smooth vale. This world is ours, and all that appears on the face of it; and when we do attack, we attack with irresistible force. When a tyrant oppresses and insults a nation, we disdain to degrade ourselves, by submitting to his will. We have been called injurious, although we have injured no man; but, if they persist in calumniating us, we will show the vehemence of our anger. As soon as a chikl is weaned from its mother, the loftiest chiefs of other clans bend the knee, and pay him homage. We force our enemies to taste the unmixed draught of death; and heavy is the overthrow of our adversaries in battle. We fill the earth with our tents, until it becomes too narrow for them; and cover the ocean with our ships.

MR. PITT.

From a source at once pure and legitimate we derive the following. The third paragraph represents in a very vivid manner, and with great happiness of expression, the indefatigable labours and fervid zeal of the IMMORTAL STATESMAN who in alliance with EDMUND BURKE strangled the French snake of Jacobinism.

Such was Mr. Pitt's indifference to pecuniary considerations, that he has solicited the loan of one hundred pounds at the most prosperous era of his publick career.

It has been affirmed that "his anxiety for his country destroyed him. To those who are capable of estimating the office of our English Prime Minister, who are acquainted with the character of Mr. Pitt, who recollect the arduous transactions which engrossed his attention during the greater part of his administration, and the delicacy of his bodily constitution, this affirmation must appear unques-

tionable. His ambition in the service of that country whose councils he was appointed to direct; his indefatigable attention to public business in subordinate as well as essential points; together with those splendid exertions of his eloquence, which the nature of Parliamentary opposition incessantly demanded; the effects of such causes without the intervention of disappointment and disaster, might easily have undermined the health of no ordinary man, and have accelerated the dissolution of his powers.

Never was Mr. Pitt found unprepared for the toils and duties imposed by his office. He was to be seen at all hours, he might be consulted on every subject; his daily reflections, his nightly visions, were alike occupied by the cares of patriotism, alike studious for the welfare of his country. Secretaries were the attendants of his bed; and, whether messengers were to be received or despatched, whether information was to be heard, or instructions communicated, nothing was permitted to interfere with the important concerns of the state; no delays were tolerated, no listlessness indulged on his part. From despatches to audiences, from the council table to the drawing room, and from the levee to the House of Commons, the Minister was always himself and always accessible.

The illness that terminated the mortal existence of Mr. Pitt, was of no recent origin. Of a fickle, if not a feeble constitution, and afflicted by an hereditary gout, he had long been a valetudinarian. In the summer of 1802, his health was so seriously affected, that he does not appear to have ever afterwards effectually recovered. His whole nervous system was so deranged that he was unable to sleep for weeks together; and this melancholy prevention of ordinary repose eventually induced his death. He was at length so reduced by a general debility, accompanied by water in the chest, and weakness of stomach, that he could neither admit nor retain sustenance.

REVIEW.

From an English publication.

The Speech of the Hon. J. Randolph, Representative for the State of Virginia, in the General Congress of America, on a Motion for the Nonimportation of British Merchandize pending the present Disputes between Great-Britain and America; with an Introduction, by the authour of "War in Disguise." 8vo. P. 78. 2s. 6d. New-York printed; London reprinted; Butterworth. Hatchard. 1806.

The very able introduction to this speech opens with some cursory remarks upon certain answers to "War in Disguise," which we have not yet seen; and the authour very properly brings the authority of Mr. Randolph, in aid of the arguments so strongly enforced in that excellent tract.

"I invoke," says he, "the declarations of this American leader, made in the hearing of Congress, to attest that the strictures on the colonial traders of that country, contained in my former publications were in no degree unfounded. I appeal to his sentiments on the true interests of his fellow-citizens at large, that they are on the same side of this controversy with our own. I rely on his opinion, and still more on his irrefragable arguments, in proof that a war between that country and this, would be but in a slight degree noxious to the commerce of Great-Britain; while its consequences would be ruinous to America, and such as her citizens would not, even for a brief period, be brought patiently to endure."

Our readers will recollect that, in our Summary of Politics, published three months ago, we maintained this very point; and happy we are to find ourselves so ably supported in our opinion, by such an orator as Mr. Randolph, and by such a writer as the authour of this Introduction; who adds, "I quote this respectable authority, not only as a caution against precipitated determination, but to show that timid and ruinous concessions may be easily and finally avoided." Would to Heaven our ministers had been impressed with a full conviction of this truth before they passed the American intercourse bill!

Our authour's reasoning in defence of the rule of the war of 1756, always appeared to us unanswerable; but he has strengthened it by a case, his conclusions from which we defy the whole world to overturn.

"What! is Buonaparte to exclude British sugar and coffee from the continent, and is America to enable him to do so, by supplying it with French and Spanish sugar, and coffee, in their stead? Are *neutral* markets even to be shut by violence against our planters, that our enemies may establish there a monopoly against them? Are the merchants of neutral states to be laid under an interdict as to the carriage of British manufactures or merchandize to friendly ports; and while submitting as they do to that interdict, can they assert nevertheless against us a right to carry the manufactures of our enemies to the colonies of France and Spain? Are neutrals, in a word, to give effect to a system avowedly adopted for the destruction of English commerce, yet found, on their amity with England, a right to prevent or frustrate a retaliation on our part against the commerce of our enemies?

The man who can give an answer to this question in the *affirmative*, may have an English *tongue*, but must have a French *heart*. The authour proceeds to show that France has violated the neutral territories of the continental powers, has entered peaceful cities, and seized upon foreign magazines, for the purpose of preventing the sale of British goods; that, in short, for the gratification of his hatred against this country, he has invaded every neutral right; and then, he justly observes:

"If they (the neutral nations) will tamely permit Buonaparte to exclude ships when laden with our merchandize from Hamburgh, and such other maritime places, yet permitted to be called neutral, as the terror of his arms has already shut against us, and to extend, as he now threatens, the same system to Portugal and Denmark, it is not neutral, it is not equal, to deny a like latitude to us; and they

would have no right to complain, if we should apply the same interdiction as generally to the merchandize of our enemies, wherever our power extends; that is, to every maritime part of the globe."

But, as he truly remarks, the only subject of dispute with America, at present, is colonial produce, and colonial supplies; whereas the principle would fairly apply to a general interdiction of the carriage of all goods belonging to our enemies. America is prevented from importing British goods, whether colonial or European, into Hamburgh; not because such is the will of the lawful sovereign of that city, but because it is the mandate of the Corsican Usurper, and to this she tamely submits, as she does to every insult from France, without a murmur. What right then would she have to complain, if we were to forbid her to carry French, Dutch, or Spanish goods, to any other seaports in Europe?

"The main, though preposterous defence of the frustration of our hostilities against the enemy's colonial trade, is his right to open his own ports; but has he a right to shut up neutral ports, as well as to open his own? There at least, the land-right will not bear the sea-wrong. Besides, America has now shrunk from this favourite principle of hers when she had to deal with a power that would not be bullied; she has not only suffered France to take her ships when trading to St. Domingo, but at the imperious mandate of that power, has passed a law to forbid the trade to her subjects. Is it because Dessalines has not as good a title to Hayti, as Buonaparte to Naples? I should deny the proposition, even as to Paris; but at least Dessalines has as good a right to make laws in Hayti, as Buonaparte in Hamburgh."

"That France, an exile from the ocean, should, under such circumstances, have the assurance to wage with us a war of commercial exclusions, is singular enough. But if neutrals will persevere in their present conduct, and if England kindly submit to it,

the plan is perfectly rational, and cannot fail of final success. Behold then, a new prodigy of this extraordinary age: the utmost maritime strength is impotent to protect commercial navigation; and a power that is driven from the ocean can destroy the trade of his enemy! But the paradox is of easy solution. The plain key to it is, the new and compendious principle *that the rights of neutrality are nothing on shore, but every thing at sea.*

Well, indeed, may the authour exclaim, if this doctrine is to prevail, let America ease us of our navy, a useless burthen, and exchange this island for a district beyond the Blue Mountains!

Mr. Randolph's speech is that of a true statesman, who loves his country, and warns it against the adoption of a system, in which its best interests would be sacrificed to the gratification of "mercantile avarice." He truly says, that such misers, who can gravely contend that America is an overmatch for Great-Britain on the ocean, are not deserving of a serious answer. "The proper arguments for such statesmen are a strait-waistcoat, a dark room, water-gruel, and depletion." He reasons throughout, with strength and ability; indicating the dangers to which a war with England would inevitably expose America; and showing that the question of contention is not worth a dispute.

"What is the question in dispute? The carrying-trade. What part of it? The fair, the honest and the useful trade, that is engaged in carrying our own productions to foreign markets, and bringing back their productions in exchange? No Sir, it is that carrying-trade which covers enemy's property, and carries the coffee, the sugar, and other West-India products to the mother-country. *I, for one, will not mortgage my property and my liberty to carry on this trade.* It is not for the honest carrying-trade of America, but for this mushroom, this fungus of war, for a trade which, as soon as the nations of Europe are at peace will no longer exist; it is for this that the spi-

rit of avaricious traffick would plunge us into war."

He warns his countrymen in the language of political wisdom; "Take away the British navy, and France tomorrow is the tyrant of the ocean. This brings me to my second point. How far is it politick in the United States to throw their weight into the scale of France at this moment? From whatever motive, to aid the views of gigantick ambition; to make her mistress of the sea and land, to jeopardize the liberties of mankind. Sir, you may help to crush Great-Britain, you may assist in breaking down her naval dominion, but you cannot succeed to it. The iron sceptre of the ocean will pass into his hands who wears the iron crown of the land. You may then expect a new code of maritime law.

Mr. Randolph reprobates, with the warmth which every *honest* man must naturally feel on such a subject, the base proposition for confiscating the national debt, for passing a law to defraud foreigners out of their just demands, and all this "*for the fraudulent protection of belligerent property under your neutral flag.*" The name of the miscreant who appears to have proposed, or at least, to have supported a proposition, which would be much more becoming a den of thieves, than a Senate of freemen, was —

—, and he came from *Massachusetts*. It is proper that the name and residence of such a man should be recorded for the information of Europe; that when a foreigner travels through the United States, he may avoid him as he would a pestilence. This fellow would have made an admirable member of Robespierre's committees, or one of Buonaparte's *mute tribunes*!

All Mr. Randolph's observations supply a full confirmation of the character assigned by the intelligent authour of "*War in Disguise*," to the carrying trade which has given birth to the present dispute with America. "Is Spanish sugar, or French coffee, made American property, by the mere change of the cargo, or even by the landing and payment of the duties?

And when these duties are drawn back, and the sugars and coffee re-exported, are they not, as enemy's property, liable to seizure? And is there not the best reason to believe, that this operation is performed in many, if not in most cases, to give a neutral aspect and colour to the merchandise?"

After this will any Briton have the assurance, or rather the baseness, to defend this detestable trade, this hideous offspring of avarice and fraud? This speech contains a great variety of interesting matter; and ought to be generally read in this country.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

On the first of October 1806, was published, (to be continued Monthly), Price half a crown,

Consisting of seven Sheets of Letter-press printed in Octavo, on a fine wove extra royal Paper, large Page, with double Columns, so as to contain more matter than any literary Publication extant,

No. 1.—OF THE

LITERARY PANORAMA;

Including a Review of Books, Register of Events, and Magazine of Varieties. Comprising interesting intelligence from the various Districts of the United Kingdom; the British connexions in the East-Indies, the West-Indies, America, Africa, Western Asia, &c. and from the Continent of Europe, Sweden, Russia, Denmark, Germany, Holland, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, &c.

Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold—
From India and the golden Chersonese
And utmost Indian isle Taprobane,
From Gallia, Gades, and the British west,
Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north,

Beyond Danubius to the Taurick pool:
All nations —————

MILTON, PARADISE REGAINED.

LONDON:

Printed by Cox, Son, & Baylis, Great Queen-street; Published by C. Taylor, No. 108, Hatton Garden, Holborn; Sold by Blacks and Parry, Leadenhall-street; Egerton, Whitehall; Hatchard, opposite Albany Buildings, Piccadilly; Budd, Pall-Mall; may be had of all the Booksellers in the United Kingdom, and is sold by W. P. Farrand, Philadelphia.

A Panorama is an ingenious device in the Art of Painting, wherein a Spectator, from an elevated central situation, by directing his attention to each part successively, inspects the whole. The principle and application is a happy effort of modern Art; and the popularity acquired throughout Europe, by, this kind of exhibition, sufficiently proves its merit and attraction. But, a Literary Panorama possesses advantages over every exertion of the Graphick Art: it includes, at one view, a kingdom, or a continent; a whole community, however extensive its interests, or even the globe itself, with its innumerable diversities of inhabitants. Nor is such a performance confined to the contemplation of objects under a single aspect, or in their present state; it examines by retrospective consideration, the various events which have rendered them what they are, or looks forward, so far as human prudence can anticipate, and modestly predicts the natural result of those principles whose operations it exhibits to the Spectator.

The opulent Metropolis of the United Kingdom is our central station: and, in addressing our visitors, we beg leave respectfully to direct their attention, by explaining, as far as the confined limits of a Prospectus permit, the novelty, importance and entertainment of the design submitted to their patronage.

Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, are prominent subjects of our attention. Publick events; Science in all its branches; the Moral and Christian duties of our fellow subjects; Philosophical Investigations of Nature; the Art of Healing; the Arts of Taste; the Amusements of the Times;—whatever improves the mind, satisfies the curious and inquisitive, or contributes to the comfort of life, will find a place in our pages.

Wherever the connexions of Britain extend, every endeavour will be used to procure authentick means of correctly estimating their actual state, or their immediate prospects. The reader who has concerns in America, the West-Indies, the Southern Hemis-

phere, or those immense Territories in India, which enjoy the blessings of British protection, may expect intelligence always marked by fidelity; and, frequently, we presume to say, distinguished by importance. In our Indian department, especially, various communications will appear in this work, exclusively, on which we might safely rest our claim to distinction.

We have also, at a very great expense, established Agents in the principal cities on the Continent, from whom we doubt not of receiving the earliest report of whatever is interesting, in France, Holland, Germany, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, and Russia; our commissions have extended to Moscow; and our hopes include the Levant and Western Asia. The pressure of Hostilities undoubtedly has retarded, and may for a time continue to retard success, in some instances; but whatever can be accomplished by perseverance and industry, the proprietors and their agents doubt not of accomplishing. The uncommon interest attached to events now passing in Europe, with the anxious expectation of scenes to which those events appear to be introductory, are important arguments for giving immediate effect to our exertions.

The object of this work is not to add another to the vehicles of mere amusement, already too numerous. It will associate the sprightly effusions of cultivated taste, with the earliest records of useful discoveries, in every science; and whether an invention or an improvement be of British suggestion, or devised by the ingenious of distant climes, if it have but merit, we shall take a pleasure in making it known.

About half our Monthly Number will be allotted to a Review of literary productions, uniting entertainment with useful information. Our choice of works for report, will be determined by our opinion of their suitability; and our mode of reviewing will correspond with the nature of the article under consideration. We shall designedly consult the advantage of our readers by communicating whatever is inte-

resting or valuable in a writer; rather than the display of our learning or acumen, in the exercise of that critical dogmatism, by which, too often, merit itself is the sufferer.

A principal part of our Review, as well as of our intelligence, will be composed of Foreign Publications. In this department we shall occasionally improve our priority of information, by announcing important performances concisely; reserving a right to resume the consideration of them in a manner proportionate to their merits. Of some we shall only remark their nature and subject; of others we may offer extracts; others we may insert entire. Our numbers will comprise Publick and Official Papers; Reports from our Agents abroad; Translations from Foreign Communications, publick and private; Proceedings of learned Societies, and other laudable Institutions; Literary Intelligence of works in hand or in the press; Lists of books published; Degrees taken at the Universities; Promotions, and a select Obituary. To these will be added, the State of the Markets; Prices of the principal Articles of Export and Import; Reports Agricultural, Commercial and Colonial; Patents enrolled; Discoveries made; Novelties in the Polite World, in the Fine Arts, in articles of Taste and Elegance; and, generally, communications of every kind, which may be deemed interesting, to a learned, polite, and commercial nation.

It is evident that all subjects cannot be treated at equal length together: yet each may expect its turn, and in order that every number may contain a quantity considerably more than is usual in periodical works, we have determined to print on a size so much larger than common, that three of our sheets will contain as much as five of most other publications; and to obviate the too common complaint of the sheets of periodical works falling to pieces before they can be perused, our numbers shall be delivered neatly sewed; so as to remain on the desk, or in the book-case, as compact as bound books.

By combining all the advantages of a Review of Books, a Register of Events, and a Magazine of Miscellaneous Literature, the work cannot fail of interesting the Statesman, the Divine, the Members of the Faculty, the Lawyer, the Merchant, the Manufacturer, the Agriculturalist, and, generally, the Man of Business, and the Man of Leisure: the Domestick Circle, and the Recluse.

Decided and hearty friends to our most excellent Constitution in Church and State, we regard Morals, publick and private, as the solid foundation of prosperity, both national and individual; and we shall think it a part of the duty we owe to our country, to manifest our abhorrence of whatever opposes the purity of our holy religion, the loyalty due to our King, or the honour and welfare of our nation.

Influenced by these sentiments, to which our endeavours will be conformable, we cheerfully commit ourselves to the candour of the British nation, in commencing an enterprise so novel in its principle, and so arduous in its execution.

LEVITY.

The style of Doctor Johnson has not escaped the shaft of ridicule. He who made every one tremble before the severity of his criticism is himself brought to the bar of critical opinion, and been punished with the lash which he so liberally inflicted. The stateliness and dignity of his language had a very ludicrous appearance when connected with the smaller concerns of life, and hence a judicious imitation of his phraseology on trifling subjects has been a favourite manner of attack with the critics. The following humorous effusion fell from the pen of the Hon. Mr. Erskine, the present British Minister in this country, and is supposed to have been written by the Doctor from Buxton after coming out of the bath, and addressed to his friend Dr. Boswell.

[*Emerald.*]

Fortune often delights to exalt what nature has neglected, and that renown which cannot be claimed by intrinsick excellence, is often derived from accident. "The Rubicon was ennobled by the passage of Cæsar," and the bubbling up of a stream in the middle of a lime-quarry, has given celebrity to Buxton.

The waters, in which it is agreed no mineral properties reside, and which seem to have no better claim to superiour heat than what is derived from comparing them with the almost Siberian atmosphere that surrounds them, are said, however, to possess a spirit, which though too volatile and unknown to receive a name from the chemists of graver ages, has, in this fanciful era, when macaroni philosophers hold situation with science, taken the lead of all the other elements; and those whose nerves have found no relief in change of sky, or variety, seek for a refuge here in *fixed air*.

Amazing indeed, is the avidity with which all ranks of mankind seek after that health which they have voluntarily alienated to disease. Like methodists, who hope for salvation through faith without works, invalids come here in hopes to find in the well, that vigour they lost in the bowl; and to absorb in the bath, the moisture that evaporated at the ball or in the stews.

For this purpose, they venture to this dreary spot, which contemplates, with envy, the highlands of Scotland; surrounded by barren mountains, beaten by storms almost perpetual—where scarce an inhabitant is to be seen, unless when the sun (whose appearance is justly considered one of the wonders of the Peak) draws them out, from a curiosity natural to man, to wonder into what cavern the storm has retired. Yet this is summer; and if the winter holds its natural proportion, the inhabitants of the hall, who are not thirty yards from the well, must pass months without any communication with it. Yet here the same folly which created disease, for the cure of which so much is suffered, obstructs the operation of the remedy from which so much is hoped. Animated

by the appetite, which even the diluent powers of common water, assisted by the vibrations of exercise and the collusive hilarity of reciprocal salutation, would give to a body obstructed by gluttony and rest; they devour with delirious hunger, a farinaceous sponge, with its interstices undulated in butter, which might smile with contempt at the peristaltick exertions of an elephant, and of which, the digestion would be no less an evil, than the obstruction: if obstructed, it convulses the stomach with rancid exhalations: and if by its gravity, it finds its way to the bowels, it tumefies them with flatulent paroxysms; by its detention in both, it becomes acrimonious and mephytick; and, while its fumes arise and salute the brain with palsy, its *caput mortuum* descends, and lays the foundation of fistula. Very providentially, however, the evils of breakfast are not aggravated by the dinner. Dinner is rather a ceremony here than a repast; and those who are delicate and sick acquire popularity, by disseminating among the multitude that food, which nothing but rude health, both of body and mind, could digest. When it is finished, the chaplain calls upon the company to be thankful for what they have received; and the company remembering they have breakfasted, join in the thanksgiving.

The evils of the day are likewise happily alleviated by the early hour of going to bed; and if sleep forsakes the pillow, even fancy itself cannot charge it upon the supper.

There are, notwithstanding, here, upwards of two hundred people, who, by talking continually of how much nature has left undone, and how little art has done for the place, increase the spleen in the hope to cure it; who speak with rapture of the beauties and pleasures of Matlock, which though within their reach, they never go to; and who hoping, by the power of imagination, convert a smoking cauldron into a cold bath, relax and wash to sensitive agony, those fibres, which require the tension of the bow-string, and the rigour of steel!

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.—After the Comedy of the Merchant of Venice, in which Cooke and Miss Smith sustained the parts of Shylock and Portia with great ability, the following tributary Ode to the Memory of Lord Nelson, which we understand to be from the pen of Mr. Pierce, a gentleman to whom the publick is indebted for many elegant, poetick, and pleasing dramattick productions, was delivered by Cooke. It was accompanied with musick that excited the feeling and the sympathy of the audience, and was greatly applauded.

Ere yet this day, to Britain sacred made,
Shall to eternity depart,—
Let the warm homage of the heart,
To NELSON's much-loved memory be paid!

Yes,—with fidelity, the land
Shall own the splendours of his high command;

To him shall be her grateful praises giv'n;
To him—her champion—sent down from Heav'n!

And often shall she boast in ardent strain
His deeds—his deathless story!
He!—her firm sentinel upon the stormy main,

—His word of watch was—"England's glory!"

"The page—the mind—his worth shall keep,
His bright career by honour led:
And ye,—beneath the waves who sleep—
Transcendent 'mongst the valiant dead!
Still shall the tale of triumph be renew'd,
Whene'er the rocks of Trafalgar are view'd!

Never shall seaman thither steer,
But for your fate shall duteous weep;
And bending to your watery bier,
Call forth your spirits from the deep:
And while the wind sings o'er the tow'ring mast,
A sigh of wo shall mingle with the blast!

There shall the musing mind delight,
While on the scene the moon shall break,
To raise a visionary fight,—
And bid the *Cheer* of victory wake!
Those sounds dispersed, in Fancy's ear shall swell
The *ocean-minstrel's* dirge—the awful knell!"

O NELSON! to thy country early lost!
Great was the final conquest! great the cost!
Yet, by his brave companions cherish'd,
His rare example shall to future times
Teach how, in various seas and climes,
The foe beneath his valour perish'd!

T t

And how, scorning their far-outnumb'ring
force,
Through the Atlantick waves he held his
course,
Upon his daring mission bound—
To bring to battle—conquer—and confound!

The stage, on this occasion, was
converted into an orchestra. Cooke
delivered the ode in a very impressive
manner. Each stanza was repeated
by the vocal performers with great
effect. Incledon was in admirable
voice. Bellamy's bass was highly
applauded. The musick, by Davy,
was beautiful.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

THE CONTRAST.

Sally, with real pain I trace
The contrast of thy mind and face:
The snowy whiteness of thy skin,
Contending with the crimson rose,
Leads thy admirers to suppose
'Tis pure intelligence within.

Oft have I seen a jar so fine,
I thought that diamonds sure must shine
In a receptacle so fair:
But while my scrutinizing eye
Dar'd in its dark recess to pry,
I found a filthy cobweb there.

Believe me, Bell, I love but you,
And pity my mistake;
I love your sister, it is true;
But love her for your sake.

The moon her light owes to the sun,
And shines by him alone:
'So you are day, and she is night
With me, when you are gone.

Quebeck Mercury.

Covent Garden.—The splendid spec-
tacle, "*The Deserts of Arabia*," has
been performed a second time in
London, and proved very attractive.
The scenery and decorations are

equally novel and superb, and the me-
chanists behind the scenes showing
more expertness than on the first
night, the piece went on without any
farther interruption than what arose
from clamorous approbation.

THE HARP OF SORROW.

I gave my Harp to Sorrow's hand,
And she has ruled the chords so long;
They will not speak at my command,
They warble only to *her* song.

Of dear departed hours,
Too fondly loved to last,
The dew, the breath, the bloom of flowers,
That died untimely in the blast.

Of long, long years of future care,
Till lingering Nature yields her breath;
And endless ages of despair,
Beyond the judgment-day of Death—

The weeping Minstrel sings,
And while her numbers flow,
My spirit trembles through the strings,
And every note is full of wo.

Would Gladness move a sprightlier strain,
And wake this wild Harp's clearest tones;
The strings, impatient to complain,
Are dumb, or only utter moans.

And yet to sooth the mind,
With luxury of grief,
The Soul, to suffering all resign'd,
In Sorrow's musick feels relief.

Thus o'er the light Æolian lyre,
The winds of dark November stray,
Touch the quick nerve of every wire,
And on its magick pulses play:

Till all the air around,
Mysterious murmurs fill,
A strange bewildering dream of sound,
Most heavenly sweet, yet mournful still.

O snatch the Harp from Sorrow's hand,
Hope! who hast been a stranger long:
O strike it with sublime command,
And be the poet's life thy song!

Of vanish'd troubles sing,
Of fears forever fled,
Of flowers, that hear the voice of Spring,
And burst and blossom from the dead!

Of home, contentment, health, repose,
Serene delights, while years increase:
And weary life's triumphant close
In some calm sun-set hour of peace;

Of bliss that reigns above,
Celestial May of youth,
Unchanging as JEHOVAH's love,
And everlasting as his truth:

Sing heavenly Hope!—and dart thine hand
O'er my frail Harp, untun'd so long;
That Harp shall breathe at thy command,
Immortal sweetness thro' thy song.

Ah! then this gloom control,
And at thy voice shall start
A new creation in my soul,
And a new Eden in my heart!

A country magistrate being asked
what was meant by a *minor canon*?
answered—"I suppose it means a *pistol*
or *gun*!"

IMPROMPTU,

On hearing the *Aurora* man styled "a lover of
truth"

D—— has great respect for Truth,
That every man must own;
He proves his deference, ev'ry day,
By—*letting her alone!* Q. E. D.

• Freeman's Journal.

From the Pastime.

AMERICAN SCENERY.

Why should American travellers
expatiate with so much enthusiasm on
the sublime and picturesque beauties
of Switzerland, Scotland, and the con-
fines of Germany, while their own
country can boast of more attractive
scenery, and with which they are to-
tally unacquainted? What is more
sublime than the Highlands of the
North River: what more awfully tre-
mendous than the cataract of Niagara:
what more romantick than the vale of
Lebanon: what can surpass the so-
lemn and majestick gloom of the dis-
tant mountains, the pensive and sooth-
ing silence of the groves, the pastoral
simplicity of the cottagers, or the
wild luxuriance of the meadow?

I am not one of those who decry
every thing that is American. I love
my country, and I delight to contem-
plate that noble spirit of perseverance
which has enabled the laborious hus-
bandman to climb the loftiest moun-
tains, and to change the rude garb of
nature for the rich habiliments of cul-
tivation. I have often gazed with de-
light upon the verdant hills rising am-
phitheatrically around me; I have of-
ten contemplated the progressive in-

fluence of the departing sun on the
distant mountains; or the bright orb
of day rising in the pride of his splen-
dour, gilding them with his ruddy
light, and chasing the fogs, fantasti-
cally formed, from their lofty tops.
These are scenes which we have no
need of going to Europe to behold.
To extend the allusion, in the words
of that eminent poet, Mr. Paine, of
Boston:

What though no wave Pactolian laves her
shore,
Nor gleam her caverns with Peruvian ore;
Yet she has *mines*, which need no *rod* to
trace—
Search not her *bosom*, but survey her *face*.

Beneath the shade, which Freedom's oak
displays,
Their votive shrine Apollo's offspring raise,
With youthful fancy, or with matron taste,
They cull the meadow, or explore the waste;
Each tract, they culture, verdant life per-
fumes,
With judgment ripens, or with *genius* blooms.

In strength of scene, delights a Ramsay's
page;
With classic truth, a Belknap charms the
age.
In cloudless splendour, modest Minot shines,
And Bunker flames in Allen's glowing lines.

By sister arts, and kindred powers allied,
The Trumbulls rise, the lyre's and pencil's
pride;
And ev'ry Muse has carved Philenia's* name,
On ev'ry laurel in the grove of Fame.
Poem on the Invention of Letters, p. 11.

An Oxford and Cambridge man
once met in company, who held dif-
ferent opinions concerning the person of
Christ; one supposing him to be God,
the other to be only a man: of course
each thought the other a heretick.
The former, with a serio-comical air,
wrote the two following lines down,
and presenting them to the latter, ask-
ed him if he knew to whom they were
applicable.

Tu Judæ similis Dominumque Deumque
negasti;
Dissimilis Judas est tibi—penituit.

Englished.

You, Judas like, your Lord and God denied,
Judas, unlike to you, repentant sigh'd.

*The signature of Mrs. MORTON, the
American Sappho.

The latter instantly wrote down on the same piece of paper the following lines, and presented them with the same serio-comical air as the other had done, meaning to lay the whole emphasis on the word *tu*:

*Tu simul et similis Judæ, tu dissimilisque;
Judæ iterum similis sis, laqueumque petas.*

Englished.

You are like Judas, and unlike that elf,
Once more like Judas be, and hang yourself.

The delightful description of a *Cotter's Saturday Night*, by Burns, has given occasion to an elegant picture by Mr. Smith.

"But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning of the same;
Tells how a neebor lad came o'er the moor
To do some errands and convoy her hame."

The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, an' flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his
name,
While Jenny haffins is afraid to speak;

Weel pleas'd the mother hears it's nae wild
worthless rake,
Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben,
A strappan youth: he takes the mother's
eye:
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks o' horses, ploughs, and
kye."

With regard to the dispensation of law in France, Bonaparte's *will* is the law—his *caprice* the *jury*—his *power* the *judge*—and his *fury* the *executioner*.

Small things compared with great.—

At a late vestry meeting, one of the parish orators began his oration with these words: "The eyes of *all Europe* are this day fixed on the proceedings of this assembly."

MERRIMENT.

In a dispute concerning the superiority of man over the brute creation, and wherein that superiority consisted, a gentleman contended, that it consisted in the power of ratiocination, and of drawing inferences from premises. While his opponent, who was a physician, insisted, that animals pos-

sessed the same power. When the company broke up, the latter gentleman went to visit a patient, who was a painter, of the name of Wiseman. In the course of conversation, the physician adverted to the patient's trade, and took notice how well the sign over his house-door was painted; and asked him, whether he thought he should be able, when recovered, to draw some curious object for him? "O yes, sir," answered Wiseman, "I can draw any thing." "Pray," said the doctor, "can you draw an inference?" "Why, no doctor," replied he, "I do not think I can." Returning from his visit, he overtook a brewer's dray, the fore-horse of which was remarkably strong and beautiful. "You have a very fine horse there, friend," said the doctor, "he seems to draw extremely well." "Aye, sir, that he does," said the man, "he will draw any thing." "Pray," returned the doctor, "do you think he could draw an inference?" "Lord bless you, he can draw a thousand," answered the drayman. The next time the doctor met his opponent, "Well, sir, says he, I think you will now allow me to have established my argument, as I have met with a *wise man* who could not draw an inference, and with a dray-horse who can draw a thousand."

The Rev. Mr. Bowles had once a dispute with a rude Cantab, concerning the different learned men their respective universities could boast of. The Soph, to prove at once that his *Alma Mater* had the preëminence, said, "All the great poets had been sent from Cambridge." "That is the reason then," said Mr. Bowles, "I suppose, that we do not find any left."

A lady expressing her surprise on seeing Dr. Parr, at breakfast, cutting slice after slice of a huge gammon of Yorkshire bacon, the Doctor first taking a draught of porter, (which with a pipe, forms constantly a part of his morning repast), replied—You will not deny, madam, that mine is a *literary* breakfast, when you reflect that I am making *extracts from Bacon*.

"How much it is to be lamented," said a gentleman, "that Sir Joshua Reynolds was not careful to use colours that would stand. Some of his best pieces are already spoilt from this neglect," "True," said the Dutchess of Devonshire, "he has always come off with *flying colours*."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

A piece of minor criticism in your first volume upon the Anacreon of Mr. Moore, dwelt with some vehemence upon a phrase in the lines

Oh, can the tears we tend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?

The slightest reflection might have shown the critick, that what he complained of was not an error in Moore, but an erratum of the press. The metaphor is as plain as it is pathetic.

Oh, can the tears we lend to thought
In life's account avail us aught?

Permit me to remark upon a couple of passages in the last publication of that of Philademos.

In a note upon that delightful water-piece, "I stole along the flowery bank," your friend Moore confesses the violence he has done natural history in the case of the *agave*. He defends himself upon "as large a charter as the wind's withal," and boasts the countenance Plato gives to three removes from truth. Plato, I think, does not allow the extravagance; he simply remarks it. Speaking of the infatuation of those who put their trust in poetry, and place a reliance on it for precepts upon matters of life; he observes further, in the tenth book of his Commonwealth *καὶ τὰ ἔργα αὐτῶν ὁρῶντες, ἕκ ἀδαισίσταί τριττὰ ἀπὶ χροῖα τῷ ὄντι καὶ τ. λ.*

The fiction of the first parents of Epicurean philosophy in the little gardens of Gangettus, that in the blessed Islands

Leontium still upon her sage's breast.
Found Love, and Love was tutored and caressed,

is a very charming one, but as perfect a fiction as Barnes's of the Synchroism of the Teian and the Lesbian. Leontium was only a summer friend. Alciphron has preserved an epistle of hers to Lamia, in which she laughs at a great rate at the violent fondness and childish love-letters of the old man of eighty.

If Mr. Moore thinks with many others, that Alciphron is an apocrypha of the fourth century, there can be no other cause shown, I believe, why the joys of these philosophers should be disturbed.

A couple of lines from an elegy in the eighth book of Tibullus are quite a burden to the remonstrance, "I know that none can smile like thee;"

*Quid tibi nunc molles prodest colluisse capillos
Saepeque disposuisse comas?*

I thank you for publishing the little version from Plato. There is more provocation given in this letter, I fear, for your *parenthesis* than before. But you know best. The motto at the head of the poetry, is from a letter of thanks from Julian the apostate to Alypius, "Cæsarii fratrem" who had sent Julian an elegant set of geographical tablets. "They are fit," says he in return, "to be inscribed with Sappho's writings."—But you readily see that the looseness of the term *ἀρμόττειν* will allow the sentence to be construed, "tones to which Sappho would have delighted to have adapted her hymns," or, "tones in which she would have wished to have had her hymns sung."

yours, &c.

Bruns.

H. L.

N. B. If you dislike the representation of Moore by Philodemos, I request that instead of consulting Lempiere for his character, you would turn to Menage's first notes upon the Epicureans, and Cicero's oration against Piso.

*Οἶος ἡ καλὴ Σαπφὼ βέλτεται τοῖς υμνοῖς
ἀρμόττειν.*

Julian. Apostat.

From the strands of her Erin a wanderer came
To chant her wild hymn in the west,

To the star that at evening on tinges of flame
Was sinking in languishing rest.
The billow that wafted her—light to its
swell,
With peace to the heavens of the sail,
That enshrined the bright tints of my emerald
shell
And folded her breath in their veil.

Oh, where in the seas doth the melody
sleep,
That expired on Arion's last breath,
When the cry of the north and the screams
of the deep
Bore his harp to the angel of death!
The billow where long had this harmony
slept,
Near the cot of her slumbers was heaving,
And threw the night-spray that it evermore
wept,
On the song Emma's murmurs were
weaving.

As I hung on the voice o'er whose hallow-
ing sigh
Your lip so sweet minstrelsy flings,
Scarce Strada's tranced bird was more
breathless than I,
Tho' the flutterer expired on the strings.
Then welcome, sweet shell, to the banks of
the west,
Where the Echo Sprite never had read
Such Tablets of song as this minute he prest,
To the lustre his lightening eye shed.
H. L.

—
For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

I submit these lines to your perusal. They are the first essay of a juvenile mind: should they merit a place in your "elegant Miscellany," you will highly delight the writer by inserting them; but, should you think them too juvenile, the greatest favour you can bestow on him will be—to cast them into the fire.

All poets unite in the praise of the fair,
Of their persons, their features, their step
and their air,
Of their skins' snowy white and their per-
sons so pretty,
But who of them sung of a lass like my
Kitty.

Some sung handsome teeth—white as iv'ry
or pearl,
Some their hair's graceful ringlet, disposal
or curl;
Iv'ry or pearl, in comparison's trifling—so
pretty,
So white and well formed are the teeth of my
Kitty.

Coral lips, too, the object of man's adora-
tion,
Have oft their fire roused in poetick narration,
Yet their praise is all fustian, tho' fair—none
so pretty
But far are excelled by my beautiful Kitty.

Her cheeks like carnation, with roses may
vie,
Black as jet is her hair, like the sloe is her
eye,
And had Paris seen her on Ida, so pretty,
With pleasure he'd yielded the prize to
sweet Kitty.

Then her manners, so chaste, they Diana
upbraid,
When she chats in gay circle, or frisks in the
glade;
In Archery too, though less skilful—yet
pretty,
The arrows strike sure from the eyes of
my Kitty.
The Grecians of old talked of Venus and
Love,
And many such Deities dwelling above,
Like to Venus's self, so enchanting,—so
pretty,
The youths lose their hearts who converse
with fair Kitty.

STANLEY.

—
For The Port Folio.

VERSES TO DELIA,

ON THE AUTHOUR'S EMBARKING FOR
INDIA.

Though adverse fortune, vain desire,
Contempt of ease, or youthful fire,
Have thus condemn'd me far to roam,
An exile from my native home,
Where'er I go, where'er I rove,
I'll ne'er abandon thee, my love;
But ever present to my mind,
Recall the Nymph I left behind.
Oft shall Fancy paint thy charms,
And give thee blushing to my arras;
And the enchanted hour beguile
With DELIA's form and DELIA's smile.
Then come! thou sweetly pleasing pow'r,
With such enjoyments bless each hour!
Come to my soul, impart thy aid
That I may constant view the maid!
And to thy sacred shrine, I swear
No image else shall enter there!
Though on the Line I panting lay,
Where downward darts the scorching ray;
Whilst no refreshing breeze allays
The sun's reflected potent blaze;
Of tardy hours I'll not complain,
Nor idly pass the time in vain:
For, soon as Cynthia's milder beams,
Invite to Fancy's fairy dreams,
I'll grateful take the scene above,
And pleas'd, devote my soul to love.
Thus musing by the solemn light,
With rapture will I pass the night,
Recalling many a happy day;
How swift the time will pass away!
When near the boist'rous Cape I sail,
And prove the rough tempestuous gale,
Though roaring billows rage around,
And clouds the seas with skies confound,

When loud the mutt'ring thunders roll,
And lightnings stream around the Pole,
Calm and content I'll laugh at these,
And think on scenes which ever please.
Transported to those blissful bow'rs,
Where oft I've pass'd enraptur'd hours;
The Nymph I will with zeal adore,
And as she smiles will love the more.
Thence wand'ring by some murmur'ing
stream,

Whilst love shall be my constant theme,
I'll gather, as we rambling go,
The blooming flow'rs which fragrant blow;
And, happy, deck with these the hair
Of Delia, fairest of the fair.
What pleasure then! what pure delight!
How will each object charm my sight!
To see her pleas'd, her eyes serene,
With equal joy partake the scene;
Behold the charms the landscape yields,
And hear the echo of the fields,
Where mirth, and joy, and rural pleasures,
With health, content, life's sweetest trea-
sures,

Call forth the kindly social powers,
To gayly pass the happy hours.

What, tho' bleak winds incessant blow,
And foul and dark descends the snow,
Whilst round me fierce the tempest raves,
And horrors fill the raging waves;
Let but sweet Fancy intervene,
How soon is harmoniz'd the scene!
Then blooming Spring displays her charms,
And frees from all but Love's alarms;
Then warbling groves delight the heart,
Whilst fields and meadows charms impart,
Pleas'd I can tread the painted plain,
And see thee, Delia, once again;
Behold the rose thy cheek displays,
And on thy eyes enraptur'd gaze;
Those eyes, the source of lasting pain
To many a luckless wretched swain,
Who, martyrs to successful love,
Are not, like me, condemn'd to rove.

But Oh! whilst thus I brave the main,
And, rapt in visions, banish pain;
Whilst thus remov'd from Delia, far,
My heart still seeks its polar star,
Supremely happy should I be
Would she bestow one thought on me,
And pleas'd, from foolish joys withdrawn,
In pensive mood prefer the lawn,
There to behold the wand'ring moon
Riding near her highest noon.
So would I also eager gaze,
And all night long resound her praise.
These are the joys which Fancy gives,
'Tis thus our sorrows she relieves;
Then say not I an exile roam
And wander wretched from my home;
For while of Delia's love possess'd,
I am and ever must be bless'd.
But if indeed all hope was lost,
If heaven and earth my passion crost,
If, when I sighing leave the maid,
She frowns, and heeds not what is said;

How soon would Fancy, fled away,
Leave me to curse the tedious day;
When boist'rous seas around me roll,
My inward storms she'd ne'er control;
But leave, abandon'd to despair,
O'erwhelm'd and plagued with ev'ry care,
One dismal gloom would cloud the skies,
No fairy scenes to bless my eyes;
And Nature, barren, drear and waste,
With every former charm defac'd,
Would render life one wretched toil,
This earth a prison, loath'd and vile.

For The Port Folio.

ODE—FROM HORACE.

Whence, *Asteria*, comes that sigh?
Whence the tear that dims thine eye?
Fond complainer, cease to mourn,
Soon thy *Damon* will return.
Many a sleepless night at sea,
Musing, he devotes to thee.

What, though *Damon* wander far,
Guided by the midnight star?
What, though angry tempests rave,
Sweeping o'er the whiten'd wave?
Quickly shall the favouring gale
Homeward swell his eager sail;
Soon, with health and fortune blest,
He shall clasp thee to his breast.
Happy *Damon*, favour'd youth,
Blest by beauty, love and truth!
What, though *Chloe's* tempting wiles,
Words, and looks, and wanton smiles,
On a distant shore combine
To detain him—still he's thine.

Sweetly though she oft has told
Tales of chiefs and heroes bold,
Doom'd the vengeful power to prove
Of a woman's slighted love;
Though, to turn his heart aside,
Many a winning art she try'd;
Vain her Syren charms combine;
Still the constant youth is thine.
Fond complainer, cease to mourn,
Soon thy rover will return;
But while *Damon* wanders far,
Let *Asteria* too beware.

Lycidas, admiring comes
Where thy rose of beauty blooms:
Few like *Lycidas* possess
All the charms of manly grace:
Skilled the bounding steed to guide,
Skill'd to cleave the lucid tide,
Versed in each attractive art—
Oh! from him preserve thy heart.
When his nightly serenade
Hails thee "cold and cruel maid,"
Prove deserving of the name,
Cold to all but *Damon's* flame.

Fond complainer, cease to mourn,
Soon thy rover will return.

*For The Port Folio.***MR. OLDSCHOOL,**

The following lines are from the pen of Master J. H. Payne whom probably you have heard of, and of whose poetical promise the stanzas enclosed are no unfavourable specimen. Considered as the production of a lad of fourteen years, they certainly exhibit a glow of fiction, and a view of enthusiasm truly wonderful, and which in their maturity may do honour to the poetical character of his country. I am sure you will be of that opinion on glancing at the 2d and 3d stanzas in which the tenderness of elegy is peculiarly exhibited. The whole is in my opinion far beyond the common flight of the versifier; addressing itself to the heart in the simple vein of unaffected sorrow.

*New-York May 10, 1807.***EPITAPH ON DERMODY.**

Oh stranger, if thou hast a sigh,
A pitying sigh for others' woes,
Then linger yet a moment nigh—
For sacred ashes here repose!

Oh! didst thou know what relicks sleep
In this dark, cold, sepulchral bed,
Mayhap, thou'dst sit, like me, and weep,
The wild ey'd Bard of Erin dead.

And thou would'st bathe the flowers that
wave,
Till ev'ry flower that bloom'd before,
Should, bending, kiss the sacred grave,
Should bow, and weep, and bloom no
more!

Ah! could he touch his harp of song,
His sweet ton'd, warbling, much lov'd
lyre,
Whose notes as he would oft prolong,
Would kindle all his soul to fire!

Ah! could he touch—perchance the strain
Would wake a kindred glow in thee,
And even thou a sigh might'st deign,
To frenzied, luckless Dermody!

But now, all hush'd his tuneful lay,
And dimm'd the light'ning of his eyes,
And wrapt his lifeless form in clay,
In this cold grave the poet lies!

Here, oft at ev'ning's hallow'd tide,
The sire shall lead his infant boy;
Who loves to listen by his side,
And hears his tale all mute with joy.

And often shall the village youth
From childish pastimes steal, alone,
To deck with flowers this grass-green turf,
And twine with wreaths this mossy stone.

And the lone traveller, wand'ring near,
Of many an hour, by wo beguil'd,
Shall mourn, with many a silent tear,
The poet, "wonderful and wild."

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

The following beautiful lines, taken from an English publication, are supposed to have been written by an AFRICAN PRINCE who arrived in England some time since, and, on being asked what he had given for his watch, replied, "What I shall never be able to recal!"

PHILANTUS.

When avarice enslaves the mind,
And selfish views alone bear sway,
Man turns a savage to his kind,
And blood and rapine mark his way;
Alas! for this poor simple toy
I sold a blooming Negro boy.

His father's hope, his mother's pride,
Tho' black, yet comely to their view;
I tore him helpless from their side
And gave him to a ruffian crew:
To FRIENDS* that Africk's coast annoy
I sold the charming Negro boy.

From country, friends and parents torn,
His tender limbs in chains confined,
I saw him o'er the billows borne,
And marked his agony of mind;
But still to gain the simple toy,
I gave away the Negro boy.

In isles that deck the western wave,
I doomed the hopeless youth to dwell;
A poor, forlorn, insulted slave,
A beast that Christians buy and sell;
And in their cruel tasks employ
The much enduring Negro boy.

His wretched parents long shall mourn,
Shall long explore the distant main,
In hopes to see the youth return;
But all their hopes and sighs are vain,
They never will the sight enjoy,
Of their lamented Negro boy.

Beneath a tyrant's harsh command,
He wears away his youthful prime,
Far distant from his native land,
A stranger in a foreign clime:
No pleasing thoughts his mind em-
ploy—
A poor dejected Negro boy.

But He who "walks upon the wind,
Whose voice in thunder's heard on high,
Who doth the raging tempest bind,
Or wing the lightning through the sky,
In his own time will soon destroy
Th' oppressors of the Negro boy.

* American slave-traders.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, May 30, 1807.

[No. 22.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

ORIENTAL POESY.

POEM BY HARETH.

WHEN Amru had finished his extravagant panegyrick on the tribe of Tagleb, and had received the loud applause of his own party, Hareth arose, and pronounced the following poem or speech in verse, which he delivered, according to some authours, without any meditation, but which, as others assert, with greater appearance of probability, he had prepared and gotten by heart.

Although, if we believe Asmai, the poet was above a hundred years old at this time, yet he is said to have poured forth his couplets with such boiling ardour, that, without perceiving it, he cut his hand with the string of his bow, on which, after the manner of the Arabians, he leaned while he was speaking.

Whatever was his age, the wisdom and art of his composition are finely contrasted with the youthful imprudence of his adversary, who must have exasperated the king, instead of conciliating his good will, and seems even to have menaced the very man from whom he was asking a favourable judgment. Hareth, on the contrary, begins with complimenting the queen, whose name was Asoma, and

who heard him from behind the tapestry: he appears also to have introduced another of his favourites, Hinda, merely because that was the name of the king's mother; and he celebrates the monarch himself as a model of justice, valour, and magnanimity. The description of his camel, which he interweaves according to custom, is very short; and he opens the defence of his tribe with coolness and moderation; but, as he proceeds, his indignation seems to be kindled, and the rest of his harangue consists of sharp expostulations, and bitter sarcasms, not without much sound reasoning, and a number of allusions to facts which cannot but be imperfectly known to us, though they must have been fresh in the memory of his hearers. The general scope of his argument is, that no blame was justly imputable to the sons of Beir for the many calamities which the Taglebites had endured, and which had been principally occasioned by their own supineness and indiscretion. This oration, or poem, or whatever it may be denominated, had its full effect on the mind of the royal umpire, who decided the cause in favour of the Beirites, and lost his life for a decision apparently just. He must have remarked the fiery spirit of the poet Amru, from the style of his eloquence, as Cæsar first discovered the impetuous vehemence of Brutus's

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temper from his speech, delivered at Nice, in favour of king Deiotarus; but neither the Arabian nor the Roman tyrant were sufficiently on their guard against men whom they had irritated even to fury.

THE POEM.

Doth fair Asoma give us notice of her departure? Oh, why are sojourners so frequently weary of sojourning! *She is resolved to depart*, after our mutual vows among the sandy hillocks of Shamma, and in the nearer station of Khalsa; *vows, repeated* in Mohayat, Sifah, and Aglai, in Dhu Filak, Adbib, and Wafa; *vows, renewed* in the bowers of Katha, and the dales of Shoreib, in the Two Valleys, and in the plains of Ayla! I see no remains of the troth which she plighted in those stations; and I waste the day in tears, frantick with grief: but oh! what part of my happiness will tears restore?

Yet, O Hareth, *a new passion invites thee*; for Hinda is before thy eyes, and the fire, which she kindles at night in the hills, will direct thee to her abode. She kindles it with abundance of wood between the hilly stations of Akeik and Shaksein, and it blazes like the splendour of the sun.

I have been contemplating her fire from a distance, on the hill whence our excursions are made; but oh! the scorching heat, and the calamities of war, prevent me from approaching her. But I seek assistance in dispelling my care, when the sojourner of the tent hastily leaves his abode *through fear of some impending calamity*, on a camel swift as an ostrich, the mother of many young ones, the long-necked inhabitant of the desert, who hears a soft sound, and dreads the approach of the hunter in the afternoon just before the dusk of the evening: then mayest thou see behind her, from the quick motion of her legs, and the force with which she strikes the earth, a cloud of dust, thin as the gossamer; and the traces of her hoofs, which are such as to be soon effaced by the winds blowing over the sandy plain. With her I disport myself in the sultry noon, while every son of valour is like a blind camel devoted to death.

Yet misfortunes and evil tidings have brought on us affairs which give us affliction and anguish; for our brethren, the family of Arakem, *the dragon-eyed*, have transgressed the bounds of justice against us, and have been vehement in their invectives: they have confounded the blameless among us with the guilty, and the most perfect innocence has not escaped their censure. They have insisted, that all who pitch their tents in the desert are our associates, and that we are involved in their offences.

They assembled their forces by night, and as soon as the dawn appeared, there was nothing heard among them but a tumultuous noise of those who called, and those who answered; the neighing of horses, and among the rest, the lowing of camels.

O thou, who adornest thy flowery speeches concerning us before Amru, can this falsehood be long detected? Imagine not that thy instigation will animate him against us, or humiliate us; since long before thee our enemies have openly calumniated us, yet we continued advancing ourselves in defiance of their hate, with laudable self-sufficiency and exalted reputation. Before this day, the eyes of nations have been dazzled by our glory, and have been moved with envious indignation and obstinate resentment. Fortune seemed to raise for us a dark rock, with a pointed summit, dispelling the clouds, thick and firm, secured from calamity, not to be weakened by any disaster how ever grievous and violent.

Intrust to our wisdom, every momentous affair from which you desire to be extricated, and by which the assemblies of chiefs are made unhappy. If you inquire concerning our wars between Milaha and Dhakib, you will find on their plains many an un-avenged, and many an avenged corpse; or if examining diligently the questions in which all tribes are deeply interested, you will see the difference between your offences and your innocence: but, if you decline *this fair discussion*, we shall turn from you with resentment, concealing hatred in our bosoms as the mote is concealed in the closed eye-lids.

Reject, if you please, the terms which we offer; but of whom have you heard that surpasses us in glory? You have perfectly known us, on the days when the warriors have assailed one another with rapacious violence, when every tribe has raised a tumultuous din; when we brought up our camels from the palm-groves of Bahrein, and drove them by rapid marches, till we reached the plains of Hisa.

Then we advanced against the sons of Tamerin; and when the sacred month required the cessation of our war, we carried away the daughters of their tribe for our handmaids.

In opposition to us, neither could the valiant man keep his ground on the level field, nor did the precipitate flight avail the frail-hearted. No; the coward, who ran hastily from the plain, was not saved by the summit of rocks or the roughness of craggy paths. By these exertions we maintained our preeminence over the tribes, until Moudir, son of the beautiful Maisema, obtained the dominion: he was a prince who bore witness to our valour on the day of Haya-rain, when the calamity of war was in truth a calamity; a prince who subjected nations:

whose equal in magnanimity could not be found among them.

Desist then from vaunting and from hostility: you have, indeed, pretended ignorance of our claims; but from that pretended ignorance will proceed your woe. Remember well the oaths taken in Dhu'lmejaz, the covenants and vows of amity which were made there of old. Beware of injustice and violence; nor let your intemperate passions impel you to violate contracts written on tablets. Know, that we and you, on the day when we made our treaty, were equally bound by our respective engagements.

Are we responsible for the crimes of Candā? Shall their conquering chief have the spoils, and shall reprisals be made upon us? Are we responsible for the excesses of Haneifa, and for all the conflicts which the dusty plain has seen accumulated? Must we answer for the offences of the sons of Ateik? No: whoever has broken the covenant, we are innocent of their war.

Doth the guilt of Ibaad hang on our heads, as the burthen is suspended on the centre of the camel's girths? Has the blame due to Kodhaa fallen upon us, or rather, are we not secure from a single drop of their faults? Are we responsible for the crimes of Iyaad, as it was said to the tribe of Thasm, Your brethren are rebels? Those who raised the dissension belonged not to us; neither Kais, nor Jondal, nor Hadda.

Vain pretexts! Unjust pretensions! *That we should suffer for others, as the roe is sacrificed in the place of the sheep!* Fourscore warriors, indeed, advanced from Tamerin, and their hands carried lances, whose points were Fate; yet they profaned not the hallowed places of the sons of Rizaah, on the hills of Nitaa, when they called on them for mercy: they left them, however, wounded on the plain, and returned with captive flocks and herds so numerous, that the drivers of them were deafened with their cries. The vanquished tribe came afterwards to implore restitution; but not a single beast, either black or of a white hue, was restored to them: so they retired with heart-breaking afflictions; nor could any stream of water quench their ardent rage: after this, a troop of horsemen, led by the impetuous Ghallaik, assailed them without remorse or pity: full many a son of Tagleb has been smitten, whose blood has flowed unrevenged, while the black dust covered his corse.

Are your cares comparable to those of our tribe, when Mondir waged war against them? Are we, *like you*, become subject to the son of Hinda? When he fixed his abode in the lofty turrets of Maisuna, and sojourned in the nearer station of Khaltha, from every tribe there flocked around him a company of robbers, impetuous as eagles: he led them on, and supplied them with dates

and with water; so the will of God was accomplished, and afflicted men doomed to affliction.

Then, you invited them to attack you by your want of circumspection; and the vain security of your intemperate joy impelled them to be hostile. They surprised you not, indeed, by a sudden assault; but *they advanced*, and the sultry vapour of noon, *through which you saw them*, increased their magnitude.

O thou inveterate and glozing calumniator, who inveighest against us before king Amru! will there be no end of thy unjust invectives? Between Amru and us many acts of amity have passed, and from all of them, no doubt, has benefit arisen. He is a just prince, and the most accomplished that walks the earth: all praise is below his merit: a prince descended from Irem! a warrior, like him, ought ever to be encircled with troops of geni; for he protects his domain, and refuses to punish even his opponents! A monarch who knows us by three infallible signs, by each of which our eloquence is decided: *the first is the conspicuous token of our valour*, when all Arabia come forth in the rocky vales, each tribe of Maad under their banner, and assembled in complete armour, round the warlike Kais, that valiant Prince of Yemen, who stood *firm and brilliant*, like a white cliff. Then came a legion of high-born youths, whom nothing could restrain but our long and glittering spears; but we repelled them with strokes *which made their blood gush from their sides*, as the water streams from the mouth of a bottle which contains it. We drove them for refuge to the craggy hills of Kahlaan; we thrust them before us, till the muscles of their thighs were breached in gore. We did them with a deed, the name of which God only knows; and no revenge could be taken for the blood of men who sought their own fate. Next advanced Hojar, son of Omri Kathaam, with an army of Persians, clad in discoloured brass, a lion in the conflict, of a ruddy hue, trampling on his prey; but a vernal season of beneficence in every barren year: yet we smote them on the foreheads with our cimeters, the edges of which quivered in their flesh like buckets drawn from a deep well encircled with stone.

Secondly, we broke the chains of Amriolkais, after his long imprisonment and anguish. We forcibly avenged the death of Mondir on the king of Gassair, that his blood might not flow in vain. We redeemed our captives with nine kings of illustrious race, whose spoils were exceedingly precious. With the horses, with the dark horses, of the sons of Aus, came whole squadrons, fierce as eagles with crooked beaks: We scarce had passed through the

cloud of dust, when they turned their backs; and then how dreadfully blazed the fire of our vengeance.

Lastly, we gave birth to Amru the son of Omm Ayaas; for not long ago were the bridal gifts presented to us as *kinemen*.

May our faithful admonition reach all our kindred tribes, extended wide as our consanguinity, in plains beyond plains!

REVIEW.

From a British publication.

The Miseries of Human Life; or the Groans of Samuel Sensitive, and Timothy Testy: with a few Supplementary Sighs from Mrs Testy. In twelve dialogues. Third Edition, foolscap 8vo. pp. 332. price 8s. boards. Miller, London, 1806.

It happened that we accidentally opened this volume at the last page, so that the authour's *postfixed* motto, after his *finis*, informed us at once what was the nature of his work:

"—*ridentem dicere verum*
"*Quid vetat?*"

Why, nothing forbids that truth should be told, told too, cheerfully, jocosely, nay facetiously, and if not roguishly, nobody likes it better than we do. We consider a right to laugh as a part of the *lex non scripta* of the British Constitution; and with the valiant Queen Bess we "think foul scorn" that any prince or potentate on earth should prevent John Bull, or any of his family, from shaking either, his sides or his head, *ad libitum*. There is indeed a distinction, between being laughed *with*, and being laughed *at*; the rule, we believe, is—to let those laugh who win: though others say, let those laugh who can; for those who win will.—The publication before us, which in a very few weeks has reached a third edition, fully proves, that something is to be won by laughing; the authour laughed (in his sleeve) while composing it; the printer's devil—while it was at the press; the bookseller—when he saw his first and second editions exhausted; and his kind readers—during a summer recess from the arduous occupation of studying the good of their country:

Ridentem tenetis amici? But what is there in the "Miseries of human life" to excite this passion? It is a picture of minor misfortunes, rendered ludicrous by the importance attached to trifles. It is the ordinary vexations of humanity, the burrs which stick to whoever walks in the paths of life, which tease if they do not wound, and irritate if they do not distress, heightened by association, assimilation and ingenious description. The dialogue is well conducted, diversified by occasional allusions to classick writers, including scraps of Latin, and some of Greek, for the most part happily applied, though we think them sometimes chosen rather for sound, than for sense.

The authour has struck out an idea capable of receiving innumerable forms. Every stage of our existence has its miseries; from those of "the schoolboy, who, with satchel on his back creeps unwillingly to school," and "the lover who composes his woful ballad made to his mistress's eyebrow," and "sees Helen's beauty in a complexion of Egypt." Every profession has its miseries; the relations of life have their miseries, and perhaps there is no gratification more generally interesting than that which attends the recollection or the relation of adventures wherein good and evil of the lighter kinds were so equally and intimately blended, that for a moment the mind was embarrassed to disentangle them.

That *such* calamities may bear being joked at, we willingly admit; and we heartily commend the authour before us, for restraining his wit within the bounds of good manners. Had he treated serious subjects with levity, or unmanly sarcasm, we should have manifested our indignation; had he transgressed the laws of decorum, or of politeness, of virtue, or of religion, we should have thought no castigation too severe for him; but as the exciting of innocent mirth appears to have been his intention, we think him entitled to our thanks, and wish him on the part of the publick still further "demonstra-

tions of joy." We may add, *Ridendo castigat mores.*

The twelve dialogues comprise the Miseries of the Country; of Games, Sports, &c. of London, of Publick Places, of Travellers, of Social Life, of Reading and Writing, of the Table, Domestic Miseries, and Miseries Miscellaneous. Such are the "miseries that flesh is heir to." Now for a few specimens taken at haphazard.

"The delights of Hay-time! as follows: After having cut down every foot of grass upon your grounds, on the most solemn assurances of the barometer that there is nothing to fear—after having dragged the whole neighbourhood for every man, woman, and child, that love or money could procure, and thrust a rake, or a pitchfork, into the hand of every servant in your family, from the housekeeper to the scullion—after having long overlooked and animated their busy labours, and seen the exuberant produce turned and returned under a smiling sun, until every blade is as dry as a bone, and as sweet as a rose—after having exultingly counted one rising haycock after another, and drawn to the spot every seizable horse and cart, and all now standing in readiness to carry home the vegetable treasure as fast as it can be piled—at such a golden moment as this, Mr. Testy, to see volume upon volume of black, heavy clouds suddenly rising, and advancing, in frowning columns from the Southwest; as if the Sun had taken half the zodiac—from Leo to Aquarius—at a leap: they halt—they muster directly over head;—at the signal of a thunder-clap, they pour down their contents with a steady perpendicular discharge, and the assault is continued without a moment's pause, till every meadow is completely got under, and the whole scene of action is a swamp. When the enemy has performed his commission by a total defeat of your hopes, when he has completely swept the field, and scattered your whole party in a panick flight, he suddenly breaks up his forces, and quits the ground; leaving you to comfort and amuse yourself, under your loss, by

looking at his colours, in the shape of a most beautiful rainbow which he displays in his rear." p. 30.

"While deeply, delightfully, and, as you hope, safely engaged at home in the morning, after peremptory orders of denial to all comers whomsoever,—being suddenly surprised, through the treachery or folly of your servant, by an inroad from a party of the starched, stupid, cold, idle natives of a neighbouring country-town, who lay a formal seige, by saps, to your leisure, which they carry on for at least two hours, in almost total silence:—

"Nothing there is to come, and nothing past,
"But an eternal Now does ever last."

During the last hour they alternately tantalize and torment you, by seeming, (but *only* seeming), to go,—which they are induced to do at last only by the approach of a fresh detachment of the enemy, whom they descry at your castle-gate, and to whose custody they commit you, while they pursue their own scouring excursions upon the other peaceful inhabitants of the district." p. 40.

"The plagues of that complicated evolution called "right hand and left," from the awkwardness of some, and the inattention of others;

Ned. Tes.

"Pallantes error certo de tramite pellit;
Ille sinisterosum, hic dextrorsum abit."

Hor.

Tes. Again.

"Being compelled to shift your steps, at every instant, from jig to minuet, and from minuet to jig time, by the sleepy, ignorant, or drunken blunders of your musicians:

Ned. Tes.

"Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis." p. 50.

"As you are hastening down the Strand, on a matter of life and death, encountering at an archway, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who you *know*, must successively strain up with an overloaded coal-wagon, before you can hope to stir an inch—unless you prefer bedevilling

your white stockings and clean shoes, by scampering and crawling, among, and under, coaches, scavengers' carts, &c. &c. in the middle of the street." p. 66.

"After the play, on a raw wet night, with a party of ladies,—fretting and freezing in the outer lobbies, and at the street-doors of the theatre, among chairmen, barrow-women, yelling link boys, and other human refuse, in endless attempts to find out your servant, or carriage, which, when found at last, cannot be drawn up nearer than a furlong from the door." p. 86.

"After loudly boasting of your superior skill in stirring the fire and being requested by the lady of the house to undertake it,—suddenly extinguishing every spark, in playing off what you had announced as a chef d'œuvre of the poker."

The lady, Mrs. Testy, has also her catalogue of miseries, such as,

"A termagant cook, who suffers neither yourself nor your servants to have a moment's peace—yet as she is an excellent cook, and your husband a great epicure, (excuse me Mr. Testy), you are obliged to smother your feelings, and seem both blind and deaf to all her tantrums. p. 275.

"Working, half asleep, at a beautiful piece of fine netting, in the evening, and on returning to it in the morning, discovering that you have totally ruined it.

"After having consumed three years on a piece of tambour-work, which has been the wonder of the female world, leaving it, on the very day you have finished it, in the hackney-coach, in which you were exultingly carrying it to the friend whom you intended to surprise with it as a present: afterwards, repeatedly advertising—all in vain.

"After dinner, when the ladies retire with you from a party of very pleasant men, having to entertain, as you can, half a score of empty, or formal females; then, after a decent time has elapsed, and your patience and topicks are equally exhausted, ringing for the tea, &c. which you sit making in despair, for above two

hours; having three or four times, sent word to the gentlemen that it is ready, and overheard your husband, at the last message, answer "Very well—another bottle of wine." By the time that the tea and coffee are quite cold, they arrive, continuing, as they enter, and for an hour afterwards, their political disputes, occasionally suspended, on the part of the master of the house, by a *reasonable* complaint to his lady, at the coldness of the coffee; soon after the carriages are announced and the visitors disperse.

"At a ball—when you have set your heart on dancing with a particular favourite,—at the moment when you delightedly see him advancing towards you, being briskly accosted by a conceited simpleton at your elbow, whom you cannot endure, but who obtains, (because you know not in what manner to refuse), the honour of your hand for the evening."

From Salmagundi.

LETTER

FROM MUSTAPHA RUB-A-DUB KELI KHAN, *Captain of a ketch, to ASEM HACCHEM, principal slave driver to his Highness the Bashaw of Tripoli.*

Sweet, oh, ASEM! is the memory of distant friends! like the mellow ray of a departing sun it falls tenderly yet sadly on the heart. Every hour of absence from my native land rolls heavily by, like the sandy wave of the desert, and the fair shores of my country rise blooming to my imagination, clothed in the soft illusive charms of distance. I sigh—yet no one listens to the sigh of the captive; I shed the bitter tear of recollection, but no one sympathizes in the tear of the turban'd stranger! Think not, however, thou brother of my soul, that I complain of the horrors of my situation;—think not that my captivity is attended with the labours, the chains, the scourges, the insults that render slavery, with us, more dreadful than the pangs of hesitating, lingering death. Light, indeed, are the restraints on the personal freedom of thy kinsman; but

who can enter into the afflictions of the mind;—who can describe the agonies of the heart; they are mutable as the clouds of the air, they are countless as the waves that divide me from my native country.

I have, of late, my dear Asem, laboured under an inconvenience singularly unfortunate, and am reduced to a dilemma most ridiculously embarrassing. Why should I hide it from the companion of my thoughts, the partner of my sorrows and my joys? Alas! Asem, thy friend Mustapha, the sublime and invincible *captain of a ketch*, is sadly in want of a pair of breeches! Thou wilt doubtless smile, oh most grave mussulman, to hear me indulge in such ardent lamentations about a circumstance so trivial, and a want apparently so easy to be satisfied: but little canst thou know of the mortifications attending my necessities, and the astonishing difficulty of supplying them. Honoured by the smiles and attentions of the beautiful ladies of this city, who have fallen in love with my whiskers and my turban; courted by the bashaws and the great men, who delight to have me at their feasts; the honour of my company eagerly solicited by every fiddler who gives a concert; think of my chagrin at being obliged to decline the host of invitations that overwhelm me, merely for want of a pair of breeches! Oh Allah! Allah! that thy disciples could come into the world all be-feathered like a bantam, or with a pair of leather breeches like the wild deer of the forest! Surely, my friend, it is the destiny of man to be forever subjected to petty evils, which, however trifling in appearance, prey in silence on his little pittance of enjoyment, and poison those moments of sunshine, which might otherwise be consecrated to happiness.

The want of a garment thou wilt say is easily supplied, and thou mayest suppose need only be mentioned, to be remedied at once by any taylor of the land: little canst thou conceive the impediments which stand in the way of my comfort; and still less art thou acquainted with the prodigious *great scale* on which every thing is

transacted in this country. The nation moves most majestically slow and clumsy in the most trivial affairs, like the unwieldy elephant, which makes a formidable difficulty of picking up a straw! When I hinted my necessities to the officer who has charge of myself and my companions, I expected to have them forthwith relieved; but he made an amazing long face, told me that we were prisoners of state, that we must therefore be clothed at the expense of government; that as no provision had been made by congress for an emergency of the kind, it was impossible to furnish me with a pair of breeches, until all the sages of the nation had been convened to talk over the matter, and debate upon the expediency of granting my request. Sword of the immortal Khalid, thought I, but this is great! this is truly sublime! All the sages of an immense *logocracy* assembled together to talk about my breeches! Vain mortal that I am—I cannot but own I was somewhat reconciled to the delay which must necessarily attend this method of clothing me, by the consideration that if they made the affair a national act, my “name must of course be embodied in history,” and myself and my breeches flourish to immortality in the annals of this mighty empire!

“But pray, said I, how does it happen that a matter so insignificant should be erected into an object of such importance as to employ the representative wisdom of the nation, and what is the cause of their talking so much about a trifle?” “O, replied the officer who acts as our slave-driver, it all proceeds from *economy*. If the government did not spend ten times as much money in debating whether it was proper to supply you with breeches, as the breeches themselves would cost, the people who govern the bashaw and his divan would straightway begin to complain of their liberties being infringed: the national finances squandered: not a hostile slang-whanger, throughout the *logocracy*, but would burst forth like a barrel of combustion; and ten chances

to one. But the bashaw and the sages of his divan would all be turned out of office together. My good mussulman, continued he, the administration have the good of the people too much at heart to trifle with their pockets; and they would sooner assemble and talk away ten thousand dollars, than expend fifty silently out of the treasury; such is the wonderful spirit of *economy* that pervades every branch of this government." "But, said I, how is it possible they can spend money in talking—surely words cannot be the current coin of this country?" "Truly, cried he, smiling, your question is pertinent enough, for words indeed often supply the place of cash among us, and many an honest debt is paid in promises; but the fact is, the grand bashaw and the members of congress, or grand talkers of the nation, either receive a yearly salary or are paid *by the day*." "By the nine hundred tongues of the great beast in Mahomet's vision but the murder is out—it is no wonder these honest men talk so much about nothing, when they are paid for *talking*, like day labourers:" "You are mistaken," said my driver, "it is nothing but *economy*!"

I remained silent for some minutes, for this inexplicable word *economy* always discomfits me, and when I flatter myself I have grasped it, it slips through my fingers like a jack-o'-lantern. I have not, nor perhaps ever shall acquire sufficient of the philosophick policy of this government, to draw a proper distinction between an individual and a nation. If a man was to throw away a pound in order to save a beggarly penny, and boast at the same time of his economy, I should think him on a par with the fool in the fable of Alfanji, who, in skinning a flint worth a farthing, spoiled a knife worth fifty times the sum, and thought he had acted wisely. The shrewd fellow would doubtless have valued himself much more highly on his *economy*, could he have known that his example would one day be followed by the bashaw of America, and sages of his divan.

This economical disposition, my friend, occasions much fighting of the spirit and innumerable contests of the tongue in this talking assembly. Wouldst thou believe it? they were actually employed for a whole week in a most strenuous and eloquent debate about patching up a hole in the wall of the room appropriated to their meetings! A vast profusion of nervous argument and pompous declamation was expended on the occasion. Some of the orators, I am told, being rather waggishly inclined, were most stupidly jocular on the occasion; but their waggyery gave great offence, and was highly reprobated by the more *weighty* part of the assembly, who hold all wit and humour in abomination, and thought the business in hand much too solemn and serious to be treated lightly. It is supposed by some that this affair would have occupied a whole winter, as it was a subject on which several gentlemen spoke who had never been known to open their lips in that place except to say *yes* and *no*. These silent members are by way of distinction denominated *orators mums*, and are highly valued in this country on account of their great talents for silence—a qualification extremely rare in a logocracy.

In the course of debate on this momentous question, the members began to wax warm, and grew to be exceeding wroth with one another, because their opponents most obstinately refused to be convinced by their arguments—or rather their *words*. The hole in the wall came well nigh producing a civil war of words throughout the empire; for, as usual in all publick questions, the whole country was divided, and the *hoteans* and the *anti-hoteans*, headed by their respective slangwhangers, were marshalled out in array, and menaced deadly warfare. Fortunately for the publick tranquillity, in the hottest part of the debate, when two rampant Virginians, brimful of logick and philosophy, were measuring tongues, and syllogistically cudgelling each other out of their unreasonable notions, the president of the divan, a knowing old gentleman, one

might slyly sent a mason with a hod of mortar, who, in the course of a few minutes, closed up the hole and put a final end to the argument. Thus did this wise old gentleman, by hitting on a most simple expedient, in all probability, save his country as much money as would build a gunboat, or pay a hireling slang-whanger for a whole volume of *words*. As it happened, only a few thousand dollars were expended in paying these men, who are denominated, I suppose in derision, legislators.

Another instance of their economy I relate with pleasure, for I really begin to feel a regard for these poor barbarians. They talked away the best part of a whole winter before they could determine *not* to expend a few dollars in purchasing a sword to bestow on an illustrious warrior: yes Asem, on that very hero who frightened all our poor old women and young children at Derne, and fully proved himself a greater man than the mother that bore him. Thus, my friend, is the whole collective wisdom of this mighty logocracy employed in somniferous debates about the most trivial affairs, like I have sometimes seen an Herculean mountebank exerting all his energies in ballancing a straw upon his nose. Their sages behold the minutest object with the microscopick eyes of a pismire; molehills swell into mountains, and a grain of mustard-seed will set the whole ant-hill in a hubbub. Whether this indicates a capacious vision, or diminutive mind, I leave thee to decide: for my part I consider it as another proof of the *great scale* on which every thing is transacted in this country.

I have before told thee that nothing can be done without consulting the sages of the nation, who compose the assembly called the Congress. This prolifick body may not improperly be termed the "mother of inventions;" and a most fruitful mother it is let me tell thee, though its children are generally abortions. It has lately laboured with what was deemed the conception of a mighty navy.—All the old women and the good wives that assist

the bashaw in his emergencies hurried to head-quarters to be busy, like midwives, at the delivery. All was anxiety, fidgetting, and consultation; when, after a deal of groaning and struggling, instead of formidable first rates and gallant frigates, out crept a litter of sorry little gunboats! These are most pitiful little vessels, partaking vastly of the character of the grand bashaw, who has the credit of begetting them—being flat shallow vessels that can only sail before the wind—must always keep in with the land—are continually foundering or running ashore; and in short, are only fit for *smooth water*. Though intended for the defence of the maritime cities, yet the cities are obliged to *defend them*; and they require as much nursing as so many ricketty little bandlings. They are, however, the darling pets of the grand bashaw, being the children of his dotage, and, perhaps, from their diminutive size and palpable weakness, are called the "infant navy of America." The act that brought them into existence was almost deified by the majority of the people as a grand stroke of *economy*. By the beard of Mahomet but this word is truly inexplicable!

To this economick body therefore was I advised to address my petition, and humbly to pray that the august assembly of sages would, in the plenitude of their wisdom and the magnitude of their powers, munificently bestow on an unfortunate captive, a pair of cotton breeches! "Head of the immortal Amru," cried I, "but this would be presumptuous to a degree—what! after these worthies have thought proper to leave their country naked and defenceless, and exposed to all the political storms that rattle without, can I expect that they will lend a helping hand to comfort the *extremities* of a solitary captive?" My exclamation was only answered by a smile, and I was consoled by the assurance that, so far from being neglected, it was every way probable my breeches might occupy a whole session of the divan, and set several of the longest heads together by the

ears. Flattering as was the idea of a whole nation being agitated about my breeches, yet I own I was somewhat dismayed at the idea of remaining *in quærto*, until all the national grey-beards should have made a speech on the occasion, and given their consent to the measure. The embarrassment and distress of mind which I experienced was visible in my countenance, and my guard, who is a man of infinite good-nature, immediately suggested, as a more expeditious plan of supplying my wants—a benefit at the theatre. Though profoundly ignorant of his meaning, I agreed to his proposition, the result of which I shall disclose to thee in another letter.

Fare thee well, dear Asem;—in thy pious prayers to our great prophet, never forget to solicit thy friend's return; and when thou numberest up the many blessings bestowed on thee by all bountiful Allah, pour forth thy gratitude that he has cast thy nativity in a land where there is no assembly of legislative chatterers—no great bashaw, who bestrides a gun-boat for a hobby-horse—where the word *economy* is unknown—and where an unfortunate captive is not obliged to call upon the whole nation, to cut him out a pair of breeches.

Ever thine,

MUSTAPHA.

SATIRICAL.

THE STRANGER IN PENNSYLVANIA.

By Jeremy Cockloft, the Younger.

CHAPTER I.

Cross the Delaware—knew I was in Pennsylvania, because all the people were fat and looked like the statue of William Penn—Bristol—very remarkable for having nothing in it worth the attention of the traveller—saw Burlington on the opposite side of the river—fine place for pigeon-houses—and why?—Pennsylvania famous for barns—cattle in general better lodged than the farmers—barns appear to be built as the old Roman peasant planted his trees “for posterity

and the immortal gods.” Saw several fine bridges of two or three arches built over dry places—wondered what could be the use of them—reminded me of the famous bridge at Madrid, built over no water—Chamouny—floating bridge made of pine logs fastened together by ropes made of walnut bark—strange that the people who have such a taste for bridges should not have taken advantage of this river, to indulge in their favourite kind of architecture!—expressed my surprise to a fellow passenger, who observed to me with great gravity, “that nothing was more natural than that people who build bridges over dry places should neglect them where they are really necessary;” could not, for the head of me, see to the bottom of the man's reasoning—about half an hour after it struck me that he had been quizzing me a little—didn't care much about that—revenge myself by mentioning him in my book. Village of Washington—very pleasant, and remarkable for being built on each side of the road—houses all cast in the same mould—have a very quakerish appearance, being built of stone, plastered and white-washed, and green doors, ornamented with brass knockers, kept very bright—saw several genteel young ladies scouring them, which was no doubt the reason of their brightness. Breakfasted at the Fox-Chase—recommend this house to all gentlemen travelling for information, as the landlady makes the best buck-wheat cakes in the whole world: and because it bears the same name with a play, written by a young gentleman of Philadelphia, which, notwithstanding its very considerable merit, was received at that city with indifference and neglect—because it had no puns in it. Frankford *in the mud*—very picturesque town, situate on the edge of a pleasant swamp—or meadow as they call it—houses all built of turf, cut in imitation of stone—poor substitute—took in a couple of Princeton students, who were going to the southward, to tell their papas (or rather their mammas) what fine manly boys they were, and how nobly they

resisted the authority of the trustees—both pupils of Godwin and Tom Paine—talked about the rights of man, the social compact, and the perfectibility of boys—hope their parents will whip them when they get home, and send them back to college without any spending money. Turnpike gates—direction to keep to the right, as the law directs—very good advice in my opinion; but one of the students swore that he had no idea of submitting to this kind of oppression, and insisted on the driver's taking the left passage, in order to show the world we were not to be imposed upon by such arbitrary rules—driver, who, I believe, had been a student at Princeton himself, shook his head like a professor, and said it would not do. Entered Philadelphia through the suburbs—four little markets in a herd—one turned into a school for young ladies—mem. young ladies early in the market here—pun—good.

CHAPTER II.

Very ill—confined to my bed with a violent fit of the *fun* mania—strangers always experience an attack of the kind on their first arrival, and undergo a *seasoning* as Europeans do in the West-Indies. In my way from the stage-office to Renshaw's, I was accosted by a good-looking young gentleman from New-Jersey, who had caught the infection—he took me by the button and informed me of a contest that had lately taken place between a tailor and a shoemaker about I forget what:—Snip was pronounced a fellow of great *capability*, a man of gentlemanly *habits*, who would doubtless *suit* every body. The shoemaker *bristled* up at this, and *waxed* exceeding wrath—swore the tailor was but a *half-souled* fellow, and that it was easy to *shew* he was never *cut out* for a gentleman. The *choler* of the tailor was up in an instant, he swore by his *thimble* that he would never *pocket* such an insult, but would *baste* any man who dared to repeat it.—Honest Crispin was now worked up to his proper *itch*, and was determined to yield the

tailor no *quarters*;—he vowed he would lose his *all* but what he would gain his *ends*. He resolutely held on to the *last*, and on his threatening to *back-strap* his adversary, the tailor was obliged to *sheer* off, declaring, at the same time, that he would have him *bound over*. The young gentleman, having finished his detail, gave a most obstreperous laugh, and hurried off to tell his story to somebody else—*Li-centia punica*, as Horace observes—it did my business—I went home, took to my bed, and was two days confined with this singular complaint.

Having, however, looked about me with the Argus eyes of a traveller, I have picked up enough in the course of my walk from the stage-office, to the hotel, to give a full and impartial account of this remarkable city. According to the good old rule, I shall begin with the etymology of its name, which, according to Linkum Fidelius, Tom. LV. is clearly derived, either from the name of its first founder, viz. PHILO DRIPPING-PAN, or the singular taste of the aborigines who flourished there, on his arrival. Linkum, who is as shrewd a fellow as any theorist or F. S. A. for peeping with a dark lantern into the lumber garret of antiquity, and lugging out all the trash which was left there for oblivion, by our wiser ancestors, supports his opinion by a prodigious number of ingenious and inapplicable arguments; but particularly rests his position on the known fact, that Philo Dripping-pan was remarkable for his predilection to eating, and his love of what the learned Dutch call *douf*. Our erudite authour likewise observes that the citizens are to this day, noted for their love of “a sop in the pan,” and their portly appearance, “except, indeed,” continues he, “the young ladies, who are perfectly genteel in their dimensions”—this, however, he ill naturedly enough ascribes to their eating pickles and drinking vinegar.

The Philadelphians boast much of the situation and plan of their city, and well may they, since it is undoubtedly as fair and square, and regular, and right-angled as any mechanical ge-

nus could possibly have made it. I am clearly of opinion that this hum drum regularity has a vast effect on the character of its inhabitants and even on their looks, "for you will observe," writes Linkum, "they are an honest, worthy, square, good-looking, well-meaning, regular, uniform, straight forward, clockwork, clear-headed, one-like-another, salubrious, upright kind of people, who always go to work methodically, never put the cart before the horse, talk like a book, walk mathematically, never turn but in right angles, think syllogistically, and pun theoretically, according to the genuine rules of Cicero and Dean Swift;—whereas the people of New-York—God help them—tossed about over hills and dales, through lanes and alleys, and crooked streets—continually mounting and descending, turning and twisting—whisking off at tangents and left-angled triangles, just like their own queer, odd, topsy-turvy, rantipole city, are the most irregular, crazy headed, quicksilver, eccentric, whimsical set of mortals that ever were jumbled together in this uneven, villainous revolving globe, and are the very antipodeans to the Philadelphians."

The streets of Philadelphia are wide and straight, which is wisely ordered, for the inhabitants having generally crooked noses, and most commonly travelling hard after them, the good folks would undoubtedly soon go to the wall, in the crooked streets of our city. This fact of the crooked noses has not been hitherto remarked by any of our American travellers, but must strike every stranger of the least observation. There is, however, one place which I would recommend to all my fellow-citizens who come after me, as a promenade—I mean Dock-street—the only street in Philadelphia that bears any resemblance to New-York—how tender, how exquisite are the feelings awakened in the breast of a traveller, when his eye encounters some object which reminds him of his far distant country! The pensive New-Yorker, having drank his glass of porter, and smoked his cigar after

dinner, (by the way, I would recommend Sheaff, as selling the best in Philadelphia) may here direct his solitary steps and indulge in that mellow tenderness in which the sentimental Kotzebue, erst delighted to wallow—he may recal the romantick scenery and graceful windings of Maiden-lane and Pearl-street, trace the tumultuous gutter in its harmonious meanderings, and almost fancy he beholds the moss-crowned roof of the Bear-market, or the majestick steeple of St. Paul's towering to the clouds. Perhaps too he may have left behind him some gentle fair one, who, all the live-long evening, sits pensively at the window, leaning on her elbows, and counting the lingering, lame, and broken-winded moments that so tediously lengthen the hours which separate her from the object of her contemplations!—delightful Lethe of the soul—sunshine of existence—wife and children poking up the cheerful evening fire—paper windows, mud walls, love in a cottage—sweet sensibility and all that.

Every body has heard of the famous bank of Pennsylvania, which, since the destruction of the tomb of Mausolus, and the colossus of Rhodes, may fairly be estimated as one of the wonders of the world. My landlord thinks it unquestionably the finest building upon earth. The honest man has never seen the theatre in New-York, or the new brick church at the head of Rector street, which, when finished, will, beyond all doubt, be infinitely superiour to the Pennsylvania barns, I noted before.

Philadelphia is a place of great trade and commerce—not but that it would have been much more so, that is had it been built on the scite of New-York: but as New-York has engrossed its present situation, I think Philadelphia must be content to stand where it does at present—at any rate it is not Philadelphia's fault, nor is it any concern of mine, so I shall not make myself uneasy about the affair. Besides, to use Trim's argument, were that city to stand where New-York does, it might perhaps, have the mis-

fortune to be called New-York and not Philadelphia, which would be quite another matter, and this portion of my travels had undoubtedly been smothered before it was born—which would have been a thousand pities indeed.

Of the manufactures of Philadelphia I can say but little, except that the people are famous for an excellent kind of confectionary, made from the drainings of sugar. The process is simple as any in Mrs. Glass's excellent and useful work, (which I hereby recommend to the fair hands of all young ladies, who are not occupied in reading Moore's poems)—you buy a pot—put your molasses in your pot—if you can beg, borrow, or steal your molasses, it will come much cheaper than if you buy it)—boil your molasses to a proper consistency; but if you boil it too much, it will be none the better for it—then pour it off and let it cool, or draw it out into little pieces about nine inches long, and put it by for use. This manufacture is called by the Bostonians *lassas-candy*, by the New-Yorkers, *cock-a-nee-nee*—but by the polite Philadelphians, by a name utterly impossible to pronounce.

The Philadelphia ladies, are some of them beautiful, some of them tolerably good looking, and some of them, to say the truth, are not at all handsome. They are, however, very agreeable in general, except those who are reckoned witty, who, if I might be allowed to speak my mind, are very disagreeable, particularly to young gentlemen, who are travelling for information. Being fond of tea parties, they are a little given to criticism—but are in general remarkably discreet, and very industrious as I have been assured by some of my friends. Take them all in all, however, they are much inferior to the ladies of New-York, as plainly appears from several young gentlemen having fallen in love with some of our belles, after resisting all the female attractions of Philadelphia. From this inferiority, I except one, who is the most amiable, the most accomplished, the most bewitching, and the most of every thing that consti-

tutes the divinity of woman—mem.—*golden apple!*

The amusements of the Philadelphians are dancing, punning, tea parties and theatrical exhibitions. In the first they are far inferior to the young people of New-York, owing to the misfortune of their mostly preferring to idle away time in the cultivation of the head instead of the heels. It is a melancholy fact that an infinite number of young ladies in Philadelphia, whose minds are elegantly accomplished in literature, have sacrificed to the attainment of such trifling acquisitions, the pigeon-wing, the waltz, the cossack dance, and other matters of equal importance. On the other hand they excel the New-Yorkers in punning, and in the management of tea parties. In New-York you never hear, except from some young gentleman just returned from a visit to Philadelphia, a single attempt at punning, and at a tea party, the ladies in general, are disposed close together, like a setting of jewels or pearls round a locket, in all the majesty of good behaviour—and if a gentleman wishes to have a conversation with one of them about the backwardness of the spring, the improvements in the theatre, or the merits of his horse, he is obliged to march up in the face of such volleys of eye-shot! such a formidable artillery of glances!—if he escapes annihilation, he should cry out a miracle! and never encounter such dangers again. I remember to have once heard a very valiant British officer, who had served with credit for some years, in the train-bands, declare with a veteran oath, that sooner than encounter with such deadly peril, he would fight his way clear through a London mob, though he were pelted with brickbats all the time. Some ladies who were present at this declaration of the gallant officer, were inclined to consider it a great compliment, until one, more knowing than the rest, declared with a little piece of a sneer, "that they were very much obliged to him for likening the company to a London mob, and their glances to brickbats:" the officer

looked blue, turned on his heel, made a fine retreat and went home, with a determination to quiz the American ladies as soon as he got to London.

Salmagundi.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Messrs. Russell and Cutler, of Boston, have published a full and authentic report of the trial of THOMAS O. SELFRIDGE, Esq. on an indictment of manslaughter, for killing Mr. Charles Austin on the publick exchange, Boston.

This contains a mass of law knowledge on most interesting points, which have rarely been agitated in our courts. They are drawn from the most authentick sources, and were enforced with eloquence, which reflects honour on the genius of our country.

Any eulogy, however, on this work will be thought superfluous, when it is premised that the SPLENDID TALENTS of Messrs. Ames, Otis, Gore, and Dexter, were exhibited in this highly interesting trial.

As a law report, it is perhaps *the most important ever published in America*, and should be in possession of every professional character in this country; and

Likewise, a pamphlet containing the occurrences antecedent to the trial. This will be found interesting not only on account of the facts narrated, but FROM ITS POINTING OUT AND ENFORCING THOSE CORRECT PRINCIPLES AND THAT HIGH SENSE OF HONOUR, WHICH FORM THE CHARACTERISTICK OF A GENTLEMAN.

[*Weekly Inspector.*]

It is with pleasure we announce to the publick, that the life of Washington, by Ramsay, is ready for, and will be put to press in a few days in this city. Several gentlemen who have seen the manuscript do not hesitate to pronounce it, what would naturally be expected from the authour and the subject, a work of the most classick elegance. It will be comprised in one

volume octavo, and printed in an elegant manner.—*N. Y. paper.*

Salmagundi.—A little work bearing the title of “Salmagundi, or the Whim-Whams and Opinions of Launcelot Langstaff and others,” is published every other week in New-York. It abounds in wit and humour, and having thrown out something that reflected on Dr. Caustick, the doctor has returned the fire. A smart contest has ensued, and both sides have displayed great skill and bravery. It is difficult to decide between them—but if they all preserve their temper, it is certain that the publick will look on with pleasure and satisfaction. Genuine wit, keen sarcasm, and smart repartees drive gloom from the face and heaviness from the heart.—*Troy Gaz.*

MERRIMENT.

J. P. Kemble, when he was lately in Madrid, asked a Spanish gentleman how they distinguished a woman of light character from a woman of reputation. “Why, sir,” returned the Spaniard, with saturnine gravity, “if you meet a woman with a little basket on her arm depend upon it she is a w——.” “But suppose she has no basket?” “Why then, sir, depend upon it *she* is a w—— too.”

A great crowd being gathered about a poor cobbler, who had just died in the street, a man asked Caleb Whitefoord, who happened to be present, what was to be seen? “Only a cobbler’s end,” returned he.

Major —, as he lay with his leg wrapped up in flannels, told Mr. Phil. Smyth, “he would leave him the gout for a *legacy*,”—“I should be sorry,” said the wit, turning to another gentleman in company, “to have such a *legacy*—*he*.”

A person speaking of an acquaintance, who, though extremely avaricious, was always arraigning the avarice of others, added, “Is it not strange that this man will not take the *beam out of his own eye*, before he attempts the

mote in other people's?" "Why, so I dare say he would," cried Sheridan, "if he was sure of *selling the timber*."

A gentleman meeting Skeffington, as he was coming out of Hyde Park, asked him what he thought of the new bridge, lately erected: "'Tis passable," replied he.

A whimsical comparison being made one day between a clock and a woman, Charles Fox gallantly observed, that he thought the simile bad; "for," said he, "*a clock serves to point the hours, and a woman to make us forget them.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

INSCRIBED ON A PICTURE
OF THE LATE MRS. BLEECKER.

By R. B. Davis.

Amid that tuneful throng whose strains divine

Resounded first on free Columbia's strand,
Bleecker! the most melodious song was thine.

The sweetest lyre was that which graced
thy hand.

Thy muse was *Nature*,—she inspired the song,

Profuse on thee she poured her warmest beam,

While list'ning Hudson, on his wandering stream,

Pleased, bore the magick melody along.

Muse of the Hudson! thy loved name shall bloom,

To thy admiring country ever dear;

And many a bright wreath dew'd with many a tear,

Her sons shall weave to decorate thy tomb.

Virtue thy early fate shall fondly mourn,

Fame bid thy praise on sounds of rapture float,

And weeping genius, o'er the laurell'd urn
Reclining, pour forth many a plaintive note.

For The Port Folio.

ODE—*For the seventh Anniversary of the
Calliopean Society. 1795.*

(Air—Alknomack.)

By R. B. Davis.

At the feast of the soul, where affection pre-
sides,

Where science enlightens and sympathy
guides,

Let mirth make a pause—let nature renew
The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

See! they come! the bright spirits fleet
sandy around,

Hark! they call! and remembrance awakes
at the sound;

'Tis the voice we have loved—and it bids us
renew

The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

Dear shades of our brothers! the call we
obey,

With mournful affection the tribute we pay;
While we think upon scenes of past joys;
we renew

The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

Together we roved among science's flowers,
Together we joyed in the gay social hours;

'Tis past—and sad memory comes to renew
The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

Yet long shall our hearts the remembrance
retain,

And oft shall affection repeat the fond strain;
Oft shall mirth make a pause, while we join
to renew

The sigh that to friendship departed is due.

For The Port Folio.

ADDRESS

TO MOORE'S TELL TALE LYRE.

Aëolus' harp, with melancholy swell,

O, Sympathy! can ev'ry sorrow tell!

Ethereal creature, form'd by touch divine,

Where Science, Harmony, and Mind en-
twine.

Say, art suspended in the sightless air,

That thou the breathings of the soul dost
hear,

Then, in soft echoes, to thy poet's mind,

Each sigh repeat, each wish and thought re-
fin'd!

Venus on him bestowed her loosened zone;

But truth and eloquence are all thy own!

Some seraph breath, of never-dying fire,

Melodious tun'd thy chords, celestial lyre!

And still may justice, with that angel near,

Immortalize the "Lyre"—the holy "tear!"

NATALIA.

For The Port Folio.

What is this envied heap of gold?

This glitt'ring mass of hoarded treasure?

For which coy beauty's charms are sold;

For which is barter'd every pleasure?

In search of which rash mortals go

Through trackless deserts, parch'd with
heat;

Or where bleak ocean's waters flow,

Near Zembla, Nature's last retreat.

For which the guilty Spaniard dar'd

Heaven's vengeance, on that wretched
land,

Where INCA's sacred rites prepar'd,

Could not restrain his murder's hand.

The thirsty dagger hires for gold,
And midnight robbers point the sword :
The warning voice of conscience told
In thundering sounds no more is heard.

The hapless youth, deserted, sighs,
And, oft indignant, fires with rage ;
When from his arms the false one flies,
And shuns his love for gold and age.

Detested dross ! I know thee not,
Nor e'er obey'd thy wondrous power ;
For thee, no duty have forgot,
Nor e'er exchang'd one quiet hour.

When Delia's eye benignant smiles,
While I with rapture fondly gaze ;
When mutual sympathy beguiles
With mutual bliss the happy days ;

When friendship crowns my social board,
And the dull heart imparts its store ;
I pity those who friendless hoard,
And prize my tranquil joys the more.

Hence, then, thou ore of boundless pow'r !
No charms hast thou to sooth the heart,
If adverse clouds should on me low'r,
And friends and Delia from me part.

No, not the wealth Golconda owns
Could give me bliss or ease my pain ;
If on my passion Delia frowns,
And she should never love again.

—
For The Port Folio.

MIDNIGHT.

How cold and bleak the night-air blows,
And shrilly whispers round my door !
How awful is this midnight scene,
When nought but me is stirring !

Silent is now my faithful guard,
He seeks the sweets of calm repose ;
Yet not to me is kindly given
The tranquil joys of slumber.

No joyful sounds now glad my hours,
No words steal softly on my ear ;
No more I hear the inspiring voice
That once so sweetly whisper'd !

Oh ! I have known the days of bliss !
And I have known the dreams of hope !
But gone are now the fleeting joys—
Joys fled as soon as tasted !

SEDLEY.

SONG.

FROM THE FRENCH.

At early dawn,
Along the lawn,
My swain expecting sought me ;
A lambkin fair,
His favourite care,
The gentle youth had brought me.

He soon came near,
Hope, joy, and fear
By turns his heart alarming ;
What then possest
My fluttering breast
I known not—but 'twas charming.

These roses see,
They bloom'd for thee,
(He said, my hand soft pressing)
Upon thy breast,
Oh ! let them rest,—
I envy them the blessing.

My maiden pride
His suit denied,
With scorn my glances arming ;
What then his look
Expressive spoke
I know not—but 'twas charming.

—
For The Port Folio.

SONNET.

TO MARGARET.

Fair smiles, in gayest bloom, thy native
vales

So long deserted ; and their flowers around
Fresh odours breathe ; while through the
boughs spring gales

To echo softly sing Joy's welcome sound.
Yet think, sweet Margaret ! think what
clouds of wo

Must sadden now my deep desponding
mind ;

Think, while I roam with pensive steps and
slow,

What grief afflicts the friend you leave be-
hind.

From the rude gaze of all must I conceal
The hopes I cherish yet dare not reveal,

And to the listening breeze confess my
love—

Sigh in dismay to evening's chilling airs
" For her whose absence turns my joys to
cares "

And blights the fairest scenes that erst did
cheer the grove.

SEDLEY.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 6, 1807.

[No. 23.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

POESY.

Ode on the Prospect of Eton College.

MR. WAKEFIELD has entered into a general reply to the strictures of Dr. Johnson upon this ode.

The Prospect of Eton College, says Dr. Johnson, suggests nothing to Gray which every beholder does not equally think and feel.

By this confession, then, the *sentiments* are *natural*, and consonant to the feelings of humanity; and surely this property is no discredit to any composition, but, on the contrary, the greatest recommendation of it. What indeed is poetry, but an ornamental delineation of *natural objects* and of *human passions*? The only remaining question then, is this, Whether Mr. Gray has given this exhibition with perspicuity of method, and in elegant, intelligible, and expressive language? And this, I think, no man will have the effrontery to dispute.

Our critick proceeds: "His supplication to father Thames to tell him who drives the hoop or tosses the ball, is useless and puerile. Father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself."

Just so, when Virgil invokes the river and Arethusa to aid his last pastoral song :

Extremum hunc, Arethusa mihi concede laborem,

we might say, This invocation of Arethusa is *puerile* and *useless*. She could not hinder him from writing this pastoral if he chose, nor give him assistance if he did write it.

Or, when we read those elegant verses in the *Musa Anglicana*,

At vos, qui Oetonæ colitis composque virentes,

Frondentesque simul silvas, felicia rura !
Dicite (vos et amant Musæ, et vos carmina nostis)

Dicite (vicino nam vestros alluit agros
Numine) quos crebò gemitus dabat inclytus
amnis ;

Edidit infelix quæ tunc lamenta sub undis.

But ye, who Eton's verdant plain frequent,
And groves umbrageous, happy soil ! tell, ye,
O tell, ye highly favour'd of the nine !
What sighs, what groans sent forth the
neighb'ring stream,
What lamentations from his oozy bed.

If we were desirous of being ridiculous and absurd, we might remark, that this inquiry into the groans and lamentations of father Thames was foolish and of no use. Of no use, because they knew no more of the matter than the poet knew; and foolish, because father Thames neither groaned nor lamented at all on this occasion.

‘Indeed, the very attempt to refute such execrable criticism, were an insult to the taste and understanding of the reader, if the character of its author might not possibly give it credit.

“His epithet, buxom health, is not elegant; he seems not to understand the word.”

‘The primitive meaning, to be sure, seems to have been *obsequious* or yielding; but the Doctor bears witness against himself, when he explains this term by *gay*, *lively*, *brisk*, from *Cra-shaw*; and by *wanton*, *jolly*, from *Dryden*.

“Gray thought his language more poetical as it was more removed from common use.”

‘Indeed! and I will venture to maintain, that this rule in general will be no bad criterion of poetick language, if it be not carried to the excesses of obscurity and tumour. Horace was of the same opinion, who excluded his *sermoni propria* from the claim of poetry for this very reason, and makes the *os magna sonaturum*, lofty *expression*, remote from the familiarity of common conversation and popular phraseology, to be the essence of poetry, and indeed characteristick of it. The *MORAL taste*, I presume which occurs, in the simple narration of Milton’s subject, is very remote from common use: But is it not poetical? And could it be otherwise flattened into prose than by the substitution of some familiar and frigid epithet?

“Finding in Dryden, *honey redolent of spring*, an expression that reaches the utmost limits of our language, Gray drove it a little more beyond common apprehension, by making *gales to be redolent of joy and youth*.”

That elegant, luminous, and magnificent diction which gives Mr. Gray the superiority, in point of language, over all other poets, Dr. Johnson could neither relish in others nor attain himself. No man ever exceeded in sublimity his lines on Shakspeare:

Each change of many colour’d life he drew;
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin’d new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil’d after him in vain.

But his poetical pieces, were they rigorously examined, would be found to consist of language seldom elevated, often harsh and mean, and commonly prosaick. He might be capable of producing—

Their lot forbade; nor circumscrib’d alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin’d;

Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,

And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

But this were far beyond his powers—

But not to one, in this benighted age

Is that diviner inspiration given

That burnt in Shakspeare’s or in Milton’s page:

The pomp and prodigality of heaven.

In short, he had the *thoughts that breathe*; but by no means the *words that burn*.

It were rash to attempt the defence of Mr. Gray’s *originality*. He alternately embellished and ennobled what he borrowed; but he did borrow. A recent and very excellent edition of his poems, in which, among other commendable points, care has been taken to collect whatever important communications, concerning those poems, have appeared in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, and other respectable Journals, contains a note in which is discovered the original of the entire plan of this poem. We would by no means be thought to take from the reputation of Mr. Gray by producing proofs of his want of originality; for, though to *copy* is certainly not to *invent*, much might be said upon Dr. Johnson’s proposition, that to *copy* is *less* than to *invent*.

‘It has been well remarked by a writer in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, Vol. LXVII, p. 481, that for this beautiful and affecting ode, we may have been indebted to the following passage in Walton’s *Life of Sir Henry Wotton*:

‘How useful was the advice of a holy monk, who persuaded his friend to perform his customary devotions in a constant place, because in that place we usually meet with those very thoughts which possessed us at our last being there; and I find it thus far

experimentally true, that now being in that school, and seeing that very place where I sat when I was a boy, occasioned me to remember those very thoughts of my youth which then possessed me; sweet thoughts indeed, that promised my growing years numerous pleasures, without mixture of cares; and those to be enjoyed when time, which I therefore thought slow-paced, had changed my youth into manhood. But age and experience have taught me, that these were but empty hopes; for, I have always found it true, as my Saviour did foretel, *sufficient for the day, is the evil thereof*. Nevertheless, I saw there a succession of boys using the same recreation, and questionless possessed with the same thoughts that then possessed me. Thus one generation succeeds another in their lives, recreations, hopes, fears, and death.

THE DRAMA.

Covent Garden.

The play of *The Tempest*, which has been, during the whole of the summer in preparation, was last night produced at this theatre, with much of novelty in scenery and decoration. It was not the original play of Shakspeare, nor was it exactly the mutilated play of Dryden; but we think the managers would have more effectually served themselves and gratified the publick by the primitive *Tempest* of Shakspeare, than by the selection which they have now presented.

In Shakspeare's *Enchanted Island* the audience are held in a kind of enchantment, by the same spells with which Prospero rules his little kingdom. The fooleries of Stephano and Trinculo take off the attention, for a short time, from the wonderful events which form the great incidents of the piece. Miranda expresses her emotions at the sight of Ferdinand with a refinement natural to her character. She falls in love with him at first sight; but in her love there is nothing of grossness or coquetry. The *Tempest*, however, as altered by Dryden is of a very different nature. Miranda, and the new character they introduce of Dorinda (her sister), seem utter strangers to the refined sympathy of "Shakspeare's Miranda," but are merely led by the sexual impulse to wish to marry the first men they see. Another character is introduced: Hyppolito, (who has never seen woman before), and is also, as

may be supposed, wonderfully enamoured of them. Miranda and Dorinda grow jealous of one another, and quarrel on the stage; and all that trifling (with which the audience appeared much disgusted) spoils entirely the grand effect which Shakspeare's *Tempest* is calculated to produce. It necessarily happens, that those who wish to improve upon Shakspeare mangle or degrade him. A Miss Meadows made her debut in the character of Ariel, a part to which she seemed perfectly competent, and in which, through the whole, she displayed such talents, powers, and graceful ease of action, as leave no doubt of her proving a most valuable acquisition to the stage. Her voice unites sweetness with strength; and in some of the airs she was rapturously encored. Her figure is exquisitely neat and elegant, and the general system of her countenance is regular, winning, and expressive. Most of the other prominent characters were very ably sustained. Mr. Kemble was every thing the part of Prospero required; but there are in it none of those abrupt bursts of violent passion, that give room for the display of his higher energies. Munden and Fawcett strongly tintured their parts with their characteristic whim and humour; and Emery was horribly excellent in the monster Caliban. Notwithstanding the interest which the exertions of Miss Brunton and Mrs. C. Kemble so generally excite, they seem to fail upon this occasion to make their usual impression: their innocence was rather too quaint; their simplicity too insignificant.—Some persons in the Pit expressed their disapprobation. This was the only interruption the performance experienced.

We should not forget the merits of the Overture, which is by Mr. Davy, and which was universally applauded. Equal praise is due to the authours of the scenery and machinery, which is most striking—exhibited more especially in the representation of the storm, and the agitation of the billowy sea.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

We frequently have noticed with pleasure and pride the rapid improvements made in the execution of Printing Work in the United States, particularly in Philadelphia. Among other works which have recently issued from the press in this city, we have been gratified on an inspection at Mr. West's Book-store, of an edition, (the first in America) of Cruden's Complete Concordance of the Holy Scriptures, printed the present year by Kimber, Conrad & Co. This edition, which, we are informed, has been executed at an expense of ten thousand dollars, is printed with American types and ink, on American paper; and we can confidently state, from an examination, in a style of type

graphy which has put every European edition of the same work, at an immense distance. We are told also that it greatly excels in correctness of reference.

BURKE'S WORKS.

We are happy in learning, that an edition of the works of the celebrated orator and statesman, BURKE, is in the press, in Boston.—These works contain those great principles of government, which the experience of past ages, and particularly the present age, has stamped as immutably correct. Every young man who wishes to form his political opinion on a basis which all the winds and waves of Democracy cannot remove, must read Burke.—Besides the correctness of his political maxims, there are innumerable rich veins of elocution running through all his works, which cannot fail to delight and instruct the mere scholar.—To this fact we need no better witness than the chaste and classic Cumberland.—He says—“I conceive there is not to be found in all the writings of my day, perhaps I may say not in the English language, so brilliant a cluster of fine and beautiful passages in the declamatory style as we are presented with in Edmund Burke's inimitable tract upon the French Revolution. It is most highly coloured and most richly ornamented; but there is elegance in its splendour, and dignity in its magnificence. The orator demands attention in a loud and lofty tone; but his voice never loses its melody, nor his periods their sweetness. When he has roused us with the thunder of his eloquence, he can at once, Timotheus-like, choose a melancholy theme, and melt us into pity: There is grace in his anger, for he can inveigh without vulgarity; he can modulate the strongest bursts of passion; for even in his madness there is musick.

[*Eastern paper.*]

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constaney?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constaney?

An Irish lad, one Jemmy Crane,
Who fear'd nor cold, nor wind, nor rain,
As jolly lad as e'er eat pork,
A genuine Paddy, just from Cork,
Was travelling and he held his course
On foot, because—he had no horse;

When presently, a reverend Daddy,
On horseback, met our jovial Paddy.
Pat. hails him, and devoid of fear,
Cries “friend, I'm glad to see you here;
“And, without bustle or parade,
“I wish with you to make a trade.”
“What trade? propose,” enjoins the man;
“I will oblige you if I can.”
“Why,” Pat. rejoins brim full of glee,
“I wish to swap horses d'ye see.”
With anger sparkling in his eyes,
“You have no horse,” the man replies,
“But,” answer'd Paddy, with a hop,
“Suppose I had one, how'd you swap?”

Died, lately at Paris, M. Retif de la Bretonne, in the 72d year of his age. This copious authour wrote more than 100 volumes, which met with success. He had been a journeyman printer, and it is said he set up one of his works without having ever written it.—[We have a similar instance in the composition of a very admirable work in this country, the “Illustration of Masonry.” The ingenious authour was also a journeyman printer, and he set up the entire volume for the press, without having previously written any part of it.]

THE SONG

OF GEORGE BARNWELL.

George Barnwell stood at the shop door,
A customer hoping to find, sir,
His apron was hanging before,
But the tail of his wig was behind, sir:
A lady all painted and smart,
Cried, sir I've exhausted my stock o'late,
I've got nothing left but a gr'at—
Will you give me sixpenn'orth of chocolate?
Her face was roug'd up to her eyes,
Which made her grow prouder and prouder,
His hair stood an end with surprise,
And hers with pomatum and powder.
The business was soon understood—
The lady who wish'd to be more rich,
Said sweet sir, my name is Millwood,
And I lodge at the gunsmith's at Shoreditch.
Now often he stole out, good lack,
And into her lodgings would pop, sir;
But as often forgot to come back,
Leaving master to shut up the shop, sir.
This woman his wits did bereave,
He determin'd to be quite the crack o'
So he loung'd at the Adam and Eve;
And he call'd for his gin and tobacco.
And now—but the truth must be told—
Tho' few of a 'prentice can speak ill,
He took from the till all the gold,
And stole the lump sugar and treacle.

In vain did his master exclaim,
Dear George don't engage with that dragon,
She'll bring you to trouble and shame,
And leave you the devil a rag on.

In vain he rebukes and implores,
This weak and incurable ninny;
So he turn'd him at once out of doors,
And George soon had spent his last guinea.
His uncle, whose generous purse
Had often reliev'd him as I know,
Now finding him grow worse and worse,
Refus'd to come down with the rhino.

Then said Millwood, whose cruel heart's
core,

'Twas so cruel that nothing could shock it,
If you mean to come home any more,
You must put some more cash in your pocket.
Make Nunky surrender his dibbs,
Wipe his pate with a pair of lead towels,
Or stick a knife into his ribs—
I warrant he'll then show more bowels.

A pistol he got from his love,
'Twas loaded with powder and bullet,
And he trudg'd up to Camberwell grove,
But he wanted the courage to pull it.
There's Nunky as fat as a hog,
While I am as lean as a lizard—
Now I'll come to the point you old dog,
And he whipp'd a long knife in his gizzard.

Now ye who attend to my story,
A terrible end of this farce shall see,
If you'll join the inquisitive throng
That follow'd poor George to the Marshalsea.
If Millwood was here, dash my wigs
Says he, I would pummel and limb her well,
Had I stuck to my prunes and my figs
I ne'er had stuck Nunky at Camberwell.

The case to the jury was plain,
The news spread thro' every ale-house—
At the sessions in Horsemonger lane
They both were condemn'd to the gallows.
With Millwood, George open'd the ball,
Dear, dear, how we wept, Mrs. Crump and I,
To see them dance upon nothing at all,
And cut capers before all the company.

When our Cits make a fortune sufficient
to enable them to retire, their
line of business may be traced in their
country houses.—The grocer's box
resembles a *cannister* or *tea-chest*; the
sugar baker's a *cone*; the tailor's
hedges are clipped with *shears*; the
bookseller's doors are in *folio*, his dining
windows in *quarto*, his bed-chamber
windows in *octavo*, and his garret
ones in *duodecimo*; the tobacconist, if
his chimnies *smoke*, is indifferent
about the rest.

It were endless to compliment where compliments are
so frequently due.—The following lines are from
the pen of one of the best poets of Petersburg.

TUNE—*The Humours of Glen.*

How sweet on the mountains, when health
bells are growing,
To wander and list to the busy wild bees;
Or stray through the grove where the wild
flowers are blowing,
And catch the rich odours that float on
the breeze!

Tho' sweet be the breeze from the bosom of
roses,
Enchanting the hum of wild bees on the
hill,

O Mary, my Mary, far sweeter than those is,
Far purer than dew-gems that shine o'er
the rill.

Nor the glow of the pink nor the snow of
the lily,
Can match her soft cheek—O the beam of
her eyes!

When she flies on the wings of a sylph thro'
the valley,
To glad the poor cottage where misery
lies.

O daughter of beauty, compassion's fair
blossom!

Can pity, soft pity alone thy heart move?
O come and repose thy young cares in my
bosom;

I'll cherish them there till they bloom into
love.

A certain lady, of unsuspected con-
jugal fidelity towards a husband to
whom she had borne *six* children,
gave the name of *Gratis* to a daughter
with which she was favoured a few
years after his decease. A person
remarked upon the incident, that how-
ever some might reflect on the widow,
for his part he thought her *excuseable*
—that, in his idea, having *subscribed*
and faithfully accounted for *six* she
was undoubtedly *entitled to the seventh*—
GRATIS.

PROLOGUE

To the Comedy of

MAIDS AND BACHELORS; OR MY HEART
FOR YOUR'S.

Written by Lumlie St. Geo. Skeffington, Esq.
Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

Let truth's clear eye, to equity resign'd,
Mark ev'ry fear that agitates the mind,
Search those conceal'd, examine those con-
fess'd;

And meet the greatest in an authour's breast.
This night is fated to an anxious bard,
Whose diffidence solicits your regard.

Though whispering hopes first urg'd his
trembling lyre,
Those hopes alas! now one by one retire;
For apprehensions, crowding on his view,
While ev'ry doubt, and ev'ry wish pursue:
Nor flattery, nor comfort will he hear:
The terrors thicken as the deed draws near.

The drama's muse should, like a painter
trace

Each mark'd expression of the human face;
Group'd with effect, the imitated show,
With force should strike, with animation
glow;

Till touch'd by energy, in ev'ry part,
The finish'd figures from the canvass start!
Few can excel; since few can well imprint
The living lustre and the blushing tint,
Which fairly seem, when drawn from nature's
beaut—

That very nature, which they represent,
The towering freedom of a bold design,
In warmth should breathe, in liberty refine;
While lights and shades a mingling aid com-
pose,

Softened by these, and spirited by those:
Though bright, not glaring—though sub-
dued, not cold;

Gay, without glitter—without harshness,
bold.

Rules still should guide, yet no restraint im-
part:

Art follows genius—genius governs art.
One little happiness, one careless touch,
Trancends all labours, when it serves as
such:

Nature, and only nature, can inspire
Strength, freedom, taste, the fancy and the
fire!

In her they live, in her their force declare—
Arrest the heart, and fix an empire there!

Our trembling artist, who enslav'd by fear,
This slight sketch sends for exhibition here,
Attempts to mark (though conscious of de-
fect)

Contrasted passions, and combined effect.
If he too daring, want the skill to reach
Those nobler lines which taste, which science
teach,

Fail not to recollect, ye critic band,
That style, when mingled, asks a master's
hand.

Hard is the task with Tenier's mirth to share
Correggio's elegance, and Guido's air!
On you he rests.—If aggravated taste
Condemn with rigour, or reject with haste,
His brightest tints will darken to a shade,
Like crayons moulder, and like fresco fade;
But should applause a happier sentence give,
Fix'd by your smiles the colouring will live!

FRAUD.—A middle-aged decent
looking man went to the shop of a coal
dealer in Cross-street, Hatten-garden,
one evening last week, and ordered a
bushel of coals with change for a two

pound note, to be sent to a certain
house, which order was complied with;
but as the person carrying the coals
was on his way, he was met by the
same person who took the change, and
gave in return a paper, of which the
following is a copy:—

No.

No.

I promise to pay to Monsieur Buonaparte,
or Bearer, two-pence, when the Gallick Flag
shall triumph over the British, and the
French become the Masters of the Sea.
London, the 17th day of November, 1802.

For SELF, ST. VINCENT, DUNCAN, NEL-
SON, & Co.

Pence **Two****JOHN BULL:**

Entered, Bén Broadside.

THE FOWLER.

A careless, whistling lad am I,
On sky-lark wings my moments fly;
There 's not a fowler more renown'd
In all the world—for ten miles round!
Ah! who like me can spread the net?
Or tune the merry flageolet:
Then, why O! why should I repine,
Since all the roving birds are mine?

The thrush and linnet in the vale,
The sweet sequester'd nightingale,
The bullfinch, wren, and woodlark, all
Obey my summons when I call:
O! could I form some cunning snare
To catch the coy, coquetting fair,
In Cupid's filmy web so fine,
The pretty girls should all be mine!

When all were mine,—among the rest
I'd choose the lass I lik'd the best,
And should my charming mate be kind,
With her I'd tie the nuptial knot,
Make Hymen's cage of my poor cot,
And love away this fleeting life
Like Robin Redbreast and his wife.

REPARTEE.

One day a justice much enlarg'd
On industry—while he discharg'd
A thief from jail—"Go, work, he said;
"Go, pry'thee, learn some better trade,
"Or, mark my words you 'll rue it."
"My trade 's as good," replies the knave,
"As any man need wish to have;
"And if I don't succeed, d'ye see,
"The fault, sir, lies with you—not me—
"You won't let me pursue it!"

QUEER PUN.—A Bacchanalian Can-
didate offering for a country borough,
the electors unanimously agreed that
he was a very proper man to sup-
PORT.

EPILOGUE

To the New Comedy of Adrian and Orrilla,

Spoken by Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Brunton.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Now one confusion through the Realm is found,

And noise and clamour every where abound,
And every Freeman feels his conscious weight,

And Joan herself is as my lady great.

I come to canvass you; Box, Gallery and Pit,

For you return our Parliament of Wit;

Whilst here in Covent-Garden still a hustings stands,

And Sheriff MATTOCKS asks—a show of hands,

For a young Candidate (though not untried)
But in whose gratitude you may confide;

Who vows and swears, return him due elected,

Your right, your laws shall ever be respected;

In short, he promises—but who minds that,
All Members promise—therefore, *verbum sat*.

I'll to my canvass then—What shall I say?

“Your votes and interest, kind Electors, pray.” (bows)

Let him but head the Poll this night, and I'll be bound

No farther opposition will be found;

For in this town, we know, nine tenths (the elves)

Ne'er take the pains of voting for themselves.

First then, accept my—no I musn't so begin,
I musn't bribe, your suffrages to win.

First with the young men, then, my luck I'll try,

(I always pity young men, they're so shy)
Sweet modest youth—Hey! what's this I see?

Enter Miss Brunton, running.

Miss BRUNTON.

Bay, leave the young men, governess to me.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

What, interrupted!—shall I not be heard.

Miss BRUNTON.

I mean no interruption, on my word,

But merely think, I'd plead with greater truth

To youthful hearts the cause of kindred youth.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Indeed, Miss Prate-apace! then pray pass on!

I trust each vote already here's my own
Unless you'd wish our votes to split—

Miss BRUNTON.

Agreed—

I care not how, provided we succeed.

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Take then the young ones, forward fellows bold

(Not that I ever tried them—but am told)

And on the score of long acquaintance,
mine's the old,

Kind friends, who've all (like me) been young, in turn.

Miss BRUNTON.

Ye Youth, whose breasts with love and ardour burn,

Give him your interest, cherish rising merit,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

(To stand a canvass now requires some spirit)

And as the Poet says, “you Freeman little know

“The rubs the Candidate must undergo.”

Miss BRUNTON.

He would have waited on you here this night,
But he's so timid—

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

Lord! he's in a fright.

Miss BRUNTON.

Let us then hope, divested of control,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

(We only trust you'll not demand a poll)

But do it handsomely, and give him plumpers,

Miss BRUNTON.

His thanks we'll here proclaim, each night,
in bumpers.

True to yourselves, yet free from disaffection,

You'll thus assert your freedom of election;

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

While posts and chronicles shall herald him tomorrow,

“Duly return'd for Covent-garden borough.”

Government is deeply interested in every thing which, even through the medium of some temporary uneasiness, may tend finally to compose the minds of the subject, and to conciliate their affections. I have nothing to do here with the abstract value of the voice of the people. But as long as reputation, the most precious possession of every individual, and as long as opinion, the great support of the state, depend entirely upon that voice, it can never be considered as a thing of little consequence either to individuals or to government. Nations are not primarily ruled by laws; less by violence. Whatever original energy may be supposed either in force or regulation, the operation of both is, in truth, merely instrumental. Nations

are governed by the same methods, and on the same principles, by which an individual without authority is often able to govern those who are his equals or his superiors; by a knowledge of their temper, and by a judicious management of it; I mean,—when publick affairs are steadily and quietly conducted; not when government is nothing but a continued scuffle between the magistrate and the multitude; in which sometimes the one and sometimes the other is uppermost; in which they alternately yield and prevail, in a series of contemptible victories, and scandalous submissions. The temper of the people among whom he presides ought therefore to be the first study of a statesman. And the knowledge of this temper is by no means impossible for him to attain, if he has not an interest in being ignorant of what it is his duty to learn.—*Burke.*

VERSES

Written among the ruins of Shelburne, Nova-Scotia, Barracks.

Mark, where yon ample roofs, now sinking all

In shapeless ruin, seem prepar'd to fall:

As the wild tempest through the casement pours

And floods autumnal drench the mould'ring floors—

Or loosen'd plaster from the ceiling falls,

While echo then resounds along the walls:

While the shrill winds around the fabrick sing,

Where Desolation cowers with sombrous wing,

And pensive Silence, musing o'er the scene,

Suspends her step, the pausing blasts between.

Are these the domes that held the warrior train—

The gallant band that fill'd yon spacious plain!

That level plain, that form'd a long parade:

Now, by the ploughshare turn'd, and toiling spade,

Where glitter'd once, in rows, the beaming spears,

Of the ripe harvest waves its yellow ears;

And where the loud *reveille* wak'd the day,

The lonely redbreast trills his matin lay.

No more the echoing gun proclaims the dawn,

Or tells the radiant orb of day withdrawn:

The loud impetuous drum no more we hear;

Nor the shrill fife, pervade the attentive ear.

No longer now across the wave is borne,

The mellow musick of the deep-ton'd horn;
When Silence hover'd o'er the glassy stream,
When glitter'd on its breast the moon-light beam;

Sweet rose the sounds in air, and softly stole,
O'er the charm'd senses, to the inmost soul.
As swell'd the notes—then gradual sunk again,

Enamour'd Echo caught the dying strain;
By distance soften'd every silver tone.
And Night, enchanted, made them all her own.

When a lady of *ton* is indisposed a-la *Catalini* the fashionable phraseology is that "*she is out of tune!*"

Monk Lewis's new Melo-drama, at Drury-Lane, is reported to contain sixteen *ghosts*; of course it must prove a very *spirited* production.

"Dr. Johnson threw together the substance of his Latin epitaph on Goldsmith into the more compressed form of a Greek epigram.—These lines, and his translation of a noble passage in the *Medea* of Euripides, which has been frequently in vain attempted, are not sufficiently known. They are not printed with his works, although the latter is as successful as any thing he has left us,

"Thou seest the tomb of Oliver; retire,
Unholy feet, nor o'er his ashes tread,
Ye whom the deeds of old, verse, nature, fire,

Mourn nature's priest, the bard, historian, dead."

THE DISCONSOLATE SAILOR.

When my money was gone that I gain'd in the wars,

And the world 'gan to frown at my fate,
What matter'd my zeal, or my honoured scars,

What indifference stood at each gate.
The face that would smile when my purse was well lin'd

Show'd a different aspect to me,
And when I could nought but indifference find,

I hid once again to the sea.
I thought it unwise to repine at my lot,
To bear with cold looks on the shore,
So I pack'd up the trifling remnants I'd got,
And a trifle alas! was my store.

A handkerchief held all the treasure I had,
Which over my shoulder I threw,
Away then I trudg'd with a heart rather sad,
To join with some jolly ship's crew.
The sea was less troubled, by far, than my mind,

For when the wide main I survey'd,
I could not help thinking the world was un-
kind,

And Fortune a slippery jade.
And I vow'd, if once more I could take her
in tow,

I'd let the ungrateful ones see,
That the turbulent winds, and the billows
could show

More kindness than they did to me.

The Lazzaroni, or black-guards, form a considerable part of the inhabitants of Naples; and have, on some well-known occasions, had the government for a short time in their own hands. They are computed at above thirty thousand; the greater part of them have no dwelling-houses, but sleep every night under porticos, piazzas, or any kind of shelter they can find. Those of them who have wives or children, live in the suburbs of Naples, near Pausilippo, in huts or in caverns, or in chambers dug out of that mountain. Some gain a livelihood by fishing, others by carrying burthens to and from shipping; many walk about the streets, ready to run on errands, or to perform any labour in their power for a very small recompense. As they do not meet with constant employment, their wages are not sufficient for their maintenance; the soups and bread, distributed at the door of the convents, supply the deficiency.

The Lazzaroni are generally represented as a lazy, licentious, and turbulent set of people; but it is not their general character. Their idleness is evidently the effect of necessity, not of choice. It must proceed from the fault of government, when such a number of stout, active citizens, remain unemployed. So far are they from being licentious and turbulent, that they bear the insolence of the nobility as passively as peasants fixed to the soil. A coxcomb of a Volanti, tricked out in his fantastical dress, or any of the liveried slaves of the great, make no ceremony of treating these poor fellows with all the insolence and insensibility natural to their masters; and for no visible reason, but because he is dressed in lace, and the other in rags. Nothing animates this people

to insurrection, but some very pressing and very universal cause, such as a scarcity of bread. Every other grievance they bear as if it were their charter.—*Dr. Moore.*

PHANTASMAGORIE.

Since life's but a phantom we know,
As ev'ry sage Don must remark,
My Chapter of Phantoms I'll show,
Without leaving you all in the dark.
Quack-Doctors attack ev'ry ill,
And pretend they can always restore ye;
But if they would show all they kill,
It would make a fine Phantasmagorie.
Sing tol lol, lol, tol, lol, de rol, lol de rol la.
Our beaux in their dresses so spruce,
Look like goblins to their wond'ring be-
holders;

For finding their heads of no use,
They have sunk them quite into their
shoulders.

With each lady my simile's good;
For when fashion so thinly has deck'd her,
Howe'er she be true flesh and blood,
She looks like a tall Castle Spectre.

Sing tol lol, &c.

The phantom of Honour some fled,
And in duels for phantoms will bleed;
But if you get shot thro' the head,
You're a Phantasmagorie indeed.
But a truce about fighting and war,
With bullets no longer I'll bore ye;
Smiling Peace surely's better by far,
And may that prove no Phantasmagorie.

Sing tol lol, &c.

Of Pic-nics the secret you know;
If not I can easy unlook it;
It means that wherever you go,
You carry your fare in your pocket.
In the pocket of every one here,
Who stands with good humour before ye,
May the King's pretty picture appear,
And that is no Phantasmagorie.

Sing tol lol, &c.

There is, perhaps, no sentiment which it is so difficult to conceal from the person who is the object of it. A moderate adept in the art of dissimulation, may impose on those for whom he feels no esteem, or whom he even holds in contempt; and, if he has an interest in it, may persuade them that he has a high respect, or even veneration, for them: and this, in some measure, accounts for so many people of the highest rank being ignorant of the true rate at which they are estimated. For the indications of contempt are easily restrained, and those of admiration as easily assumed; but it re-

quires the powers of a finished hypocrite to hide hatred or aversion, and prevent their discovering themselves by some involuntary appearance in the countenance or manner.

Difficulties, dangers, misfortunes, often strike at particles of genius which might otherwise have remained latent and useless, and contribute to the formation of a vigorous character, by animating those sparks of virtue which a life of indolence would have completely extinguished.

That the faculties of the understanding, like the sinews of the body, are relaxed by sloth, and strengthened by exercise, nobody will doubt. I imagine the same analogy holds in some degree between the body and the qualities of the heart. Benevolence, pity, and gratitude, are, I suspect, exceedingly apt to stagnate into a calm, sluggish, insensibility in that breast, which has not been agitated from real misfortunes.

There are many exceptions, but in general those persons who are exposed to the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune, who have experienced the base indifference of mankind, are endued with the truest sympathy.

MERRIMENT.

When Mr. Christopher Atkinson, the *rum* contractor, stood candidate to represent the city of London, the following election squib was handed about:

"The good citizens of London may now raise their heads in *high spirits*: every thing looks *rum*. There has been a *rum* dissolution, and they have got a *rum* candidate, who if elected, will cut a *rum* figure in the next parliament.

This candidate was formerly the *rum* friend of a *rum* minister, and the *rum* quarrel between them, upon the *rum* contract, was perhaps one of the most *rum* jobs and impositions, that ever came before parliament.

Those who vote for this *rum* candidate, must be *rum* livery-men indeed,

and have a very *rum* idea of conscience, honour, liberty, and property. I therefore hope that the good citizens will attend to this *rum* hint, from their very humble servant, a *rum* Duke."

Sir Joseph Mawbey rising once in the House of Commons to reprobate the coalition between Lord North and Mr. Fox, expressed his astonishment that two men, who had for so many years been in the habit of opposing and reviling each other, should have the confidence to appear in that house as friends—"but such friends, so very dear are they to each other," added he, pointing to a stick which Lord North held in his hand, "that his lordship will not walk without a stick with a *Fox's head* carved on it." On this Lord North instantly rose—"I am sorry, very sorry," said he, "to find that the worthy baronet, who has just sat down, should have spent his life and employed his *great* talents in the study of a subject which it seems he does not yet understand; that he should have passed so many years in the *education of pigs*, and yet should not know a *fox's head* from a *hog's*." His lordship then handed round his cane, on which a pig's head was carved, and the senate was convulsed with laughter.

A short time before Mr. Garnerin ascended into the atmosphere with his balloon, a countryman asked Mr. Cumberland if there was any truth in the report that a man was going to fly into the air? "Why truly, my friend, (replied the veteran bard) I cannot justly inform you: for it is a rule with me never to give credit to *inflammatory rumours and flying reports*."

Previous to the battle of Culloden, when marshal Wade and the two generals Hawley and Cope, were prevented from advancing so far as they intended into Scotland, by the severity of the weather, the following ludicrous lines written by Mr. Home, the celebrated authour of the *Rebellion in 1745*, were handed about

among the friends of the opposite party :

"Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade through the snow,
"Nor Hawley haul his cannon to the foe."

An Irishman seeing a large quantity of potatoes standing in a market-place, observed to a bystander, "what a fine show of potatoes." "Yes, they are," replied he, "very fine potatoes; I see you have the name quite pat; how do you call them in your country?" "Ah, fait!" returned the Irishman, "we never *call* 'em; when we want any, we go and dig them."

A sailor having just received prize-money to some considerable amount, thought he might as well indulge himself with a coach. But as that seemed to him to be doing no more than any body else could do, who had not been equally fortunate, "Egad!" cried he, "I will have a coach for my hat: aye, faith! and one for my stick;" he actually called for two coaches, threw his hat into one, and his stick into the other, and himself rode in a third between them.

A man who had a large family, and but very moderate means to support them, was lamenting how difficult it was to make both ends meet, to an acquaintance, of no family, and a large fortune. We should not repine replied his friend, "God never sends mouths but he sends food." "That I do not deny," returned the other, "only permit me to observe, he has sent me the mouths, and you the food."

A Nobleman, of not the most brilliant understanding, had appointed to attend some ladies to the observatory at Paris, to hear Cassini make observations on the eclipse of the sun. The toilet having delayed both the ladies and the Marquis, the eclipse was over when they requested admittance. The porter announced the unpleasant news to them: "Never mind, ladies," said the Marquis, "go up; the Sieur Cassini is my intimate friend, and he will, I am sure, begin again, to oblige me."

A man reading that a long beard is a sign of an awkward fellow, held a candle while he looked in the glass for his own, which catching his hair burnt the greater part. He immediately wrote at the bottom of the paragraph, "*Probatum est.*"

A gentleman observing, some days after the usual limits allowed St. Swithin, it still continued to rain, a bystander said, "He too was astonished, as St. Swithin was dead." "True;" says the other, "so perhaps this is his *legacy*."

Lord P——, when a young man, had a passion for a lady who was fond of birds; she had seen, and heard, a fine canary bird at a coffee-house near Charing-Cross, and entreated him to get it for her: the owner of it was a widow, and Lord P. offered to buy it at a great price, which she refused. Finding there was no other way of obtaining the bird, he determined to change it; and getting one of the same colour, with nearly the same marks, but which happened to be a hen, went to the house: the mistress usually sat in a room behind the bar, to which he had easy access. Contriving to send her out of the way, he effected his purpose and soon after her return, took his leave. He continued to frequent the house to avoid suspicion, but forbore saying any thing of the bird till about two years after; when taking occasion to speak of it, he said to the woman, "I would have bought that bird of you, but you refused my money for it;" I dare say by this time you are sorry for it. "Indeed, Sir," said the woman, "I am not; nor would I now take any sum for it; for, would you believe it, from the time that our good king was forced to go abroad, and leave us, the dear creature has not *sung a note*."

A Gascon officer in the army, speaking loud to one of his comrades, said, as he left him, with an air of importance, "I shall dine with Villars to-day." Marshal Villars being behind him, said, with much good humour,

"On account of my rank, if not of my merit, call me Mr. Villars." The officer, who did not imagine he was near enough to overhear him, retrieved his manners by the following elegant compliment: "As I never heard any one say *Mr. Cesar*, I thought it as needless to say *Mr. Villars*."

It is well known, as a custom in many churches, that the women are placed in pews on one side, and the men by themselves, opposite. A clergyman, in the middle of his sermon, hearing one of his congregation talk pretty loud, complained of it from the pulpit. A woman immediately rose up, and thinking to defend her own sex, said, "The noise is not on our side, reverend sir." So much the better, my good woman: replied the clergyman, so much the better: it will cease the sooner."

A selfconceited coxcomb was introducing an acquaintance to a large company, whose physiognomy was not very prepossessing: thinking to be extremely clever, he thus addressed the company, who rose at his entrance: "I have the honour to introduce to you Mr. —, who is not so great a fool as he looks to be." The young man immediately added, "Therein consists the difference between my friend and me."

Dr. Aldrich's excessive love of smoking was an entertaining topic of discourse in the university; concerning which the following story, among others, passed current—A young student of the college once finding some difficulty to bring a young gentleman, his chum, into the belief of it, laid him a wager, that the dean was smoking at that instant, viz. ten o'clock in the morning. Away, therefore, went the student to the deanery, where, being admitted to the dean in his study, he related the occasion of his visit. To which the dean replied, in perfect good humour, "You see you have lost your wager, as I am not smoking, but merely filling my pipe."

Women are thought to be more fearful than men; the following anecdote sufficiently contradicts the idea.

—A young woman had laid a wager she would descend into a vault in the middle of the night, and bring from thence a skull. The person who took the wager had previously hid herself in the vault, and as the girl seized a skull, cried, in a hollow voice, "Leave me my head?" "There it is," said the girl, throwing it down and catching up another. "Leave me my head," said the same voice; "Nay, nay," said the heroick lass, "you cannot have had two heads:" so brought the skull, and won the wager.

A courtier playing at piquet, was much teased by a looker-on who was short-sighted, but had a very long nose, of course, put his face very close to his cards when he made his observations. To get rid of so troublesome a guest, the courtier drew out his handkerchief and applied it to the nose of his officious neighbour. "Ah sir," said he, "I beg your pardon, but I really took it for my own."

One day the Count de Soissons was at play, he perceived, in a mirror that hung before him, a man behind his chair, whose countenance did not prejudice him much in his favour, and resolved to observe him attentively. Very soon after, he felt him cut off the diamond buckle of his hat: he said not a word, but pretending to want something, he turned towards the sharper, and begged him to hold his cards: the other could not refuse him. The count went directly to the kitchen, and procured the sharpest knife he could get, which he hid under his cloak, and entered the room. The sharper, impatient to escape, rose to return the cards, but the Count begged him to continue. In a few minutes after he came softly behind him, seized one of his ears, and cut it off; while holding it out to him, he said, "Here, sir, restore my buckle, and I will restore your ear."

A veteran officer solicited a lieutenant-general's commission of Louis

XIV. "I will think of it," replied the king. "I hope your Majesty will make haste," said the officer, half pushing off his wig, "you may see by my grey hairs I have no time to wait."

A nobleman taking leave of the French court, whence he was going as ambassadeur, the king said to him, "The principal instruction, you require, is, to observe a line of conduct entirely the reverse to that of your predecessor." "Sire," replied he, "I will endeavour so to act, that you shall not have occasion to give my successor the like advice."

A cowardly fellow, much given to *apparent courage*, or boasting, (as most cowards are,) having spoken impertinently to a gentleman, received a violent box on the ear. Summoning his most authoritative tone, he demanded whether that was meant in earnest. "Yes sir," replied the other, without hesitation. The coward, thinking he should have frightened him, turned away, saying, "I am glad of it sir, for I do not like such *jests*."

A very silly young man who knew a scrap or two of French, and was excessively vain of his accomplishment, accosted a gentleman in the street with "Quelle heure est-il? (i. e. What is it o'clock?) The gentleman replied, in Latin, "Nescio." (i. e. I know not.) "God bless me," said the other, "I did not think it had been so late."

A quaker, being interrogated by the late Mr. Wilkes, could not be prevailed on to answer plainly the questions put to him. Wilkes, being naturally irritable, was at length in a violent passion, and *swore* at his prevaricating friend. "Dost thou not know," said the quaker, "it is written, swear not at all." "I do not swear at all," replied Wilkes, "only at such fellows as you, who will not give a direct answer."

The great prince of Conde besieged a town in Spain, called Lerida, and

was unsuccessful. At the playhouse one night, he cried out, "take that fellow who is making a noise in the pit, and carry him to prison." "I am not to be taken," said the man, as he was running away, "my name is Lerida."

In 1643, Saint Preuil, Governour of Amiens, who expected great success from a stratagem he had invented to retake Arras, wished to engage a man named Courcelles, to be the chief instrument. "I have made choice of you," said he to him one day, "as the most experienced soldier I know, as a principal in an enterprise that will make your fortune. I intend to surprise Arras. You shall disguise yourself as a countryman, and go with a basket of fruit, where after you have been some time, you can take occasion to quarrel with some one, whom you may easily kill with your dagger. Let yourself be taken; they will examine you immediately, and will probably condemn you to be hung. You know that the custom of Arras is to execute criminals out of the town; and there it is my stratagem is to take effect. I will plant an ambuscade near the gate, through which you will, of course, have to pass, which gate my detachment will immediately make themselves masters of, that is, as soon as they see the crowd collected at your execution, and the people's attention consequently drawn aside, lamenting your fate. I will march directly to their assistance, and after having secured the place, will come to your aid, and I hope time enough to save you. That is my plan; what do you say to it?" "It is an excellent one," replied Courcelles, "but the scheme requires some little reflection." "With all my heart," said St. Preuil, "consider of it, and let me know the result of your meditations." Courcelles having sought him the next day, thus accosted him: "Your design appears to me admirable; but I hope you will not be offended if I request to command the ambuscade, and resign to you the honour of being the *principal instrument*."

A lady dying, who was much given to scolding her servants, her husband caused an hatchment to be put against his house, under which was the following common motto, "In Cælo quies." The coachman asked the undertaker's apprentice the meaning of these words, and on being informed it was "there is rest in Heaven," answered, "then I am sure mistress be not there."

A country gentleman, of the name of Wood, having given some offence to a gang of gypsies, not long after missed six geese from the common before his house. A reward for the apprehension of the thief, was advertised, but without the least effect, till one morning he perceived a little packet hanging to the neck of the gander. Having opened it, he found, to his great mortification, these lines, accompanied with sixpence:

Farmer Wood, Farmer Wood,
Your geese were all good;
You must know we come from yonder:
We have taken six geese,
At a penny a-piece,
And the money we've sent by the gander.

When the celebrated Dr. Zimmerman was at the court of Berlin, Frederick II asked him, one day in conversation, if he could ascertain how many he had killed in the course of his practice. "That is an arduous task," replied the doctor, "but I think I may venture to say, not by one half so many as your Majesty."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

From the French of the Compté de Segur.

Oh, Melancholy! misfortune's balm,
Thy languor does a bliss impart;
How I enjoy thy pensive calm
When far from her who fills my heart.

Unhappy he who never knows
The charms of tender, softest grief:
What joy love's silent tear bestows,
What luxury in such relief.

To Tenderness art thou allied;
Daughter of Love, be ever near,
In sweetest sadness by my side,
And I will greet thee with a tear.

Oh! come, and with sweet Fancy's aid
Bestow the joys which now remain,
The features of my cherish'd maid,—
Regrets are mine, and love's dear pain.

When morning blushes in the east,
My sorrows constant wilt thou see;
Come, when the orb of day's at rest,
And still my tears shall witness thee.

To ease my pangs and give relief,
Oh! come, receive my bursting sighs;
Absent from her they charm my grief,
All other pleasure from me flies.

When first my passion Sylvia blest,
Thy pensive form the nymph betray'd,
Rob'd in thy garb, love stood confess'd,
And told me more than smiles had said.

Tortur'd with doubts, distrust and fears,
I ne'er believ'd she loved again,
Till tender sadness, fed with tears,
Told that we felt a mutual pain.

The murmuring of the pebbly tide,
The silence of the forest shade,
The verdant turf in flow'ring pride,
The feather'd musick of the glade;

A thousand pleasures give with thee,
Of faded joys remembrance knows;
For bliss recall'd must pleasure be,
And from the memory pleasure flows.

Then, come, thou soft and tender power,
Q often come and be my guest;
The tears you cause to flow each hour
Give sweet sensations to the breast.

Say, can the lover without fears
Enjoy the bliss which love bestows?
And what the wish'd return endears
When the fond swain no absence knows?

Thy charming languor soothes my heart
And adds a bliss before unknown,
Thy tears consoling joys impart,
Congenial to my grief alone.

May lovers bow before thy shrine,
And thou propitious ever be;
Whether a favour'd one is thine,
Or wretched, offers vows to thee.

To Tenderness thou art allied;
Daughter of Love, be ever near,
In sweetest sadness by my side,
And I will greet thee with a tear.

In meek submission to thy pow'r
I yield my life, I give my heart,
Be mine, each melancholy hour,
And ever love's soft balm impart.

MARY.

By the late R. B. Davis. Esqr.

I love to meet the ray of morn,
 When Summer's radiance gilds the vale;
 While, on angelick pinions borne,
 Calm pleasure floats upon the gale.
 The smiling morn, the dewy field,
 A thousand varied beauties yield:
 But lovelier, brighter charms I view
 In Mary's eyes of heavenly blue.

I've seen the rose and tulip blow,
 With many a flower of brilliant dye,
 And on the picture's vivid glow
 I've dwelt with fascinated eye.
 Sweet are the painter's magick powers,
 And sweet the tints of opening flowers;
 But neither yet could boast a hue
 Like Mary's eyes of heavenly blue.

The smiles of mirth I love to greet
 Among the happy, gay, and fair;
 'Tis pleasing then; but far more sweet
 To meet my gentle Mary there.

'Twas bliss—'twas rapture—while I
 prest

The lovely girl to make me blest,
 A kind consenting glance I drew
 From Mary's eyes of heavenly blue.

For The Port Folio.

LANDON'S PRAYER.

I wander'd out, as is my way,
 To muse awhile, the other day;
 As through the bosom of a wood,
 I trac'd the windings of a flood;
 Whom should I find but Landon there,
 Devoutly kneeling, and at prayer!
 At prayer, beneath a spreading oak,
 Where words of this import he spoke:

"Father Jove! who reign'st above,
 "Save me from the snares of love;
 "Save me, Jove, from woman's wiles,
 "From her frowns, and from her smiles,
 "From her looks, and from her sighs,
 "From the lightning of her eyes,
 "From her sweet, seducing air,
 "From the ringlets of her hair,
 "From her anger, and her fears,
 "From her 'soul subduing' tears,
 "From her soft, endearing blisses,
 "From the poison of her kisses,
 "From her bosom, and her arms,
 "And her whole united charms!
 "Grant my prayer, supernal Jove!
 "Save me from the snares of love!
 "Teach me some celestial art
 "To secure a truant heart!

"Likewise, Jove, I must complain,
 "Of this long continued rain;
 "When the clouds obscure the skies
 "All my soul within me dies!
 "Therefore, I most humbly pray,
 "Save me from a cloudy day!
 "Wake the winds, and dry the road,

"Call me from my dull-abode!
 "Save me from the gloomy dome
 "I am doom'd to call my home;
 "From the house where Dulness rules
 "Sluggish, sordid, moping fools!
 "If it seemeth good to thee,
 "Waft me o'er the raging sea;
 "Cast me on some desert shore
 "To revisit men no more:
 "Place me with some savage band
 "On Arabia's burning sand:
 "Place me near the icy pole,
 "Where without the least control
 "Everlasting winter reigns
 "O'er the desolated plains,
 "Where the winds forever blow
 "O'er the frozen hills of snow;
 "There unknowing and unknown,
 "Let me ever live alone!
 "But, thou great Olympick god,
 "Take me from my dull abode!

"Save me from the bustling crowd,
 "Grinning, gaping, laughing loud,
 "Servile, ignorant and base,
 "Stupid, senseless brutal race!
 "Changing with the changing wind,
 "By no principle confined,
 "Ever restless, weak and vain,
 "With no other god but gain:
 "Therefore, be my claim allowed,
 "Save me from the bustling crowd!

"Save me, Jove, from flowing bowls,
 "Sad resource of drooping souls!
 "O how fleeting are the joys,
 "Placed in tempest and in noise.
 "Save me from a drunken sot,
 "Loathsome as a Hottentot.

"From a dull insensate clod,
 "From the glutton and his god.

"Save me from the vixen bold,
 "From the slattern and the scold;
 "From the monkey and the ape,
 "Animals in human shape,
 "Hopping, frisking, wriggling train,
 "Silly, insolent and vain.

"Save me, as of old was sung,
 "From a wicked lying tongue,
 "From the tongue no man can tame
 "Tipt with Tophet's bluest flame.

"Save me from the stubborn mule,
 "From the ever-prating fool,
 "From the villain's deadly art,
 "From the cold unfeeling heart,
 "From the hypocritical race,
 "Sons of groaning and grimace.

"From the man who wears disguise,
 "From the man too proudly wise,
 "From the jest and proverb stale,
 "From the oft-repeated tale,
 "From the man too good to mend,
 "From the semi-demi friend,

"From old *Scraper* and his pelf,
 "Sometimes, also, from—myself:
 "From these if thou deliver me,
 "There's a hecatomb for thee!"

I laughed aloud to hear him pray,
 He started up, and fled away;
 Well, let him go—the man is mad,
 Or something that is quite as bad.
 Gods! to myself I laughing said,
 How earnestly the fellow prayed—
 And such a prayer was never heard,
 O! how he gaped at every word!
 But why should *he* asperse the fair,
 In his ill-natured, whining prayer?
 No woman, in her senses, can
 Be fool enough to love the man!
 To end the whole, the silly elf
 Preferr'd a prayer against himself!
 Himself!—himself!—"Tis Greek to me.
 Lord! what a fool the man must be!

PEREGRINE.

For The Port Folio.

ODE TO HOPE.

Altho' unnumber'd ills around me wait
 And shades of sorrow *sable* o'er my soul,
 Yet, *Hope!* if thou but dart a golden beam,
 A cheerful brightness overcasts the whole.
 Despair and sadness flee before thy face,
 Thy smile confounds them and thy art divine!
 Whilst gentle peace and joy and sweet content,
 With resignation in soft concord join.

What time my *frame*, to dire disease a prey,
 Scarce kept the vital spark within my breast;
 Thou wert my stay, my solace, and support,
 Thy gentle whisper bid my spirit rest.

Thou dost alike all human race befriending,
 Thy soothing balm confin'd to none *alone*,
 Is offer'd freely to each care-worn heart—
 The cottage hind, and fortune's blazing son.

Tho' storms on storms in angry mood arise,
 And drive the vessel thro' the foamy deep,
 Thy *unctious* pow'r can stay the *swelling wave*,
 And sooth old Ocean's billows into *sleep*,

When war horrick calls aloud to *arms*,
 And *death* and *fury* stalk o'er hosts of slain,
 Thy aid puissant makes the coward bold,
 And adds fresh vigour to declining fame.

All hail thee, then, fair daughter of the sky!
 Bright is thy visage, and thy form divine.
 Thy wings drop balsam to assuage our cares,
 I woo thee, then, at virtue's hallowed shrine.

F. C. C.

TO DELIA.

WITH A DIAMOND RING.

The rude blast of Winter again sweeps the
 vale,
 And nature lays prostrate beneath its chill
 power,
 Tho' dreary the prospect and bleak be the
 gale,
 Yet such were the stern scenes of my na-
 tal hour.

Now leafless the forest and mute is the
 grove,
 No Season more genial did fate then im-
 part,
 Yet sooth'd as with Spring does my breast
 glow with love,
 Unchill'd by the cold is the warmth of my
 heart.

Yes, DELIA again has return'd the bless'd
 day
 Which gave me to life's varied scenes and
 to you,
 And while that intruder, old age, is away,
 Let us keep the bland prospect of love
 full in view.

While fools mock the bliss which kind Hy-
 men bestows,
 And boast of their freedom from his galling
 chains,
 I feel and can prize all the joys that he
 knows,
 And, conscious, deride the dull dupes
 for their pains.

Together we'll prove the enjoyments in store,
 And share all the sorrows which fall to
 our lot,
 While bless'd by thy smile I shall taste these
 the more,
 And, sure of thy love, will the last be for-
 got.

The years quick revolving since I call'd thee
 mine
 Have witness'd of love his pure steady
 flame,
 Whose lustre still brilliant, shall never de-
 cline,
 But thro' each changing scene, unchang'd
 be the same.

Accept, then, dear girl, this bright jewel,
 and wear it
 For my sake as a pledge of the joys yet to
 be,
 And may some kind genius forever destroy it
 When that brighter jewel, love, shines
 not for me.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
Covered.

Vol. III.

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 13, 1807.

[No. 24.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

THE FINE ARTS.

Again we have it in our power, and we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity, to call the attention of Taste and Connoisseurship to the interesting subject of **THE FINE ARTS**. In the very infancy of the Pennsylvania Academy, though much has been done, much remains to be done. A collection of statues and of busts has been made, but while wondering Curiosity gazed at polished marble, liberal Curiosity asked for the history of the sculptor and an explanation of his objects. This is now given; and for the following *Catalogue Raisonné*, the editor and the public are indebted to a Lady, who, after consulting the best authorities, has arranged her ideas and descriptions with all that grace, which feminine genius is so prone to display on every topic that awakens the imagination.

We cannot terminate this introduction, without manifesting our joy at the prosperity of an institution whose basis is utility, and whose pillars are taste and magnificence.

Catalogue of Statues and Busts in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts.

1. **THE PYTHIAN APOLLO, OR APOLLO BELVIDERE.** This statue is much celebrated in sculpture, and esteemed by the majority of artists, the most excellent and sublime of all the ancient productions. It was found towards the end of the fifteenth century, at *Capo d'Auzzo*, upon the seacoast, about twelve leagues from Rome, in the ruins of Antium. It

was purchased during the cardinalate of Pope Julius II, and placed in his palace near the church of *Santi Apostoli*; but soon after his elevation to the papedom, he removed it to the Belvidere of the Vatican, whence it derives its name, and where it was for three hundred years the admiration of the world; until Rome was taken and sacked by the French, who have transported this divine statue to the Museum at Paris.

The marble of which this statue was formed is of so peculiar a kind, as to occasion much doubt among antiquarians and naturalists, about the quarry it was taken from. The sculptors of Rome are of opinion that the marble is Grecian. It most probably, however, came from a quarry now entirely unknown. We can with as little accuracy denote the artist; although some accounts state, that this statue was the work of *Agathias*, the Ephesian, yet the *Savans*, who were sent to Rome, at the time of the incursion of the French into Italy, to explore the works of art and their history, state, that the sculptor is certainly unknown. The god is here represented with his quiver hanging behind his right shoulder, and his pallium over his left arm, which is extended, and has in the hand the remains of a bow, from which he is supposed to have just discharged an arrow at the serpent Python. On this ac-

count the statue is called *Apollo Pythius* or Pythian Apollo. The stump of the tree, which appears to be introduced merely, to support the figure, presents an interesting allusion, it being the trunk of the ancient olive tree of Delos under whose shade the god was born, and the serpent, which surrounds it, is the symbol of physick, of which he was patron. The right fore arm, and the left hand, which were wanting, have been restored by *Giovanni Angelo da Montorsoli*, the pupil of Michael Angelo.

2. The group of *LAOCOON*, the son of Priam and a Priest of Apollo, who, strongly opposed the admission of the wooden horse into Troy, which he knew enclosed the Greeks armed for the destruction of that city. To open the eyes of his fellow citizens, he even dared to direct his javelin against the fatal machine. Irritated by his temerity, the gods, who were enemies to Troy, decreed his punishment. Accordingly, when on the sea-coast, Laocoon crowned with laurel, and attended by his two sons, was sacrificing to Neptune, two enormous serpents rushed suddenly upon them from the water. In vain he struggles, they encircle him and his children in their folds, and tear them with their venomous fangs. In spite of the efforts that he makes to disengage himself this unfortunate father with his two sons, the deplorable victim of unjust vengeance, seeming, by their eyes turned towards heaven to implore mercy from the gods, expire in the most inexpressible agonies. Such is the subject of this admirable group, one of the most perfect works which the chisel has produced. A chef d'œuvre of composition, design, and sentiment, which has stood the test of ages, and of which no commentaries have been able to weaken the impression. It was found in 1506, during the Pontificate of Julius II, at Rome, on Mount Esquilin, in the ruins of the palace of Titus. Pliny, who speaks of it with admiration, saw it in the same place. To him we are indebted for the names of its sculptors, *Agessander*, *Polydorus*, and *Athenodorus*, of Rhodes. Agesan-

der was probably the father of the others. They flourished in the first age of the vulgar era. The group is composed of five blocks, so artfully united that Pliny thought they were but one. The right arm of the father and the two arms of the children are wanting. They are not in the antique, though, doubtless they will one day be executed in marble as they have been restored by *Girardon* in plaster, to the original in the Louvre. All the copies have been made from the original without the addition of the arms. The only objection which has been made to the perfection of this group, is that the sons, with the countenance and expression of manhood, have only the size of children.

3. The *VENUS DE MEDICI*, is here represented as just from the sea. Her divinely graceful form is unembarrassed by drapery, her hair collected behind, displays the beauties of her polished neck, and her head gently inclines to the left, as smiling affably upon the graces who are supposed to be about to attire her. The value of this statue is greatly heightened by its perfect preservation. It was found in Rome, about the middle of the last century, between the Quirinal and Viminal Mounts. It was placed in the garden of the Palace de Medici, from which it takes its name, to distinguish it from its rival Sister, the *Venus of the Capitol*. It is unnecessary to add that this statue is the admiration of the world. It was transplanted into Paris at the same time of the Apollo, and this cast was made from the original, now at the Museum there.

4. *GLADIATOR BORGHESI*, or fighting Gladiator. This has been improperly denominated of the Borghese Palace. From the characters of its inscription it appears to be of greater antiquity than any other characterized by the name of the artist. History gives us no particular relative to *Agasias* of Ephesus, authour of this chef d'œuvre; but the work, which he has left bears the strongest testimony of his merit. Antiquarians are divided in their judgment of this figure; some

have supposed it a Discobolus, or thrower of the disk; but others with more probability, have pronounced it a statue, erected to the honour of some Grecian warrior, who had signalized himself on some perilous occasion: this appears perfectly to coincide with the attitude of the figure, which is at the same time actively offensive and defensive; on the left arm the strap of the buckler, which he is supposed to carry is distinctly seen; the right arm is supposed to hold a javelin; his looks are directed upwards, as if defending himself from a danger, threatening from above; this position militates against the idea of its being the statue of a fighting gladiator, as his opponent may be supposed on horseback; besides, it is believed the honour of a statue was never granted to a gladiator of the publick arena; and this production is supposed antierior to the institution of gladiators in Greece. It is, however, probable that it may have originated in the fancy of some ancient artist, who intended the attitude to correspond with the expression of the countenance and the amazing muscular strength of the figure. This statue, as well as the Apollo, was discovered in the city of Antium, the birth place of the Emperour Nero, which he embellished at an enormous expense.

5. THE VENUS OF THE BATH, called VENUS ACCROUPIE, is supposed to be in the bath or just leaving it. It is not necessary that we should say much to recommend this beautiful little figure to those, who can appreciate excellence, and it is rare to see a subject, which has more charms. It is probably the work of *Polycharmus* who is known to have made a crouching Venus which was seen at Rome in the time of Pliny.

6. CASTOR AND POLLUX, by some supposed to be the Decii devoting themselves for their country. Nothing can be learned with respect to this group, as to when, or by whom executed, or the supposed situation of the figures, which are so highly estimable for the symmetry of the form, and the delicacy of the execution. They

were twin brothers, and sons of Jupiter and Leda. Mercury, immediately after their birth, carried them to Pallena, where they were educated, and as soon as they had arrived at the years of maturity, they embarked with Jason, on the Argonautick expedition. In this adventure, both behaved with signal courage; the latter conquered and slew Amycus, in the combat of the cestus, and was after considered the god and patron of boxing and wrestling. The former distinguished himself in the management of horses. After their return from Colchis they freed the Hellespont and the neighbouring pass from pirates, from which circumstance they have always been deemed the protectors of seamen. They were invited to the nuptial feast of Lycas and Idas, where becoming enamoured with the brides (the daughters of Leucippus) a battle ensued, in which Lycas fell by the hand of Castor, who was killed by Idas. Pollux revenged the death of his brother in the blood of Idas. Pollux, tenderly attached to his brother, and inconsolable for his loss, entreated Jupiter either to restore Castor to life, or permit him to resign his own immortality; Jupiter listened benignly to his prayer, and consented that the immortality of Pollux should be shared with his brother, and that it should be alternately enjoyed by them. This act of fraternal love Jupiter rewarded by making the two brothers constellations in heaven, under the name of Gemini.

7. GERMANICUS, son of Drusus and Antonia, is supposed to be represented by this statue. The style of the hair indeed indicates a Roman personage, but it cannot be this prince, for medals, and other monuments, represent him very differently. A more attentive examination of this figure discovers an analogy with that of Mercury; the extended position of the right arm, the chainys, thrown over the left, which holds the caduceus, and rests on a tortoise, consecrated to this god as the inventor of the lyre, favour this idea. But a more reason-

* *Debellator equorum.*

able conjecture might be admitted, that under these forms and with the attributes of the god of eloquence, the ingenious artist has portrayed a Roman Orator celebrated for his powers on the rostrum. This beautiful statue in Parian marble is the work of Cleomenes, son of Cleomenes the Athenian, and is not more valuable for the superiour excellence and symmetry of the form, than for its perfect preservation. It is taken from the gallery of Versailles, where it was placed in the reign of Louis XIV. It may also be seen at Rome in the Villa Montalto or Negrone.

8. CERES. The original of this charming figure is of Parian marble: the correctness of its form, and delicacy of its drapery, entitle it to be called a model of taste. It is clad in a tunick, over which is thrown a mantle or pepulum; both are finished in so masterly a manner, that through the mantle are perceived the knots of the cord, which ties the tunick round her waist. It was taken from the museum of the Vatican, having been placed there by Clement XIV. It previously ornamented the Villa Mattei on Mount Esquilin, and was then incomplete. The artist, who repaired this statue, having placed in its hand some ears of wheat, the name of Ceres has probably from that circumstance been given to it: otherwise the virginal character of the head, and simplicity of its head-dress, would induce a belief that the muse Clio was intended by it and that a book should have been placed in the hand instead of the ears of wheat.

9. SILENUS, with the infant Bacchus, or the reposing faun, to the description of which this statue seems to answer, except that the figure is described as holding a flute in its right hand. The grace, which reigns in the figure, and the numerous copies of the original, which seems more properly executed in bronze, than in marble, would lead us to conjecture, that this might be an antique copy of the *Faun or Satyr of Praxiteles*, worked in bronze, of which the reputation was so great in Greece that they distinguished it for its excellence by the

name of *ἡρμῆς*, or the famous. This statue in Pentelican marble (so called from its quarry in Mount Pentelcus near to Athens) was found in 1701, near to Lanuvium, now called Civita Lavinia, where Marcus Aurelius had a pleasure house. Benedict 14th, had it placed in the Museum of the Capitol.

10. ANTINOUS OF THE CAPITOL. This young and amiable Bythynian, to whom the gratitude of the Emperour Adrian raised such numerous monuments, we find here represented as scarcely having attained maturity. He is naked; his position leaning, and the style of the hair, are somewhat similar to Mercury, whose wand probably he holds in his right hand. In spite of the youthfulness expressed in this statue, we see imprinted in the expression of the face, and in the head, inclined towards the earth, that settled melancholy sadness by which we distinguish his portraits, and which has made this line of Virgil on Marcellus, applicable to him.

Sed frons læta parum, et dejecto lumina vultu.

The fore arm and left leg are modern. This beautiful statue in marble de Luni, comes from the Museum of the Capitol, where it was placed after having been in the collection of the Cardinal *Alexander Albani*.

11. FRAGMENT OF A STATUE OF HERCULES, called the TORSO OF THE BELVIDERE. The remains of this admirable statue, although deprived by time of the head, the arms and the legs, appear to represent the son of Jupiter and Alcmena, at the moment when he becomes immortal on Mount Ceta. The lion's skin thrown on the rock where the figure is sitting, and the amazing size of the limbs leave no doubt of the true subject of this statue.

The sculptor has delineated no veins in the body of the hero, which is wonderful, as he is not represented in his youth, and his great muscular strength appears to exclude that plumpness of form, which alone could require the suppression of the veins. *Winkelmann* is of opinion, that the ar-

tist, by this, wishes to indicate the Apotheosis of Hercules, who is just about to change into a God on the funeral pile of Mount Ceta.

When we examine with attention, this incomparable fragment, we see many indications that the figure of Alcides was in a group with another figure placed on its left. The fable of the Apotheosis of Hercules recalls to us Hebe, the goddess of youth, that the new god had just obtained for his wife. A modern sculptor, M. Flaxman, an Englishman, has attempted to restore, in this sense, the copy of the Torse, and his essay has been crowned with the most complete success. This piece of sculpture, in Pentelican marble, presents, on the rock, the following insertion (in Greek) "The work of Apollonius the son of Nestor, an Athenian." The account which we have is probably correct, that this precious fragment was dug up at Rome, towards the close of the fifteenth century, near the theatre of Pompey, now the *Campo di Fiore*. It appears very probable, that it was in the time of Pompey this Athenian artist flourished in Rome. Julius 2nd placed this Torse in the garden of the Vatican, as well as the Apollo and the Laocoon. It served there for ages as a study for the Michael Angelos, Raphaels and the Carracchis, to whom we are indebted for the perfection of the Fine Arts. Artists have always known it under the vulgar name of the Torse of the Belvidere. There exists nothing of ancient sculpture executed in grander style.

12. APOLLINE, OR, the YOUNG APOLLO. This statue is naked, and is supposed to hold his lyre in his left hand. This beautiful little figure, in Parian marble, is done in fine style.

13. THE TORSO, OF THE TRUNK OF CUPID, called the GRECIAN CUPID. This beautiful figure is known by the name of the Grecian Cupid, who was sometimes, as in this instance, represented under the maturer age of adolescence, and possessed a character much more mild and reasonable than that attributed to the son of Mars and Venus. The supposition that this statue was intended for a Cupid is,

perhaps, drawn from the evident marks of its having been originally with wings, one of the attributes of his divinity; but however the intention of the artist may be mistaken as to the subject, it will remain a monument of his excellence in his art. This beautiful fragment, in Parian marble is taken from the museum of the Vatican, and was found at Centocelle, on the route from Rome to Palestrina, the same place where the fine statue of Adonis was found, which is now in the Louvre. It is likely, that this figure and many other copies of it which carry the quiver and the bow, were executed after the celebrated Cupid of *Praxiteles* which was to be seen at Parium.

14. THE FIRST SET OF MUSCLES IN THE HUMAN SUBJECT, by the artist Houdon. A full length statue intended for students which is so highly esteemed, and seems so well calculated for the purposes of the Academy, that it has been introduced from a conviction of its usefulness. As auxiliary to young designers, the feet and hands of the *Farnese Hercules*, two casts of mouths and noses from the antique, and two ears by a modern artist, are also here.

15. A small copy of the FARNESÉ HERCULES, which is said to be admirably executed.

16. A small copy in marble of the VENUS DE MEDICI, and

17. A small copy in marble of ANTIQUOUS OF THE CAPITOL, both presented to the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts by Henry Wikoff, Esq. of Philadelphia.

Among the Busts distinguished for the elegance of the workmanship, or the interest of the characters, are the following:

1. The *Mask of Jupiter*. Among the antique monuments which present us the image of this chief of gods and men, there is none more grand or pleasing than this. The serenity, the sweetness, and the majesty, which reign in all the features of this sublime head, give a perfect idea of the attributes which the ancients gave to Jupiter. This head, in marble *de Luni*, is taken from the Museum of

the Vatican, where Pius VI placed it. It was found in the ruins of the *Colonia Otriculana*, now called Otricoli, about seventeen leagues from Rome on the Flaminian road. It probably belonged to a colossal statue.

2. *Homer*. This fine bust represents the immortal Homer, the father of Grecian poetry, and to whom seven cities disputed the honour of having given birth. The bandeau, or diadem which encircles his head, is the emblem of the divinity which his exalted genius merited, and which obtained him the honour of his apotheosis. The formation of the eyes, of admirable execution, indicates blindness, a misfortune under which this celebrated poet is generally supposed to have laboured. This bust, in Pentelican marble, is taken from the museum of the Capitol. It was first discovered by the antiquary *Ficoroni*, who accidentally met with it in the place of a common stone in the wall of the palace *Caetani*, he bought it and gave it to the Cardinal *Alexander Albani*, who sold it afterwards to *Clement XII*. Although the portrait of Homer has always been considered doubtful, even among the ancients, it is yet well known that busts, similar to this, have passed under his name.

3. *Diana, of Versailles*. The superb statue from which this bust is taken, is in Parian marble, and we are informed of its being in France during the reign of Henry IV. It was without doubt the most perfect of all the *antiques*, which were to be found there, before the conquest of Italy enriched France with so many *chef d'œuvres*.

4. The *Head of Rome*, of which the entire statue is now at Rome in Parian marble. This bust is taken from the gallery of the Chateau de Richelieu.

5. A *Faun* suspended from a tree, probably a personification of the river Tiber.

6. *Minerva*. This bust is antique, and being in the same style of a very elegant statue in Pentelican marble, which was known in the ducal palace of Modena, it is supposed to have been taken from it.

7. *Venus of Arles*. This bust is taken from a statue found at *Arles*, in 1651, and which makes one of the principal ornaments of the gallery at Versailles. It is in Greek marble, and this bust was worked by *Mellan*, in 1669.

8. *Euripides*. This bust presents to us the features of one of the most celebrated tragick poets of Greece: The correctness of this portrait is proved by its entire resemblance to another bust which is at Rome, and on which the name of Euripides is engraven in Greek: It is executed in Pentelican marble, and taken from the academy at Mantua.

9. *Cicero*. This bust, executed in Pentelican marble, is taken from the museum of the Capitol at Rome.

10. *Hippocrates*, the father of medicine, was born at Cos, about 460 years before the vulgar era, and is here represented in his most advanced age. The correctness of this portrait, as well as those which are at Rome and Florence, is known by its resemblance to one which is preserved on a medal, struck at Cos, his birth-place, and which was found in the cabinet of *Fulvius Ursinus*.

11. *Demosthenes*. The statue from which this bust is taken was formerly at the villa *Montalto*, now *Negrone*, on Mount Esquilin, whence Pius VI transported it to the Vatican. This head is antique.

12. *Socrates*. Proofs of the correctness of this likeness may be found in the fifth volume of the description of the museum of *Pio Clementino*.

13. *Seneca*. This bust is taken from a fine statue in the Borghese Palace.

14. *Diogenes*.

15. *Lucius Junius Brutus*, taken from a bust in bronze at the Capitol in Rome.

16. *Ulysses*.

17. *Alexander the Great*. *Alexander Severus*.

19. *Vespasian*.

20. *Nero*, the last of the *Cæsars* of the race of Augustus. The portrait of this monster is not flattered in this bust, which delineates the unrelenting

frown of a negro-driver, and the insolent air of an unprincipled ruffian in power. This is copied from the bronze which was moulded from the original in the 16th century.

21. *Titus*.

22. *Caracalla*. The ferocious look, and the turn of the head towards the left side, make this portrait in Pentician marble, an exact resemblance of the celebrated *Farnesian* bust of this cruel emperor.

23. *Vitellius*, is taken from the hall of antiques in the Louvre.

24. *Sappho*.

25. *Group of Niobe*. Among the busts which ornament the museum, this group, with the head of Niobe, ought to engage particular attention, from the acknowledged purity of style that reigns throughout the heads which compose it. The Abbe Winkelmann, a most classical judge of the arts, has pronounced the head of Niobe to be a model of the highest style of beauty; and *Guido*, the painter of the *Graces*, made it his peculiar study. The age of their execution is supposed to be that of the highest glory of the arts, that is, in the time of *Phidias*; but it is not ascertained whether the statues, which now compose this interesting group at Florence, are the originals or not. By the jealousy and hatred of Latona, the children of Niobe fell victims to the darts of Apollo and Diana, and the expression of the head of Niobe is strongly indicative of peculiar distress.

For The Port Folio.

"Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player
 "That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
 "And then is heard no more. It is a tale
 "Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury
 "Signifying nothing.

SHAKSPEARE.

Thus speaks that great and sublime genius and that profound and accurate observer of human nature. It requires, however, no demonstration of Euclid, no apparition to rise from the dead, to prove to us the uncertainty of human events. It is the conviction of this

truth that should be impressed upon the mind and the regulation of our conduct agreeable to this conviction, that are so necessary. The shortness and uncertainty of life, and the instability of human events, are ever present to our view; and we must be blind and inattentive indeed, if we do not observe these calls to the practice of virtue. But the majority of mankind appear to be unconscious of the reflections that ought to arise from the events that occur every day. The gloomy misanthropist, disgusted with every thing that he meets in this world would willingly desert his station, and perhaps determines that his own hand shall effect what accident or the laws are dilatory in producing. The gay voluptuous Epicurean on the other hand, is strongly attached to this world and every circumstance occurs, but to furnish him with unlawful and irregular pleasures. The votaries of pleasure hurried on with the giddy crowd, stop not to consider; find no time for serious thought and reflection. In the midst of short, transient, fleeting joys, they live as if this state of things was to last forever. The utmost extent of their wishes, to figure, to excite attention and admiration among the gay and thoughtless. A splendid dwelling, rich furniture, dazzling equipage, dress and show, fix their vain thoughts. In a constant round of fashionable meetings, their hours roll on; routs and parties occupy their mispent time; the same thing occurs frequently, the same scenes return at stated hours; no opportunity for observation, for improvement, for benefit, for variety; and though apathy and disgusting ennui should throw a gloom and disrelish over all their pleasures, still do they want resolution to tear themselves away and alter their course of life. I do not wish to condemn the elegance and show that give respectability and dignity to character; nor the assemblage of friends and relatives that produces refinement of manners, indulges our useful and social affections, and consequently improves society; on the contrary, these I would applaud. But it is the ex-

cessive indulgence of these enjoyments, that saps the foundation of order in society, is productive of vice and irregularity in the world, and is one of the prime destroyers of that health and constitution which Heaven has given us for better purposes. It is the excess of expense beyond our means that involves—the midnight revelling, the dissipation and irregularity that destroys morality and saps the springs of life: the vanity of trifles that occupy the mind and shut out more important and useful occupations. These, these are the fiends that walk abroad and deal devastation and destruction around—Oh!

“Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!”

After an unrestrained indulgence in these scenes of fashionable gayety and pleasures, it is difficult to tear ourselves away and relinquish those pursuits; and however strong our disposition may be to lead us to the attempt, our resolution frequently fails; did it depend upon ourselves, perhaps we never should succeed. It is, then, often necessary for the hand of Providence to interfere and save us from this destruction of the soul. How often do we witness the instability of these transitory enjoyments! How often, in the midst of luxury, gayety and voluptuousness; on the commanding heights of splendid fortune; in the whirl of pleasure; in the rapid, thoughtless moments of dissipation, are the deluded victims seized and stopped in their mad career, and hurled from their high station to the lowest abyss of poverty and misery. Forced out of the circle of their former pleasures, deprived of the means of enjoyment, they lie prostrated, helpless victims of Fortune and dependent upon the attention of some charitable benevolent soul. This is the moment to try their fortitude, to call forth the means they ought to have provided against an adverse moment; to prove to them the folly of their former conduct, and to show the vanity and frivolity of the things they have been pursuing.

Adversity is the school of virtue, but alas! in this school they have unfortunately, not been educated. Depressed and sunk in this low state, they look around for support and consolation. In vain they call upon their former friends, their former pleasures to support them through these trials. Their friends, like the passing breeze of summer, existed, and are no more: their former pleasures, their mispent hours, like fiends, haunt their minds and destroy their peace. An approving consciousness of having passed their time profitably they cannot possess. The healing tender balm of religion and piety is wanting to administer support and consolation to them. Death comes, perhaps, a welcome visitor, to relieve them from their troubles.

MORTIMER.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

Ode—On the prospect of Eton College.

The exordium still fixes our attention.

Silver-winding way.

‘This compound epithet,’ says Mr. Wakefield, ‘is an incongruous combination. A *silver-winding way* is a way that winds with or like silver, which is absurd. The passage would not be exceptionable if the words were separated—his silver winding way; and silver made an adjective, as in Pope,

And the press’d watch return’d a silver sound.

I feel the gales that from ye blow.

‘This use of *ye*, though common enough in our earlier writers, is a most gross and offensive grammatical error: out of mere charity to the reader, it should be corrected:’

I feel the gales that from you blow.

My weary soul they seem to sooth.

‘The learned reader will observe, that *they seem* is here employed to signify a reality, like the *deixis* of the elegant Greek writers.

Παντ' ἄσθεν δέστος μάλα πικρός.

Of Summer all was redolent.

In a similar construction, Milton has—
lenient of grief.—*Sams. Agon.*

His supplication to father Thames, says Johnson, to tell him who drives the hoop and tosses the ball, is useless and puerile: father Thames has no better means of knowing than himself:

Say, father Thames (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace)
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm the glassy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While some on earnest labours bent,
Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint,
To sweeten liberty.

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still, as they run, they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Mr. Wakefield's notes on these stanzas will gratify every reader.

By slow Meander's *margent green*,
And in the violet embroider'd vale.

MILT. COM. 232.

'This stanza is poetical, and has the merit of expressing trivial things with dignity.'

To chase the rolling circle's speed.

The verse would have been more poetical in this form:

To chase the circle's rolling speed.

And snatch a fearful joy.

'A very happy expression: and equally happy in that stroke of the evangelist, "and they went speedily from the tomb with *fear* and *great joy*." Matt. xxviii, 8; and that of the psalmist, "Rejoice with trembling." 1, 2. So the sublime Lucretius:

*His tibi me rebus quædam divinæ voluptas
Percipit, atque horror.* 11, 28.

And his great imitator, Virgil:

*Obstupuit simul ipse, simul percussus Achæ-
tes*

Letitia que metuque.

ÆN. I, 517

They had before seen a similar beauty in their master:

—ἡ δ' ἄρα μιν χροαδί δέξατο κόλπῳ
Δακρυοῖσι γέλασσαν.

II. Z. 482.

She took him to her fragrant breast,
Smiling in tears.

And in another most natural and affecting passage:

Πασιν δ' ἱμεροῖσι ὑπὶδὸν γοοῖς.

OD. K. 398.

All sympathiz'd in *sadly-pleasing tears*
And in Pindar:

Εἶσα δὲ θαμβεῖ δυσφροσύνῃ

Τετραπὴ ταμὶχθους.

NEM. I, Stroph. 4.

Nonnus, too, in his metrical paraphrase of John's Gospel, has well expressed this mixture of sensations:

Πανθεῖ λυομένη καὶ χαρματι.

C. XI, v. 29.

Dissolv'd in *grief* and *joy*.

But nothing of this kind can exceed a description of King Lear:

But his flaw'd heart,
Alack! too weak the conflict to support
'Twixt two extremes of passion, *joy* and *grief*,
Burst smilingly.

ACT V, Sc. 8.

We differ from Mr. W. on the question of the epithet *rolling*, which we think rightly applied to the *circle* by the poet, and wrongly, to *speed*, by the critic. As it stands, the expression is definite. A *rolling circle* is so far a *peculiar circle*, as that it may well signify a *hoop*; but *circle*, alone, is *any circle*. Add to this, we make nothing of *rolling speed*.

The address to *father Thames* we shall leave to the conclusive defence of Mr. Wakefield: meanwhile, we cannot avoid expressing our surprise, that, among the numerous examples of plagiarism which have been offered against Mr. Gray, many of which (so frequently do writers accidentally think and express themselves like others) must be regarded as highly doubtful. This, which we suppose to be unquestionable, has not, to our knowledge, been instanced: the rea-

der need only compare the address of Gray with that of Green, in his poem entitled, *The Grotto*, the same to which Gray is confessedly indebted in his *Ode to Spring*.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace,
Gives leave to view what beauties grace
Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
The much-sung grotto of the queen?
Contemplative, forget a while
Oxonian tow'rs and Windsor's pile,
And Wolsey's pride, &c.

Our readers will probably agree with Mr. Wakefield, that Dr. Johnson is in the wrong with respect to the epithet *buxom*. When the latter says, that Mr. Gray seems not to understand the meaning of the word, he alludes to its *primitive meaning*; but Gray uses it in the *secondary*, and Mr. Wakefield shows that Johnson has himself so explained it. In the primitive sense, *buxom* is unquestionably *buick-some*, and is therefore used with the strictest propriety by Lloyd:

Our nymphs are as *buxom* as does;

And perhaps this was originally meant by the phrase *BUXOM lass*. In the secondary sense, however, *buxom* means no more than *gay*, *playful*, full of *vivacity*; and *buxom* Health conveys to every man's imagination that *cheerfulness* and *flow of spirits*, which was essential to the poet to distinguish from health as it respects *strength* alone.

Gay Hope is theirs by Fancy led,
Less pleasing when possess;
The tear forgot as soon as shed;
The sunshine of the breast:
Theirs *buxom* Health of rosy hue;
Wild Wit; Invention ever new;
And lively Cheer, of Vigour born:
The thoughtless day, the easy night;
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

'This, says Mr. W. is at once poetical and just; and yet there seems to be an impropriety in the next verse:

Less pleasing when possess:

for, though the *object* of *hope* may truly be said to be *less pleasing* in *possession* than in the *fancy*; yet *hope*, in person, cannot possibly be *possessed*: for, as the *apostle* truly says, "Hope that is seen, is no longer hope; for

what a man seeth, how can he also expect to see?" ROM. VIII, 240.

It is not easy to discover the sense of *Cheer* in this verse; for, if it mean *sprightliness* and *gayety*, the word is redundant and tautological:

And on our sudden coming there
Will double all the mirth and cheer.

COMUS, 954.

That fly—

'A pretty conclusion this of a most lively and natural description of that sprightly and enchanting age.'

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

PROLOGUE

To the New Play of

ADRIAN AND ORRILLA; OR A MOTHER'S
VENGEANCE.

Written by Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq.

Spoken by Mr. Brunton.

Long has the *Stage*, determined to impart
Such scenes alone as meliorate the heart,
Barr'd from all avenues, with rigid sway,
Plots which corrupt, and maxims that betray.
With elevation now, the alter'd muse
That praise rejects, which virtue should
refuse:

In fancy's rose no vivid colour sees,
Unless that vividness the just can please;
In wit's gay brilliant owns no sparkling gem,
Unless allow'd as brilliancy by them;
Proud of no praise, of no distinction vain,
Unless distinguish'd in the moral train,
Celebrity she holds as disrepute,
And scorns all laurel from a shameful root!
Licentious follies rarely intervene,
And truth, and sense, and honour claim the
scene!

When love's distress shall in our story rise,
Let sighs break forth—for those are Nature's
sighs.

When persecuted Worth in grief appears,
Be proud to weep—for those are Virtue's
tears.

But to our author: each dramattick bard
Solicits, but in vain, a long regard;

Form'd to attract the fashion of the day,
 They, like that fashion, swiftly pass away.
 They gain, at most, employ'd in such a cause,
 Uncertain honour, fugitive applause!—
 Now hopes, now fears, his anxious heart
 compose,
 Half sunk by these, and just upheld by those;
 For in our days, when envy smiles to sting,
 Grief follows joy, and praises censure bring.
 When wits and heroes, and the critick few,
 Here let me pass, and, ladies, plead to you;
 You, for whose favour ev'ry wit is bright,
 All criticks comment, and all heroes fight!
 Protection from the fair at once conveys
 Ample renown, consolidated praise;
 For Truth acknowledges, in Nature's name,
 The smiles of Beauty are the wreaths of
 Fame!
 Urg'd still by them, by their reward im-
 press'd,
 Each noble passion animates the breast;
 They form the heart to ev'ry aim refin'd,
 Exalt, delight, and dignify mankind.

Pleasure and business contrast and give a
 relish to each other, like day and night; the
 constant vicissitudes of which, are far more
 delightful than any uninterrupted half year
 of either.

To pass life in the most agreeable man-
 ner, one ought to be so much a man of plea-
 sure as to postpone any necessary business;
 not so much a man of business as to despise
 elegant amusement. A proper mixture of
 both, forms a more infallible specific against
tedium and fatigue, than a constant regimen
 of the most pleasant of the two.

THE NURSING OF LOVE.

Lap'd on Cythera's golden sands
 When first True Love was born on earth,
 Long was the doubt what fost'ring hands
 Should tend and rear the glorious birth.

First Hebe claimed the sweet employ,
 Her cup, her thornless flowers, she said,
 Would feed him best with health and joy,
 And cradle best his cherub head.

But anxious Venus justly fear'd
 The tricks and changeful mind of Youth;
 Too mild the seraph Peace appear'd,
 Too stern, too cold, the matron Truth:

Next Fancy claim'd him for her own,
 But Prudence disallow'd her right,
 She deem'd her Iris' pinions shone
 Too dazzling for his infant sight.

To Hope awhile the charge was given
 And well with Hope the cherub throve,
 'Till Innocence came down from Heaven,
 Sole guardian, friend, and nurse of Love!

Pleasure grew mad with envious spite,
 When all prefer'd to her she found;

She vow'd full vengeance for the slight,
 And soon success her purpose crown'd.

The traitress watch'd a sultry hour,
 When, pillow'd on her blush-rose bed,
 Tired Innocence to Slumber's pow'r
 One moment bow'd her virgin-head:

Then Pleasure on the thoughtless child
 Her toys and sugar'd poisons prest;
 Drunk with new joy, he heaved, he smiled,
 Reel'd—sunk—and died upon her breast!

The scene of the Indian abuse is distant
 indeed; but we must not infer, that the va-
 lue of our interest in it is decreased in pro-
 portion as it recedes from our view. In our
 politicks, as in our common conduct, we shall
 be worse than infants, if we do not put our
 Senses under the tuition of our Judgment,
 and effectually cure ourselves of that optical
 illusion which makes a briar at our nose of
 greater magnitude, than an oak at five hun-
 dred yards distance.—*Burke*.

SONNET.

By Derwent's rapid stream as oft I stray'd,
 With Infancy's light step and glances wild,
 And saw vast rocks, on steepy mountains
 pil'd,
 Frown o'er the umbrageous glen; or pleas'd
 survey'd,
 The cloudy moonshine in the shadowy glade,
 Romantick Nature to th' enthusiast child
 Grew dearer far than when serene she
 smil'd,
 In uncontrasted loveliness array'd,
 But, O! in every scene, with sacred sway,
 Her graces fire me: from the bloom that
 spreads
 Resplendent in the lucid morn of May,
 To the green light the little glow-worm
 sheds
 On mossy banks, when midnight glooms
 prevail,
 And softest Silence broods o'er all the
 dale.

While their cares are contracted, and all
 their feelings absorbed, within the compass
 of their own skin, some people who affect
 sensibility, seem often convinced, that they
 are of the most humane disposition, and the
 most extensive benevolence, upon no better
 foundation, than because they have felt
 themselves affected by the artful distresses
 of a romance, and because they could shed
 a few barren tears at a tragedy.

If they have occasionally given a guinea,
 they think of having carried benevolence to
 the utmost length. They have no notion be-
 yond this; nor would they interrupt the tran-
 quillity of their own indolence, to perform
 the most essential service to any of the hu-
 man race.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

The opinions of wise men, of mature age, various reading, and great experience, are entitled to the most profound respect from every man, whose sobriety of intellect is not disturbed by the fumes of republican indigestion. The following is an extract from a letter to the Editor, written by a sagacious statesman. We hope it will be read and remembered; and may it excite not only the blush of shame, but the desire of reformation.

We are fallen in evil times; and these are growing still worse. When I think on the very short period since the commencement of our republican institutions and of their actual decrepitude, I own I am shocked. Our fond notions of the superiour virtue and information of our countrymen we find to be but waking dreams. Yet a small number of enlightened statesmen, instructed by History, predicted the short duration. One of the most distinguished told me, yesterday, that when he was putting his name to the Constitution, he said to those about him "It will not survive twenty-four years!" Yet no one made greater efforts to give it a durable establishment. The number is now small, whom the experiment has convinced of the correctness of this opinion. However, we must not abandon the publick interest; but by a concurrence with the best portion of the enemies to the Federal administration, of whom many begin to see their errors, give a check to present evils, and render the final changes, whatever they may be, the less terrible.

An enlightened foreigner, with a mind remarkably free from political prejudice, and who visited this country with a strong prepossession in its favour, after diligently surveying its face and studying the constitution of the country, gives the following deliberate opinion in a private letter to a gentleman and a friend, although the letter writer knew that such a declaration would probably offend his correspondent.

From the moment I began to think seriously on the subject, the evil tendency of Democracy has become more obvious to me every day. America has completed my conviction. If there still lurked one latent spark of republicanism within my mind, the imbruting effects of such a system in this country has forever extinguished it; and I would rather kiss the feet of a Mogul,

or a Lama than be the idol of such ignorant, arrogant politicians.

SALLUST, who well knew the nature of a popular government, and who appears thoroughly to understand the genius and motives of every seditious scoundrel, thus truly and finely describes the mob of Rome during the conspiracy of Cataline.

Omnino cuncta plebes novarum rerum studio, Catalinae incepta probabat. Id ades more suo videbatur facere. Nam semper in civitate quis opes nulla sunt bonis invident malos extollunt, vetera odere, nova exoptant; odio suarum rerum mutari omnia student, turba atque seditionibus sine cura aluntur, quoniam egestas facile habetur sine damno.

By the simpering sons of spurious candour, and all the luke warm tribe, who, by the bye, are more injurious to the true interests of this country than the most outrageous among the Jacobins; the strong language of party feeling is talked of sometimes as the blemish of political controversy, and sometimes as the bane of social happiness. But this sort of affectation is nothing but the idiotism of drivellers or the cant of hypocrisy.

Strong and glaring colours are necessary to attract the publick eye, to call the attention of men to their political duty, who are immersed in commercial, selfish and private concerns; and who, busied in the walks of active, life would not have perceived the faint shadowing of a timid delinctor.

The popularity of the present chief magistrate of this unhappy country is as perishable as the popularity of Richard Cromwell, or Jack Cade. By that sort of device, which imposes upon shallow minds, he gained the eminence of a Commonwealth. But the winds begin to blow, and the garment of hypocrisy is already disordered. When he sinks, he sinks like "common people" to their graves, and is talked of no more. The very instant he drops his political mantle, that threadbare and tarnished garment of mean and flimsy materials will

dwindle into the worthlessness of old rags, and be completely covered with all the cobwebs of oblivion.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

For The Port Folio.

A literary gentleman from the University of Cambridge, in England, who arrived in this city in the autumn of last year, is employed in writing a work which he entitles "The Stranger in America;" to be comprised in four 12mo. volumes. The first volume contains his observations in and near Philadelphia, during a residence of 6 months. The other three volumes will consist of views of society and manners of the United States, in the year 1807. Each volume will be embellished with appropriate sketches of public buildings, &c. We understand that the first volume is already forwarded to England for immediate publication, and that it will be published here, about the month of September next.

MERRIMENT

As a clergyman was burying a corpse, a poor woman came and pulled him by the sleeve, in the middle of the service. "Sir, Sir, I want to speak with you." Prithee, wait, woman, till I have done." "No, Sir, I must speak to you immediately." "Well, then, what is the matter?" "Why, Sir, you are going to bury a man who died of the small-pox near my poor husband who never had it."

Mr. M——, master of the king's school, Canterbury, being at a place where a gentleman expressed great apprehensions on account of a bleeding he was next morning to undergo, by advice of his physician; a punster, then present, told him, he would recommend him to employ that gentleman, (pointing to Mr. M——) who was a very safe and able *flay-bottomist*.

A clergyman, of an indifferent character, going to read prayers at a remote village in the west of England, found great difficulty in putting on the surplice, which was an old-fashioned one. "I think," said he to the clerk, "the devil is in the surplice:" the astonished clerk stared till he got it

on, and then sarcastically exclaimed, "I think as how he is, sir."

A certain Prelate famed for his eloquence, and accustomed to speak in public, uttering an harangue one day before Louis XIV, who had an air of royalty that inspired with awe, all those who approached him, was so disconcerted thereby, that he made a pause. The king perceiving it, and touched with his distress, said, in the sweetest manner possible, "My lord, we are obliged to you for giving us time to admire the fine things you have been saying."

The Duke of York, it is said, one day told the king, his brother, that he had heard so much of old Milton, he had a great desire to see him. Charles told the Duke he had no objection to his satisfying his curiosity; and accordingly, shortly after, James, having informed himself where Milton lived, went privately to his house. Being introduced to him, and Milton being informed of the rank of his guest, they conversed together for some time; but, in the course of their conversation, the Duke asked Milton, Whether he did not think the loss of his sight was a judgment upon him for what he had written against the late king, his father? Milton's reply was to this effect: "If your highness thinks that the calamities which befall us here are indications of the wrath of Heaven, in what manner are we to account for the fate of the king, your father? The displeasure of Heaven must, upon this supposition, have been much greater against him than against me, for I have only lost my eyes, but he lost his head." The duke was exceedingly nettled at this answer, and went away soon after, very angry. When he came back to the court, the first thing he said to the king was, "Brother, you are greatly to blame that you don't have that old rogue Milton hanged." "Why, what's the matter, James?" said the king, "you seem in a heat. What, have you seen Milton?" "Yes," answered the duke, "I have seen him." "Well," said the king, "in what condition did you find him?" "Condition!" replied the duke, "why he's old, and very poor." "Old and poor," said the king; "well, and he is blind, is he not?" "Yes," said the duke, "blind as a beetle." "Why then you are a fool, James," replied the king, "to want to have him hanged as a punishment; to hang him will be doing him a service: it will be taking him out of his miseries. No, if he is old, poor, and blind, he is miserable enough in all conscience: let him live."

On the first of May, 1782, when the majesty of the people was much insisted on by the patriots, George Selwyn, happening to meet a party of chimney-sweepers, decorated with gilt paper, and other ornaments, exclaimed, "I have often heard of the majesty of the people, but never before had the pleasure of seeing any of the young princes."

A clown, in Berkshire, employed to draw timber from a wood, met with an oak trunk of so large a size that the tackle he had made use of to place it on the carriage broke twice on the trial. Hodge flung his hat on the ground, and scratching his head, with much vexation, exclaimed, "hang the hogs that did not eat thee when thee was an acorn, and then I should not have had this trouble with thee."

Mr. A—, one evening when his band was playing an overture, went up to the horn-players, and asked why they were not playing; they said they had twenty bars rest. "Rest?" says he, "I'll have nobody to rest in my company; I pay you for playing, not for resting."

The late lord R—, with many good qualities, and even learning and parts, had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physick, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield, who knew his foible, and wished on a particular occasion to have his vote, came to him one morning, and, after having conversed upon different matters, complained of the head-ach, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. It was found to beat high, and a hint of losing blood was given. "I have no objection; and, as I hear your lordship has a masterly hand, will you favour me with trying your lancet upon me?" "A propos," said lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the house to-day?" Lord R— answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you who have considered it, which side will you be of?" The earl having gained his confidence, easily directed his judgment: he carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he pleased. He used afterwards to say, that none of his friends had done as much as he, having literally *bled* for the good of his country.

A certain clergyman who had been once involved in a fray, had obtained the name of the Bruising Parson. Being examined at the Old Bailey, on some future, though similar, occasion, the counsel, according to the illiberal custom of the court, attempted to browbeat him. "I think you are the bruising parson," said he, "I am," replied the divine, "and if you doubt it, and will

come out of court, I will give it you under my hand."

Dr. Johnson being one night at Drury Lane Theatre, to see Mr. Garrick play Macbeth; in one of the most interesting scenes of the play, he, and the whole company in the box, were interrupted by the impertinence of a young man of fashion, who insisted on having a *place*, though none was kept for him: the disturbance continued till the end of the act, when the doctor, turning about with great contempt, cried, "Psha! sir, how can you be so much mistaken? your place is in the shilling gallery."

A gentleman of a bold spirit and wit being examined before the House of Commons, the speaker put some ridiculous and impertinent questions to him; at last he asked what country man he was. "Of Kent," said he; adding, "and now, sir, may I demand the same of you?" "I am out of the West," says the other. "By my troth," replied he, "so I thought, for the *wise* men came from the East."

When the amiable dutchess of Northumberland was some years ago on the continent, she stopped at an inn in French Flanders, at the sign of the Golden Goose; but arriving late, and being somewhat fatigued with her journey, she ordered but a slight repast for her and her suite, which consisted only of five servants. In the morning, when the landlord presented his bill, her secretary was much surprised at one general item of "Expenses for the night, fourteen Louis D'ors." In vain did he remonstrate; the artful Fleming knew the generous character of the dutchess, and was positive. The money was accordingly paid. When she was preparing to depart, the landlord, as usual, attended her to her carriage; and after making many *congéés*, and expressing much thanks, hoped he should have the honour of her grace's company on her return. "Why, possibly you may," said the dutchess, with her usual good humour, "but it must be on one condition, that you do not mistake me for your sign."

A country boy having been hired by a gentleman of some rank in town, endeavoured, to the utmost of his power, to make himself useful, and avoid the necessity of being so frequently told of many trifling things, as country lads generally are. This officiousness, however, once operated rather to his disadvantage: his master had sent him down stairs for two bottles of wine; when he came into the parlour with them, he said to him, "well, John, have you shook them?" The poor boy, ever anxious to please, replied, "no, sir, but I *will*."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Our readers may remember that in the 17th No. of The Port Folio we requested the loan of Cowley's "Cutter of Coleman-street." The moment this article appeared, some courteous knight *with his vizor on*; in plain English, some obliging, but modest friend, who has carefully concealed his name, sent the editor a most beautiful edition of the Works of Cowley, and, in a manner which enhances the obligation, requested that the volumes might be viewed, not as a loan but a largess. Of such urbanity as this from an entire stranger, there are not many examples in a selfish world; and our anonymous correspondent, to gratify what may be justly styled the liberal curiosity of literature, is thus publicly thanked with no vulgar measure of gratitude.

Our friend, who dates his communication at B——, is assured that his letter revives the most agreeable recollections. We remember with delight his colloquial and literary powers.

Nor yet ungrac'd shall — remain,
Serenè in fancy, nor in science vain;
But still tho' oft his various works I scan,
I quit the volume, when I find the man.

The opinion which one of the most ardent of our friends has expressed respecting the utility of a literary Journal, is fully corroborated by the authority of Johnson, whose own experience gave him a right to say that "as long as those who write are ambitious of making converts, and of giving to their opinions a maximum of influence and celebrity, *the most extensively circulated miscellany* will repay with the greatest effect the curiosity of those who read either for amusement or instruction."

The Catalogue of the Busts and Statues in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, is not, as the polite reader will immediately perceive, a mere muster-roll of names, nor a dry skeleton of description. Like some of the objects it describes, it has the essential form of grace. We

hope that so lucid a history of what is most interesting among the figures of the Academy, will induce many to resort there, and, at once, gratify a curiosity the most liberal, and benefit the Institution itself. The Fine Arts, like certain flowers of the most exquisite fragrance and beauty, require the most genial influence to bring them to maturity.

The principles of S. are stable "as the everlasting hills." All his notions on government are justified by the nature of man and the lessons of history. He is firmly and honestly attached to the *old orthodox* system in politicks, not from selfish or venal views, but on the sound, liberal, and consistent principles of order, experience, dignity, honour, spirit, integrity, and conviction.

We are apprehensive that we never praise "A." sufficiently. It is not from want of zeal or want of inclination, but from deficient power. The editor, like the Horace of Augustus, may exclaim to his friend,

Laudes tuas
Culpa delerere in geni.

We should be delighted to inspect the Tour through Italy. We know the traveller explor'd a classical country with bright eyes, and that he has advantageously seen the "*præceptorio, et Tiburni lucus, et uda Mobilibus homaria rivis.*"

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

E. W. is aware that the pensive offering of her Muse arrives to late to be entwin'd with May flowers. But as "all times—all seasons in their change," call forth the strain of tender recollection, the Editor of The Port Folio will require no apology when his correspondent avails herself of privileges sanction'd by his politeness and grateful to her feelings.

Season of vernal charms, sweet May!
Thy waving woods, again, unfold;
Scatter rich odours on thy way,
And bring thy glossy cups of gold;
Ah! hither haste, with air serene,
And rest upon this bank of green.
Sorrow, with pensive vigils pale,
Marks the retiring shadows glide:
The spring-bird, warbles through the vale
Its vesper soft, at even-tide—

And meek devotion's choral shell
 Wafts on the breeze its solemn swell.
 Now Fancy's feet are wet with dew,
 As, ling'ring in her secret bower,
 See cull'd the blossom's vermil hue,
 And rifled ev'ry fragrant flow'r—
 With drooping Cypress leaves to twine
 The lily fair and eglantine.
 The tender strain that Friendship breathes,
 (Sounds that have sooth'd my list'ning ear)
 These buds of Spring—those cypress
 leaves,
 Glist'ning with Sorrow's recent tear,
 Oft as the winged hours return
 Shall wake the sigh at William's urn.
 E.

For The Port Folio.

PARODY.

The story of King Arthur old,
 And More, that dragon-slayer bold,
 I strove to sing—in vain I strove—
 My catgut squeak'd "how sweet is love."
 A thousand ways I turn'd each screw,
 And resin'd every string anew.
 Again I try'd, "God prosper long"—
 Broke in the middle was my song—
 I found each faint idea flown
 In "Joys of love are joys alone."
 Adieu each big, each lofty air!
 Come "Leinster fam'd for maidens fair!"
 Adieu each tale so blithe and merry
 Of John and the Priest of Canterbury!
 My fiddle now alone can tell
 The charms of beauteous Florimel.

For The Port Folio.

TO MARIA,

WITH A VENETIAN CHAIN.

Love's cruel chains are worn with tears,
 With sighs and doubts and hopes and fears,
 And as the hapless wretches bear
 Beneath their weight a heart of care,
 They curse the tyrant's unrelenting rage,
 And furnish matter for the tragick page.

But, ah! how pleasing are those chains of
 gold!
 Which round her favourites Friendship loves
 to bind;

No hearts rebellious do they e'er unfold,
 Or do they check the sympathetick mind.

Then, dear Maria, wear this little chain,
 Nor let their fairy links oppressive be;

Whose weight entwined around will give no
 pain,

But gently pressing makè thee think of
 me.

Lines, addressed to the Editor; and accompanying a
 present of a very elegant Silver Snuffbox of curious
 Chinese workmanship.

Here, Joe, accept of this Cephalick snuff,
 To know 'tis Friendship's offering is enough;
 Should care oppress, or the blue devils come,
 This little box will drive those devils home,
 And every pinch that soothing thou shalt
 find,
 Must bring facetious W—— to thy mind.

For The Port Folio.

New Application of a law Maxim.

A Counsel once of pigmy size
 To make a motion did arise;
 But Kenyon's sight his sense defeated,
 And, thinking still the man was seated,
 "Tis common, sir, for all, said he,
 To stand when they're addressing me."
 Dumb was the Counsel and offended,
 When thus a wag his cause defended:
 "Justice from you, My Lord, my friend
 expects,
 You know, *diminimis non curat lex*."

EPITAPHS.

A White Chapel Epitaph.

Here lies honest Stephen with Mary his bride,
 Who merrily liv'd, and cheerfully died.
 They laugh'd and they lov'd, and drank
 while they were able,
 But now they are forc'd to knock under the
 table.

This marble which formerly serv'd 'em to
 drink on,
 Now covers their bodies; a sad thing to
 think on!

That do what one can to moisten our clay,
 'Twill one day be ashes, and moulder away.

On Coleman, a plotting papist, in the reign of
 Charles II.

If heav'n be pleas'd, when sinners cease to
 sin;

If hell be pleas'd, when sinners enter in;
 If earth be pleas'd, when ridded of a knave;
 Then all are pleas'd—for Coleman's in his
 grave.

* The name of the sprightly donor, a gentle-
 man who is justly dear to his friends for
 the generosity of his temper, the frankness
 of his manners, and the vivacity of his wit.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 20, 1807.

[No. 25.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

AN EXAMINATION OF THE CAUSES THAT HAVE RETARDED THE PRO- GRESS OF LITERATURE IN THE UNI- TED STATES.

In some recent numbers of The Port Folio we published an elegant oration from the incision pen of the ingenious Mr. Jarvis of Connecticut. This caustick satire upon the degraded and unprotected state of letters in this licentious country, is in our opinion perfectly just, and we accordingly expressed our most unqualified approbation of an article, which, though it may produce no reformation, may excite shame and justify reproach. We indicated to the publick that this subject would be resumed by a literary friend. He has faithfully kept his promise, and elegantly fulfilled his task. While, with all the powers of Candour and Discrimination, he has done justice, and ascribed honour to whom honour is due, he has, at the same time, in a voice manly, distinct, and clear, pronounced the just character of a country where the Genius of a Commonwealth is in direct hostility to Genius of every other kind. Among the causes, to which the neglect of elegant letters is to be ascribed, may be justly enumerated the narrow character of an administration, UTTERLY DESTITUTE OF CLASSICAL TASTE, together with the general rage for vulgar popularity, and for amassing gold rather than ideas.

THERE is no light, in which our country can be contemplated with less satisfaction to genuine patriotism than in her literary relations. While many divisions of Europe are actuated by

a laudable emulation to widen the boundaries of liberal knowledge, which their exertions have already extended beyond what was known to the classic ages of antiquity, we seem to be engrossed with concerns, far less worthy the regard of an enlightened people.

It should no longer be concealed, whatever vulgar prejudices may be offended by its disclosure, that since our existence as a nation, we have not effected a single literary achievement of the highest excellence, and, at the most splendid epoch in the annals of mankind, we must rest our claims to distinction chiefly on the ardour of commercial enterprise, and the coarse operations of rural industry.

That the country contains a considerable portion of native literature, it is not meant to deny. But has her progress in the cultivation of letters equalled the expectations, which ought reasonably to have been entertained, from her ability and advantages, or even kept pace with her general career of improvement?

Till we exhibit a work which the verdict of scholars shall enrol with the great efforts of genius of other countries, the truth of the criticism I have delivered, harsh as it appears, is unimpeachable.

In the picture of the United States drawn by foreigners, there will be found still less to flatter our pride, and

to enhance the national reputation. We are invariably represented as a race of dealers devoted to low, sordid, and mercenary pursuits, without any sensibility to the charms of literature, or a taste for the arts, which diffuse a mild radiance over the face of society; and these dispositions they have not neglected to exaggerate by the colouring of ridicule, and to attack with the acrimony of sarcastick reproach.

Some, indeed, of the eminent French writers, have endeavoured, more ungraciously, to affix an inferiority to all the productions of the western hemisphere, by alleging, that within it the energies of nature are feebly exercised. This imputation, however, proceeds out of a crude and idle hypothesis which can never be countenanced. The magnitude of our mountains, the grandeur of our streams, the sublimity of our cataracts, the loftiness of our forests, and the enormous size of many of our animals, contradict at once the calumny, and proclaim that, it is in the new world, Nature has delighted to operate on the grandest scale, and to present herself in the most majestick attire.

Is it, then, in a section of the globe so rich in varied evidence of physical luxuriance, that man is niggardly created, and penuriously endowed? Notwithstanding its absurdity, there are not wanting those who have arrogantly preferred the charge against us. A conspicuous disciple of the same incautious sect, has pronounced that the inhabitants of America, aboriginal, as well as the descendants of the emigrant whites, are below Europeans in dignity of stature, and vigour of mind. Had the climate really the deteriorating quality ascribed to it, our fortune would be extremely deplorable. But, the allegation serves only to multiply the instances of the abuse of philosophy, and to show how readily judgment is seduced, and led away by the glare of imagination.

In the creation of the species, as a race, Nature is warped by no preference. She is insensible to favouritism, and cannot become a partisan. To all she distributes her bounties

with the precision of "even-handed Justice," and the inequalities of intellectual power which belong to man in the diversified conditions of his existence, are owing to the degree of improvement which Education, and wise Discipline have bestowed.

Nations are found to rise or decline, according as the salutary or baneful influence of their moral and political institutions preponderates. Experience fully confirms the doctrine. Greece and Rome, arose and sunk, with no change of physical circumstances. England and France have reached an equal pitch of elevation, the one amidst chills and moisture; the other, under an equable temperature, and a sky of perennial brightness. Genius is a common inheritance. It is a plant which will flourish wherever protected. Nourish it carefully, and it shoots with strength, and ripens its choice productions, whether placed in the dry and elastic atmosphere of modern Italy, or among Ireland's murky and dense exhalations. Examples are supplied by either country of all the varieties of mental excellence. Each has furnished its poets, its historians, its philosophers, its orators, its warriors, and its statesmen.

Climate, no doubt, moulds the external features, and modifies the constitution, and, perhaps, characters, of inferior animals. Man, however, does not recognize its dominion. It is the exclusive and inestimable prerogative of his reason to provide expedients to soften, or means of wholly averting its sinister tendencies.

But, let those who would presumptuously degrade us, impartially examine our history. The scrutiny may be proudly challenged.

While a people, as it were "in the gristle, and not yet hardened into the bone of manhood," we displayed a moral energy, and corporeal hardihood, which have never been surpassed. Do the early accounts of any nation comprise more proofs of an ardent, persevering, and aspiring temper, incessantly struggling with difficulties and dangers, unwearied and

undismayed; or an intelligence more prolific in devices to overcome the embarrassments of infancy?

When those rights and privileges, dear to freemen, were supposed to be invaded, did we discover tameness under the injury, or slowness to repel the aggression? The perilous, unequal and protracted war, in consequence, undertaken at every hazard and at every sacrifice, bears through every stage of it, honourable testimony to the valour of our arms, and the resources of our genius.

The events, indeed, of that memorable contest, the extent of military and civil ability it unfolded, and above all, the character of the illustrious individual who presided over its destinies, ought to have shielded the country against the censure of "impotence in the conception, and deficiency in the nourishment of human greatness," and cancelled forever, the unguarded speculation that gave it birth.*

Let us now turn to the channels in which the current of our energies has more permanently flowed, and survey the results.

Though, in the particular operations, which of necessity, have mostly employed us, "*during the interesting season of our pacifick glory,*" no brilliant illustrations of national capacity can be expected, yet, *the manner in which they have been conducted, yields proof, "strong as holy writ," to silence the contemptuous reproach that within the western hemisphere, man has degenerated.*

We will point to the present prosperity of the country, and exultingly ask, whether a march so rapid in the culture of the soil, the extension of

trade, in knowledge of the mechanical arts, and in some of the liberal attainments, could have been impelled by an "inert mind and a languid body."

We have prosecuted agriculture with such vigour, that besides feeding plentifully our own growing multitude, the Old World has been fed from the New. The scarcity which they have felt, would have been a desolating famine, if this child of their old age, with a true filial piety, with a Roman charity, had not put the full breast of its youthful exuberance to the mouth of its exhausted parent.

As to the progress of our commerce, it has exceeded all preceding experience. There is no sea which is not vexed with our trade: no climate that is not witness to our toils. Neither the perseverance of Holland, nor the activity of France, nor the dexterous and firm sagacity of English enterprise, ever carried this mode of hardy industry to the extent to which it has been pushed by us.*

In manufactures, those especially which administer to our convenience, or immediate wants, we have made great proficiency, and to this description, under the circumstances of the country, our attention, of course, would be principally restricted.

Nor are we destitute of inventions to vindicate our ingenuity, though despoiled of some of them.

The quadrant, which in its application to navigation, is deemed only secondary to the loadstone, and the orrery, an admirable contrivance to elucidate the complex economy of the Planetary System, are both of our construction.

The celebrated authour of the latter invention, to borrow a compliment paid him, has not made a world, but he has approached nearest to it in his exquisite model.

To one of the fine arts, at least, we have confessedly an unusual aptitude. In the catalogue of modern painters, the names of our artists hold the first rank. But they stand there, as monuments alike of our fer-

* NOTE.—It is not one of the least curious instances of the convenient flexibility of French philosophy, as well as the facility with which they make their moral principles bend to their politeness, or policy, that when the intimate connexion arose between the United States and France, and they became endeared to each other by the kindred ties of "Sister Republicks," the Abbé Raynal, in an edition of his work published at the time, retracted, *most obligingly*, his censure from these "*suddenly illuminated States,*" but continued it on all the other less favoured portions of the New World!!!

tility in the talent, and of the parsimony with which it is rewarded. The credit claimed from the works of West, of Copley, of Trumbull, and Stuart, we should blush to acknowledge, is reflected by the munificence of foreign patronage. That genius which has shed lustre on their profession, and the soil of their nativity, would have withered at the moment of bloom and promise by the blight of neglect, or grown with the feebleness of stunted protection, had it not wisely been transferred to a country, where there was promptness to discern its value, and a disposition ready to foster and to mature it.

This, happily, has not been the fate of a nobler, and more intellectual quality, by which we are distinguished. Eloquence thrives well among us. It may safely be affirmed, that since the Athenian democracy, with no people has the power of public speaking so generally prevailed. American eloquence, however, for reasons hereafter to be noticed, is not of the highest gradation. Those lofty strains and brilliant effusions which the ancient specimens exhibit, or are to be seen in some of the spirited harangues, that the momentous events of modern Europe have inspired, it must with hesitation be allowed, are not attained by us.

But though we may not have poured the "torrent of Demosthenes, or spread the splendid conflagration of Tully," equalled the sublime energy of Chatham, or displayed the gorgeous imagery, classical embellishments, and redundant affluence of Burke; declaimed like the vehement Mirabeau, or flashed with the meteor scintillations of Curran, yet, in that style of oratory which shines without dazzling, and delights rather than excites astonishment, or rouses enthusiasm, we are extensively gifted, and conspicuously excel. There have been brighter luminaries, but not a greater constellation. Collectively, we boast of as much eloquence as has existed in any age or country.

The possession of a faculty so enviable and which from its wide diffu-

sion, seems with us almost intuitive, strikingly manifests the force of our natural genius; and prophetically declares the value of its future productions.

To the preceding summary, much, I am sensible, might be added to exalt the traits of our national character, and to defeat the attempts which the wildness of an ill digested theory has made to stigmatize it. But the narrowness of my limits precludes the introduction of details. They permit me, merely, to seize the prominent lineaments and crayon the outlines.

Imperfect as the sketch is, it contains enough to satisfy any one, who is not blind to conviction, that by the extraordinary activity of the American mind, the country has acquired in little more than double the period of human longevity, whatever Europe accomplished, *except her learning*, during the lapse of centuries succeeding the era she began to emerge out of the darkness of barbarism. It should be recollected too, that this wonderful growth and expansion of acquisitions, are owing entirely to the strong impulse of a "generous nature" left to pursue its own course, and to bring forth its fruits by spontaneous evolution. We have nothing forced by the warmth of encouragement, or perfected by the care of cultivation. The country has at no time experienced any of the liberality, or watchful solitudes of a sage and beneficent government. It is to her *genius*, "*her unfostered, unsustained, uninigorated, genius that all is due.*"

Why, then, has a people who have certainly evinced consummate capacity in a very wide range of arduous exertion, never produced a single *literary work of the highest excellence?*

The true solution of the apparent inconsistency, does not at all militate against our pretensions to genius: this attribute must be conceded to us. It follows thence irresistibly, that the explanation of our literary, or any other deficiency, is to be sought in the peculiar circumstances of the country, which have prevented the

application of its attention to these subjects.

I shall direct the ensuing inquiry to the consideration of the question, *What are the Causes to which the Slow Progress of Learning in the United States is to be attributed?*

FALKLAND.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

From the pen of a man of letters, and as COWPER says, "a man of morals too" we have just received a collection of very elegant and amusing essays, professedly written in the manner of GOLDSMITH. The imitation of the style of that fascinating authour is by no means servile. It is easy, sprightly and fortunate, and our successful copyist is evidently "one, who loves literature, admires genius, and reverences true criticism." It gives us great pleasure to insert these essays in The Port Folio, because we think that the majority of our readers will peruse them with a satisfaction equal to that which we have felt in turning over these light leaves of gay miscellany. The authour's name, which we are at liberty to give, is BREWSTER, he has distinguished himself as a contributor to one of the best literary journals in London; and his *Hours of Leisure* are very successfully devoted to polite literature and the best interests of mankind.

INTRODUCTION.

We never begin to think justly, until time and circumstance render us in some measure independent of the commonly received opinions and prejudices of men;—in short, not until we arrive at that happy climacterick, of the understanding, when the pleasures, the cares, and the profits of the world abate something of their fancied estimates, and sink to their intrinsick value. It is that independent moment, happen when it may, when we care no longer for the opinions of Mr. Tomkins, and Mr. Simkins, any further than the opinions of Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Simkins go along with truth,—when we begin to be only commonly civil to folly, and cease to be obliging to vice.

It is neither honours, nor wealth, nor age, that are capable of producing so desirable a point of wisdom. Honours may create pride,—wealth self-will,—and age may confirm prejudi-

ces. They are the friends of error, and serve to fix us in absurdity. It is, then, philosophy, only that can dispose us to think justly. The man who has suffered the fever of vanity, the ravenous appetite after pleasure, and the desire of notice from the GREAT, may hail his convalescence from certain symptoms, an inclination to retire to his own room, to seat himself in an elbow chair, by his own fire-side, to shun the world, not from ill-temper, but from a just view of the uncertainty and precariousness of the tenure, by which its pleasures and vanities are held.

Let not my readers imagine, by these observations, that I am a rigid essayist, with a brown wig, and green spectacles, mumbling anathemas against the bad manners of the age.—in truth it is not so;—I am yet of middle age.—fond of pleasure, and even of dissipation;—and am one against whom his better judgment has scored up innumerable reckonings of follies and indiscretions; yet I have ever loved virtue, adured prudence, and honoured the good, in every station.

But before my reader sets out on his travels through the following pages, it may be as well for him to become better acquainted with the authour.—Allow me, on this occasion, to say a few words of myself, and of the sentiments of my mind, lest any one may find it convenient to say, No, —I will not go this road;—I do not like my companion. I will tell you, then, honestly and candidly, that I am not a disciple of the new philosophy.—yet I was educated in a school of science and taste. I began early to entertain a respect for literature. Among the friends of my father were Jonas Hanway, George Keate, Lord Trevor, and many more of the most excellent men, and connoisseurs of the age. Books were my delight; and my occupation was reading to my father. I had heard of Montesquieu, Rousseau, and St. Evremond; and, at eleven years of age, I had read Montesquieu, Rousseau, and St. Evremond; but I had read, too, Bacon, Locke, Addison,

and Johnson. I was born in the latter part of the Augustan age of literature, in England, and was a philosopher in the truest meaning of the word. A desire, however, to go abroad, tempted me to forsake the natural alliance my mind had formed; but it appeared as if it was only to take me from written books, to open to me the book of nature.—AMERICA, India, China, Sweden, Denmark, and Norway, displayed their treasures to my riper contemplation. I had left my home,—but in every climate I found Virtue and Humanity—in every country Providence;—and, in all the space I traversed, a Deity. The same sun arose from the horizon of India as had cherished the soil of my paternal land; and though another hemisphere presented other stars, and China another country, totally different from all the world in its scenery, its productions, and its costume, yet everywhere I could trace the strong outlines of the same Almighty hand.

But, in a few years, I was to encounter greater changes:—I was to study men, and to mix in a busy world; soon after I was to be tempted with its pleasures and dissipations, and to witness other scenes,—scenes of more splendour, but false and deceptive;—again I was to suffer changes * * * *

I have done. Perhaps I have said too much of myself;—at any rate we are better acquainted. Let us travel onwards; I will regret no longer the having been misplaced, or displaced in life. It matters but little now; nor will I consider that time lost, which may have furnished me with lessons of truth and experience, which may be useful to others. That my reflections may be of some value, I have reason to hope, for my tutor has been Vicissitude, and the world my university.

ESSAY I.

But Hudibras, who scorned to stoop
To Fortune, or be said to droop,
Cheer'd up himself with ends of verse,
And sayings of philosophers.

Among the happy people in the world, are those, in whose minds nature, or philosophy, has placed a kind of acid, with which care or disappointment will not easily mix.

This acid differs very much from ill-nature; it is rather a kind of salt, expressed from frequent observations on the folly, the vanity, and the uncertainty of human events; from that best of all philosophy, which teaches us to take men as we find them, and circumstances as they occur, good or bad, for better or for worse; that dwells not on future prospects, reflects not on past troubles, and cares not for present difficulties, but dexterously turns them either to ridicule or advantage; snatching, at every opportunity, accidental pleasures, and nobly bearing up against the rubs of ill fortune.

When reflections upon the troubles of life are mixed up in a disposition naturally ill tempered, they compose what is called melancholy; but as they have no chemical affinity with good humour, they will not easily combine; and the small particles that are miscible, produce only the sweet and acid salt of true philosophy.

Such a traveller, in his journey through the world, was my honest friend JACK EASY. Jack came to a good fortune at the death of his father, and mounted his hobby without its ever having been properly broken in; he galloped over the plains of Fancy, went off in a full canter to the road of Dissipation, and leaped over all the five-barred gates of Advice and Discretion. It may naturally be supposed, that before long his filly gave him a fall: poor Jack came down, sure enough; but he only shook himself, brushed off the dirt of the road, and mounted again in as high spirits as ever; excepting, that he now began to sit firmer in the saddle, and to look about him: this, however, did not hinder him from getting into a swamp called a Law Suit, where he remained a considerable time before he could get out: his fortune was now reduced from some thousands to a few hundreds; and by this time, no man better knew the way of life than my friend Jack Easy. He had been through all the dirty cross-roads of business, *money-borrowing*, bankruptcy, and law; and had at last arrived at a *gaol*.

My friend Jack did not despond; he consoled himself with the reflection, that he was a single man; some of his misfortunes were the consequences of his own imprudence, others of unforeseen accidents, and most of them originated from his good nature and generosity. He, however, *never excused*, he lumped them all together, took them in good part, and blamed nobody but himself; he whistled away his troubles, and often repeated,

I am not now in Fortune's power:
He who is down can sink no lower.

The goddess, however, at last put on her best smiles, and paid Jack a visit in the King's Bench, in the shape of a handsome legacy. Jack smiled at the thing, being, as he called it, so extremely apropos; and once

more mounted his nag. He now rode more cautiously, and turned into the road of Economy, which led to a comfortable inn with the sign of Competency over the door; he had borrowed a martingale from an old hostler called Experience; and, for the first time in his life, used a curb. He began already to find, that though he did not gallop away as formerly, yet he went on in his journey pleasantly enough. Some dashing riders passed him, laughing at his jog-trot pace; but he had no occasion to envy them long; for presently some of them got into ruts, others were stuck fast in bogs and quagmires, and the rest were thrown from their saddles, to the great danger of their necks. Jack Easy, meanwhile, jogged on merrily; hot or cold, wet or dry, he never complained; he now preferred getting off, and opening a gate, to leaping over it; and smiled at an obstacle, as at a turnpike, where he must necessarily pay toll.

The man who is contented to walk, trot, or canter through life, has by much the advantage of his fellow travellers. He suits himself to all paces, and seldom quarrels with the tricks which the jade Fortune is sometimes disposed to play him. You might now see Jack Easy walking his hobby along the road, enjoying the scene around him, with contentment sparkling in his eyes. If the way happened to be crowded with horsemen and carriages, you might observe him very readily taking his own side of the road, and letting them pass. If it began to rain or blow, Jack only pulled up the collar of his great coat, flapped his hat, and retreated to the best shelter he could find till the storm was over.

Thus my friend Jack Easy came in with a jog-trot to the end of his journey, leaving his example behind him as a kind of finger-post for the good of other travellers.

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

From the Toy-shop of Messrs. Verbal & Trochee.

Nemo in sese tentat descendere. Juv.

No one descends into himself to find
The secret imperfections of his mind.
Dryden.

It is a matter of much greater curiosity, than consolation, to investigate the emotions of the human heart, and observe the false estimate we generally place on our own and our fellow creatures' relative situation. This false estimation arises either from our propensity to inquire into the state of our neighbour's affairs, and our readiness to mete out to him his share of happiness or misery; or from a vain conceit of the permanency of our real or fancied preeminence, and an aversion, or rather remissness, to descend into ourselves. If we are told of the levity

of such a one's temper, we immediately commiserate his folly. If we perceive the distraction and despair of an atribularious mind, we know well how to bemoan such a calamitous situation. If we discover the dissipation and prodigality of a friend, otherwise amiable, learned, and respectable, we love, honour, and despise him; and by way of distinction, gravely remark—"So it is, that some bright geniuses abandon themselves to such things as destroy them, or make their lives contemptible and their deaths miserable!"

But where are our own dear selves during this plethora of compassion? Not exempt, we fear, from some equally noxious propensity. All, at one time or other, exhibit some weakness and irregularity; and ere we, though even in pity, look down on others, as wanting that solidity and weight of character which we arrogate, or possess, why not consider what we have been, what we are, and we may yet be? Fortune, fame, favour, feeling, all are mutable. Though prosperity play in dalliance round us, adversity may be lurking in the back ground, soon to cloud the picture in the darkest dye. Though men lend their voices and bestow their smiles to bandy our names, or brighten our characters, yet the piercing cry of calumny may strike the ear-deluding echo with the stillness of oblivion. Though the spirits be elevated and the pulse beat high, yet may misfortune or disease depress, and frustrate all. Though we know none but sweet and regular sensations; yet may our feelings be embittered, our sensibility put to the rack, our affections become languid, or our minds be bewildered and lost in the mazes of error and uncertainty.

Why not, then, looking backward and forward, learn that each has pleasures proportionate to his capacity to enjoy them; and failings commensurate with his patience to endure their consequences? Often while one has been surprised at another's irregularity in one instance, something equally singular and detrimental has been growing upon himself unnoticed.

Dr. Johnson could reprove and pity Goldsmith for his volubility, (or, as he called it, *foolishness*, when not employed in writing) and at the same time had, perhaps, as much cause to pity himself on another account. Yes, Johnson, who had honourably and deservedly risen to competency, and to the summit of literary fame—he, who in his inimitable writings propagated the soundest morality and religion, still

Rambled in Learning's various maze beguiled. And although, in his *Rasselas*, he drew the picture of a man so infatuated by long study as to fancy he governed the natural world, and dreaded death only because he feared that he could not find a director to succeed him, and that nature would be reduced to

chaos—Yet Johnson himself became a victim, not only to the hypochondria, but to a clouded imagination, groping by turns in darkness, and wandering in doubts and terror at the prospect of futurity.* Happier if, when lamenting the light and volatile deportment of others, he had in some measure refrained, closely to consider that some more trying scenes were yet to come: that a view of ourselves, and a view from this world, in the last hour, are widely different from a view of the publick estimation and the worldly characters of men; and that notwithstanding our established firmness and regularity, the vicissitudes of life may effect the most unhappy alteration in our condition, and all may seem

A barren path, a wilderness, or a dream.

Pompey, who sustained the reputation of the most fortunate and skilful general among his cotemporaries, whom the Romans almost esteemed as the arbiter of victory, while he felt secure in the number and patriotism of his troops, and the constancy of his friends, lost the liberty of his country, which with fewer soldiers, and less reliance on his friends and his own supposed invincibility, he might have preserved. And how tame and spiritless was the after conduct of this boast of the military world, let history tell.

Those who have felt themselves possessed of the greatest abilities, and have supported the most uniform character, either from guarding against eccentricity, have fallen into the opposite extreme; or, from neglecting self-examination, have presumed so far upon their immovableness, as to fall past recovery. The unfortunate Dodd too severely proved the truth of this last remark; and Swift, with all his ridiculing the weakness of others, was at last, a mortifying example of weakness and insanity.

In some of the most eminent men we have been sorry to remark too great an inclination to detract from the merit of their compeers, by expressing great sorrow and pity for some fatal propensity: yet many are the instances in which they have, sooner or later, had occasion to be abundantly repaid in the like commodities.

If we see ourselves and others aright, we shall have but little reason to be lavish in commiseration towards them, or commendation

towards ourselves; but should take a comparative view with impartiality, and bear all infirmities and failings, on whatever side, with greater equanimity. And since the *economical* mania has spread so rapidly, and been sanctioned by high authority, we see no harm in recommending the economy of compassion in the distribution of it among mankind. At least we venture to propose the reinstatement of the old proverb, relating to charity's beginning at home; and advise, that instead of bestowing all our pity on the unhappy failings and defects of others, we learn to reserve some little share of it for ourselves.

For The Port Folio.

Notwithstanding it is so fashionable both at home and abroad, to sneer at *female* authours, we still retain with some obstinacy an opinion, that such women as Mrs. Radcliffe, Madame D'Arblay, and Charlotte Smith, have genius. A proof of the ingenuity of the last named lady, may be seen in the following apostrophe

TO THE FIRE FLY OF JAMAICA,

Seen in a collection.

How art thou alter'd! since afar
Thou seem'dst a bright earth-wandering
star;
When thy living lustre ran
Tall majestick trees between,
And Guazume or Swietar,
Or the Pimento's glossy green,
As caught their varnish'd leaves, thy glowing
light,
Reflected flying fires amid the moonless
night.
From shady heights where currants spring,
Where the ground dove dips her wing,
Winds of night reviving blow,
Through rustling fields of maize and cane;
And wave the coffee's fragrant bough:
But winds of night for thee in vain
May breathe of the Plumeria's luscious
bloom,
Or Granate's scarlet buds, or Plinia's mild
perfume.

The recent captive, who in vain,
Attempts to break his heavy chain,
And find his liberty in flight,
Shall no more in terror hide,
From thy strange and doubtful sight,
In the mountain's cavern'd side,
Or gully deep, where gibbering monkeys
cling,
And broods the giant bee, on dark funereal
wing.

* We have the highest respect and veneration for Dr. Johnson and his works; but cannot perceive why certain traits in the character of Goldsmith, of Burns, and of many others, are either to be ridiculed or lamented more than some things in the former. Certainly some peculiarities in Dr. J.'s character, from whatever cause they might spring, are the subject of deep regret among the literati.

Nor thee his darkling steps to aid,
Through the forest's pathless shade,
Shall the sighing slave invoke;
Who, his daily task performed,
Would forget his heavy yoke,
And, by fond affections warm'd,
Glide to some dear sequester'd spot, to
prove
Friendship's consoling voice or sympathizing
love.

Now when sinks the sun away,
And fades at once the sultry day,
Thee, as falls the sudden night,
Never naturalist shall view,
Dart with corruscation bright,
Down the cocoa avenue;
Or see thee give with transient gleam to
glow,
The green banana's head, or shaddock's
loaded bough.

Ah! never more shalt thou behold,
The midnight beauty slow unfold
Her golden zone, and through the gloom
To thee her radiant leaves display,
More lovely than the roseate bloom
Of flowers that drink the tropick day;
And while thy dancing flames around her
blaze
Shed odours more refin'd, and beam with
brighter rays.

The glass thy faded form contains,
But of thy lamp no spark remains,
That lamp which through the palmy grove
Floated once with sapphire beam
As lucid as the star of love
Reflected in the bickering stream,
Transient and bright! so human meteors rise
And glare and sink in pensive Reason's eyes.

Ye dazzling comets, that appear
In Fashion's rainbow atmosphere
Height'ning and flashing for a day,
Think ye how fugitive your fame?
How soon from her light scroll away
Is wafted your ephemeron name?
Even to our canvas still your forms are
shown,
Or the slow chissel shapes the pale resem-
bling stone.

Let vaunting ostentation trust
The pencil's art, the marble's bust,
While long neglected modest worth
Unmark'd, unhonour'd, and unknown,
Obtains at length a little earth,
Where kindred merit weeps alone;
Yet there though Vanity no trophies rear,
Is Friendship's long regret and true Affec-
tion's tear.

For The Port Folio.

In the recent collection of the Letters of
My Lady M. W. Montague, the following

extraordinary epistle is found. The intrigue
of the Italian frail one, is told with all the
interest of a novel. Moreover, the reader
who remembers, on the testimony of Mr.
Pope, certain traits in the character of Lady
Mary herself, will smile with more than or-
dinary archness, at the profound skill this
experienced *Montague* displays in the sci-
ence of gallantry. The Lady's opinion,
whatever may be thought of its candour,
with respect to the devices of prudes in eve-
ry country we believe to be perfectly cor-
rect. This whole letter is an extremely cu-
rious one; and if a tyro wish to look at fe-
male nature, on the dark side, let him lay
aside his *Ninon d'Enclos*, *Mrs. Behn's* no-
vels, and even *Chesterfield* himself, and look
at this sketch by an eminent *mistress*:

I was quietly reading in my closet,
when I was interrupted by the cham-
bermaid of the Signora Laura Bono,
who flung herself at my feet, and in
an agony of sobs and tears, begged
me, for the love of the holy Madonna,
to hasten to her master's house, where
the two brothers would certainly mur-
der one another, if my presence did
not stop their fury. I was very much
surprised, having always heard them
spoken of as a pattern of fraternal
union. However, I made all possible
speed thither, without staying for
hoods or attendants, and was soon
there, the house touching my garden
wall. I was directed to the bedcham-
ber by the noise of oaths and execra-
tions: but on opening the door was
astonished to a degree you may better
guess than I describe, by seeing the
Signora Laura prostrate on the ground
melting in tears, and her husband
standing with a drawn stiletto in his
hand, swearing she should never see
tomorrow's sun. I was soon let in-
to the secret. The good man having
business of consequence at Brescia,
went thither early in the morning, but
as he expected his chief tenant to pay
his rent on that day, he left orders
with his wife, that if the farmer, who
lived two miles off, came himself or
sent any of his sons, she should take
care to make him very welcome. She
obeyed him with great punctuality,
the money coming in the hand of a
handsome lad of eighteen: she did
not only admit him to her own table,
and produced the best wine in the

cellar, but resolved to give him *chair entiere*. While she was exercising this generous hospitality, the husband met, midway, the gentleman he intended to visit, who was posting to another side of the country; they agreed on another appointment, and he returned to his own house, where, giving his horse to be led round to the stable by the servant that accompanied him, he opened his door with the *passé-partout* key, and proceeded to his chamber without meeting any body, where he found his beloved spouse asleep on the bed with her gallant. The opening of the door waked them: the young fellow immediately leaped out of the window, which looked into the garden and was open, it being summer, and escaped over the fields, leaving his clothes on a chair by the bed side—a very striking circumstance. In short, the case was such, I do not think the queen of Fairies herself could have found an excuse, though Chaucer tells us she has made a solemn promise to leave none of her sex unfurnished with one to all eternity. As to the poor criminal, she had nothing to say for herself, but what I dare swear you will hear from your *youngest* daughter, if ever you catch her stealing of *sweetmeats*: “pray, pray, she would so no more, and indeed it was the first time.” This last article found no credit with me: I cannot be persuaded that any woman who had lived virtuous till forty (for such is her age) could suddenly be endowed with such consummate impudence, to solicit a youth at first sight, there being no probability, his age and station considered, that he would have made any attempt of that kind. I must confess I was wicked enough to think the unblemished reputation she had hitherto maintained, and *did not fail to put us in mind of, was owing to a series of such frolicks*; and, to say truth, they are the only amours that can reasonably hope to remain undiscovered. Ladies that can resolve to make love thus *extempore*, may pass unobserved, especially if they can content themselves with low life, where fear may oblige their fa-

vourites to secrecy: there wants only a very lewd constitution, a very bad heart, and a moderate understanding, to make this conduct easy, and *I do not doubt it has been practised by many frudes beside her*—I am now speaking of. You may be sure I did not communicate these reflections. The first word I spoke was to desire Signor Carlo to sheath his poignard, not being pleased with its glittering: he did so very readily, begging my pardon for not having done it on my first appearance, saying he did not know what he did; and indeed he had the countenance and gesture of a man distracted. I did not endeavour a defence; that seemed to me impossible, but represented to him, as well as I could, the crime of murder, which, if he could justify before men, was still a crying sin before God: the disgrace he would bring on himself and posterity, and the irreparable injury he would do his eldest daughter, a pretty girl of fifteen, that I knew he was extremely fond of. I added that if he thought proper to part with his lady, he might easily find a pretext for it some months hence; and that it was as much his interest as hers to conceal this affair from the knowledge of the world. I could not presently make him taste these reasons, and was forced to stay there near five hours, almost from five to ten at night, before I durst leave them together, which I would not do until he had sworn, in the most serious manner, that he would make no future attempt on her life. I was content with his oath, knowing him to be very devout, and found I was not mistaken. How the matter was made up between them afterwards I know not; but it is now two years since it happened, and all appearances remaining as if it had never been. The chambermaid and myself have preserved the strictest silence, and the lady retains the satisfaction of insulting all her acquaintance on the foundation of a spotless character that only she can boast in the parish where she is most heartily hated, from these airs of impertinent virtue.

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

The French nation, have shown themselves so disorderly and ferocious when they had any degree of liberty, and so polite and submissive under tyranny, that we are almost tempted to believe that there is somewhat in the very essence of the French which renders a despotick government necessary for them, whether the form be monarchical or republican. There are animals, of so wild a nature, as not to be kept from mischief by any other means than chains, muzzles, and iron cages. However tame and caressing they may appear when under control, they will tear the very hand they used to lick the instant they are unmuzzled and free.

I do not know upon what principle the royal families of various countries in Europe, have adopted the custom of eating in publick. If these exhibitions are designed for the entertainment of the subjects, a thousand could be thought of more amusing to them; for however interesting the part of an actor at a feast may be, that of a spectator is surely one of the most insipid.

The Emperour Joseph, being asked, during the American war, which side he favoured, replied very ingenuously, *Je suis par metier Royaliste.*

Moore.

THE WILD ROSE BUD.

Ah! why did I gather this delicate flower?

Why pluck the young bud from the tree?

It there would have bloom'd for many an hour,

But how soon will it perish with me!

Already its beautiful texture decays,

Already it fades on my sight!

'Tis thus that chill languor too often o'er pays

The moments of transient delight!

When eagerly pressing enjoyment too near,
Its blossoms we gather in haste;
How often we mourn with a penitent tear
O'er the joys that we lavish'd in waste!

This elegant flower, had I left it at rest,
Might still have delighted my eyes,
But pluck'd prematurely, and plac'd in my breast,
It languishes, withers, and DIES!

First impressions, which sink into the heart, and form the character, never change. The objects of our attention, vary in the different periods of life. This is sometimes mistaken for a change of character, which in reality, remains essentially the same. He who is reserved, deceitful, cruel, or avaricious when a boy, will not, in any future period of life, become open, faithful, compassionate, and generous.

A tyrant of antiquity, ordered men to be laid upon a bed of iron: stretching those who were shorter to the full length of the bed, and amputating the legs of those who were too tall; so that all were brought to equality, and thrust into the bed. This tyrant was fond of equality; and such is the equality which the tyrants who have tortured the French with their mad decrees would subject them to.

There can be no other kind of equality for men in society, but that of rights; there can no more be an equality of fortune, than there is of stature, of strength, of understanding, of activity, or industry.

It is not surprising that this idea of equality, is very favourably received by the lower order of society. I make no manner of doubt, that there are men of acknowledged dulness, and women decidedly ugly, who would rejoice in a decree for an equality of genius and beauty; and who, to that variety in which nature delights, would prefer an insipid monotony of talents and looks all over the world. But until nature shall issue such a decree, the decrees of all the national conventions on earth, to establish *egalite* will be vain.

Dr. Moore.

Is it that the people are changed, that the commonwealth cannot be protected by its laws? I hardly think it. On the contrary, I conceive, that these things happen because men are not changed, but remain always what they always were; they remain what the bulk of us must ever be, when abandoned to our vulgar propensities, without guide, leader, or control: that is, made to be full of a blind elevation in prosperity; to despise untried dangers; to be overpowered with unexpected reverses; to find no clue in a labyrinth of difficulties; to get out of a present inconvenience with any risk of future ruin; to follow and to bow to fortune; to admire successful though wicked enterprise, and to imitate what we admire; to condemn the government which announces danger from sacrilege and regicide, whilst they are only in their infancy and their struggle, but which finds nothing that can alarm in their adult state and in the power and triumph of those destructive principles. In a mass we cannot be left to ourselves. We must have leaders. If none will undertake to lead us right, we shall find guides who will contrive to conduct us to shame and ruin.—*Burke*.

It cannot escape observation, that when men are too much confined to professional and faculty habits, and, as it were inveterate in the recurrent employment of that narrow circle, they are rather disabled than qualified for whatever depends on the knowledge of mankind, on experience in mixed affairs, on a comprehensive connected view of the various complicated external and internal interests which go to the formation of that multifarious thing called a state.—*Ibid*.

SONG.

To his sons, cried old Gripe, "be my last words obey'd,
'Ere I'm given to the grim undertaker:
Thou wert, Timothy, bred a miller by trade,
Tom's a farmer, and Robert a baker;
Do you three, bound in one like the bundle of sticks,
Though various the fortunes you weather,

Take my blessing, and swear hads, whatever
you tricks,
To death that you'll all hang together."

Possessed of the granary, the oven, and mill,
To profit of this manumission,
They vow'd to obey their dear father's last will,
And to cherish his kind admonition.
Good man, he had taught them that prudence was gold,
That no one should lavish a feather,
That conscience brought thousands when once it was sold,
And that brothers should still hang together.

Thus Tim, Tom, and Bob, on Remorse shut the door,
The baker to trade paid attention,
The miller kept grinding the face of the poor,
The farmer sowed wheat and dissension.
Each shut up his heart as he shut up his purse,
Both made of good strong stretching leather;
Their large fortunes were branded with every man's cash,
Who wished they were all hanged together.

And thus they went on in the good common cause,
In each other still placing reliance;
To good fellowship, feeling, religion, and laws,
Firm and manfully bidding defiance;
But perjury never was one of their crimes,
For, to prove that they outwent their tether,
On a gibbet, by way of a touch on the times,
Though they're dead, yet they all hang together.

Among the perusers of the history of mind, it is well known that Helvetius contends that education alone constitutes merited superiority, while on the other hand, much better philosophers, have asserted the rights of native genius. It has, however, lately been well remarked that this literary controversy turns entirely on a misconstruction of terms. That which the disciples of the new philosophy call an *aptitude to patience and labour* is only another expression for what the pupils of the old school call *genius*, and this certainly depends upon *organization*. Industry

can do every thing *but create this power*. It is with genius as with singing: a singer may *acquire* taste, art, and every refinement; but a voice must be the *gift of nature*.

Few works of magnitude presented themselves at once in full extent to their authours; patiently were they examined and insensibly were they formed. We often observe this circumstance noticed in their prefaces. Writers have proposed to themselves a little piece of two acts, and the farce has become a comedy of five; an essay swells into a treatise, and a treatise into volumes!

MERRIMENT.

A dragoon was shot in Dublin for desertion, and taking away his horse and accoutrements at the same time. When on his trial, an officer asked him what could induce him to take his horse away? to which he replied, he ran away with him. "And what," said the officer, "did you do with the money you sold him for?" "That," replied the fellow, with the utmost indifference, "ran away too."

An Irish lad being sent to purchase a piece of cheese, his fellow-servants did not like the taste of it, and desired him to change it: it was one half of a Gloucester cheese. He went back, and returned with the other half, but was told upon tasting it, that it was the same. "I'll take my bible oath it is not," he replied, "for I saw the man give me the other half with my own eyes."

As the troops from Holland were marching through a little village, the inhabitants all on a gaze, one of them asked a soldier several questions; among the rest whether he had been treated with hospitality? "Yes, indeed," replied the man, "rather more than I wished, I was in the *hospital* almost all the time."

A young rakish fellow, having one day taken more wine than usual, was unable to find his way home. He had

been making his visit a little way into the country, and, on his return, literally fell into a pond: however, the water being but shallow, he made shift to scramble partly out of it; I say partly, as one of his legs still dangled in the chilling element. He had, in this state, fallen fast asleep, when he was observed by one of his companions passing the same road, who kindly awoke him, and urged him to rise. The moon at this time shining remarkably bright, and dazzling his eyes at the instant he opened them, he stammered out—"Now, do let me alone; let me sleep; and if you will be busy, put out that candle, and throw some more clothes on the bed."

Original letter from the Chief Magistrate of a certain Corporation.

Dear sir,

On Monday next I am to be made a *Mare*, and shall be much obliged to you, if so be you will send me down by the coach, some provisions fitting for the occasion, as I am to ask my brother, the old *Mare*, and the rest of the bents.

I am, Sur, &c.

Thus answered by a Wag, into whose hands it fell.

Sir,

In obedience to your order, have sent you per coach, two bushells of the best oats, and as you are to treat the old *Mare*, have added bran to make a mash.

At a certain review, a company of thirty, after receiving the word "fire," pulled so irregularly, that the reports were almost like that of single pieces, which naturally enraging the captain, he cried out, with a design of mortifying—"Why, how now? only *twenty-eight* have fired: where are the other two?"

A good-natured country gentleman, in his morning ride, overtook a poor shepherd's boy, who having been busied in marking the sheep with a substance they term *ruddle*, was sauntering home. The gentleman, kindly imagining he was fatigued, offered to let him ride behind him; and, during

the conversation, gave him many excellent maxims, and much good advice, at every pause exclaiming, "Mark me well, boy;" meaning, that he should pay attention; but which the boy understood as a wish to be well marked, as he had already been employed: so besmeared the poor man's coat with his dirty composition. The frequent repetition of—"Mark me well," at length obliged the boy to reply, "I cannot mark you any more, sir; I have used all the ruddle."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

An affectionate friend, who to the courtesy of a gentleman adds the learning of a scholar and the endowments of genius, has delighted us with an essay on the state of letters in this country. This subject, which is interesting not only to authours but to readers, our able correspondent proposes to pursue effectually. We hope, that his opinions, which have been deliberately formed, and are candidly expressed, will have their just preponderation. He is indeed an untrammelled thinker, and an independent man.

For never yet

Lur'd he the *pop'lar ear* with *fictitious tales*,
Or sacrific'd the dignity of man,
To make the *vulgar sport*, and win their shout.
Him rather the still voice delights, the praise
Whisper'd, not published by Fame's *braying*
trump:

Be thou his herald, NATURE, let him please
THE SACRED FEW, let his remembrance live
Embosom'd by the *experienced and the wise*.

The character of a literary Journal, such as we are ambitious to conduct, is well described by D'ISRAELI, who is himself an admirable miscellaneous writer, and who has fully anticipated our correspondent.

It should be the characteristick of good Miscellanies to be multifarious and concise. Montaigne approves of Plutarch and Seneca, because their brief papers were suited to his disposition, and where knowledge is acquired without a tedious study. It is, says he, no great attempt to take one of these authours in hand, and I give over at pleasure, for they have no sequel or connexion. La Fontaine agreeably applauds short compositions:

Les longs ouvrages me font peur;
Loin d'épuiser une matière,
On n'en doit prendre que la fleur.

And old Francis Osborne has a coarse and ludicrous image, in favour of such *opuscula*; he says, "Huge volumes, like the ox roasted whole at Bartholomew Fair, may proclaim plenty of labour and invention, but afford less of what is delicate, savoury, and well concocted, than *smaller pieces*." To quote so light a genius as the enchanting La Fontaine, and so solid a mind as the sensible Osborne, is taking in all the climates of the human mind: it is touching at the equator, and pushing on to the pole.

"The Wild Irishman's Lament," is a piteous description of "a sorry sight." The libellous Printer may well exclaim in the language of his countryman PRESTON,

For still in dreams ideal terrors rise,
Stain all my clothes and seal my blacken'd eyes,

And oaken cudgels whistle in the wind,
And sharp-toed shoes assail me from behind;
Now spousy seems to clasp me to her breast,
Now pats my cheek and whispers me to rest,

With sticking plaster heals her *Printer's* scars,

Disgraceful tokens of unequal wars,
Or seems the lenient flannel to prepare,
For Love disdains not such a menial care,
Foments my head still soft from *thirty* blows,

And regions livid from eternal toes.

"Apelles" is an artist of celebrity. We hope he will furnish us with a gallery of portraits.

"Thus Painters write their names at Co."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio

SONNET.

Fair blooms the opening bud of genial spring,
And Zephyr wafts its grateful odours round;

Its purple tints excel the azure hue
That marks the clouds of yonder blue-ey'd sky;

And through the wood fall many a greeting sound

Is sweetly borne on Echo's murmuring wing:

Yet soon as evening shade shall close the day,
This blushing flower will droop its head and die.

Thus the young maid whom Nature's liberal hand

Has fashioned for the world's delighted view,

Fair as the forms that charm the lover's eye,

When'er his pillow Fancy waves her wand,
Rises in health's warm glow at dawn of day,
And sinks in silent slumber ere the moon emits her ray.

Baltimore.

For The Port Folio.

THE LOVER'S NIGHT.

Lull'd in the arms of him she loved

Ianthe sighed the kindest things :

Her fond surrender he approved

With smiles ; and thus enamour'd sings ;

" How sweet are lovers' vows by night,

" Lapp'd in a honeysuckle grove,

" When Venus sheds her gentle light,

" And soothes the yielding soul to love ;

" Soft as the silent-footed dews

" That steal upon the star-light hours ;

" Warm as a love-sick poet's muse,

" And fragrant as the breath of flow'rs.

" To hear our vows the moon grows pale,

" And pants Endymion's warmth to prove :

" While emulous the nightingale

" Thick-warbling trills her lay of love.

" The silver sounding shining spheres,

" That animate the glowing skies,

" Nor charm so much as thou my ears,

" Nor bless so much as thou my eyes :

" Thus let me clasp thee to my heart,

" Thus sink in softness on thy breast ;

" No cares shall haunt us, dangers part,

" For ever loving, ever blest.

" Censorious envy dares not blame

" The passion which thy truth inspires :

" Ye stars, bear witness that my flame

" Is chaste as your eternal fires."

Love saw them hid among the boughs

And heard him sing their mutual bliss :

" Enjoy," cried he, " Ianthe's vows,

" But oh !—I envy thee her kiss."

For The Port Folio.

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

By the late R. B. Davis. Esq.

Sweet are thy slumbers, innocence, reclined

On the fond bosom of maternal love ;

Calm as the lake whose waters gently move,

Wafting the spirit of the dying wind.

For thee Affection wakes with pleasing care,
Delighted smiles, and breathes the fervent prayer.

Far different is sleep, when Labour faints
On his hard couch, when restless Avarice quakes ;

When from the scene of dread that conscience paints,

Affrighted Guilt with sudden horror wakes ;

When from the eye of day Misfortune shrinks,
And on his bed of thorns despondent sinks.

When night recalls the toilsome day of care,
When hopeless love catches in short repose

Scenes that alike his aching bosom tear,
Visions of shadowy bliss or real woes.

For dreams like these, and nights of anxious pain,

Manhood thy peaceful slumbers must resign,

And all his boasted wisdom sigh in vain
For the calm blessings of a sleep like thine.

For The Port Folio.

FROM THE PERSIAN.

Oh ! I have vow'd that ne'er again
My lips the flowing cup should drain,
And oft I've sworn I ne'er would sigh
For the bright maid with roe-like eye.
But though of vows I've made a score—
I vow'd—but alas could do no more.
What are all the Houris' bowers
And gardens of celestial powers ?
Oh, who would seek their fragrant shade
If bless'd not with the graceful maid ?
What bliss can they enjoy above
Who never see the smiles of love ?
When'er I bend my knees in pray'r,
My thoughts are turn'd to one lov'd fair.
I see the timid humid glance
Which might an angel's soul entrance ;
Her neck outshines the milk-white hind
That trembles in the whisp'ring wind ;
While o'er that neck so wondrous fair
Fall ringlets of her coal-black hair,
Like bunches of the clust'ring date
Which bend the palm-tree by their weight ;
Her waist is of the tapering form,
Like the fresh reed that fears the storm ;
Her fingers glowing at the tips
I press to my enraptured lips ;
The brightness of her beautiful face,
Quickly all holy thoughts efface.
I strive to send my soul above,
But I can only whisper, love ;
Lowly I bend me at the shrine,
But worship only love and wine ;
And while their charms my breast inflame,
I quite forget the prophet's name.

For The Port Folio.

ELEGY—THE SEPARATION.

By the late R. B. Davis, Esq.

The look that she gave when she bade me
adieu;

The sigh that escap'd when she said—
"We must part;"

Her hand, as I prest it, while slow she
withdrew;

Still live in my memory, still thrill in my
heart.

Her tear-moisten'd handkerchief, waving
"Farewell,"

From the vessel, too cruelly swift in its
course;

Her signs—as if still she had something to
tell—

Each moment return, and return with new
force.

For who could forget—who remember, un-
moved,

Such charms as indifference fondly might
trace?

Who that once lov'd like me, like me was
belov'd

By beauty and gentleness, virtue and
grace?

Yes—she loved me—How sweet, how trans-
porting the theme!

Though *far*, and *forever*, she's gone from
my sight,

It warms each reflection, presides in each
dream,

And even gives *absence* a tinge of delight.

Though cruel the thought—"Ne'er to see
her again;"

Time and *distance* their power unavailing
will prove;

Though heavy between us the *lengthening*
chain,

'Twas form'd by *esteem*, and is fasten'd
by *love*.

Is she absent?—Oh, no!—*still* her beauties
appear:

My soul dwells entranc'd on the vision
divine:

Her voice of affectionate music I hear—
In the accents of Heaven it says—"I am
thine."

EPIGRAMS.

From the Provençal, by Mrs. Opie.

The heart you gave me t'other day,
I've neither lent nor chang'd away;
But now 'tis so well mix'd with mine
I really know not which is thine.

Of the tax upon watches poor Richard is
sick,
Lest *his* turn should come next, for *he* goes
upon tick.

Dick from the country went to buy a hat;
Return'd his neighbour ask'd, "pray what
cost that?"

Why, answer'd Dick, the town's so fill'd
with vice,

They charge an honest farmer double price.

"Dick, you mistake, 'twas charity, not sin;
You were a stranger, and *they took you in*."

O.

EPI TAPHS.

THE HAPPY MARRIAGE.

Here lies a constant pair below,
Who knew not matrimonial wo,
And ne'er express'd a wish to part;
Love the soul regent of each heart.
Without a cloud their minutes roll'd
And life's last sands were sands of gold;
What precious hours! what charming
weather!

You ask how long they liv'd together?
From good authority I speak,
They liv'd together—one *whole week*.

On an importunate tailor.

Here lies W. W.
Who never more will trouble you trouble
you.

On a puritanical locksmith.

A zealous locksmith died of late,
And did arrive at heaven's gate;
He stood without and would not knock,
Because he meant to *pick the lock*.

On the parson of a country church.

Come, let us rejoice, merry boys, at his fall,
For egad, had he liv'd, he'd have buried us
all.

On a Lawyer.

Hic jacet Jacobus Straw,
Who forty years follow'd the law,
When he died
The devil cried
James, give us your paw.

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THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various;—that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
COWPER.

Vol. III.]

Philadelphia, Saturday, June 27, 1807.

[No. 26.]

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

MISCELLANY.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

IF the ancients have got the start of us in point of time, it must be granted that we moderns have far exceeded them in almost every other respect. What were their revolutions, massacres, broils, battles, sieges and slaughters, to ours? Why mere children's play. One of their most renowned bullies, Julius Cæsar, as Dean Prideaux calculates, destroyed no more than one million, one hundred and ninety-two thousand persons; whereas we can slaughter as many in one campaign, by regular fighting; without taking into the account those destroyed by private assassinations, famine, and disease, the offspring of distress! a certain proof of our vast superiority. I verily believe, that if the ancients could rise up, and see how far we have outdone them, they would through shame, crawl back again into their urns, and there hide their diminished heads.

Having proved our superiority in shortening poor human life, let me say, that we have done as much towards lengthening it. Our discoveries and improvements in chymistry are such, that Tithonus was but a babe of yesterday, in comparison with our

old men and women. Indeed the thread of human life is now rendered so tough and substantial, that in order to snap it, many moderns are obliged to go into the army, or hang themselves. Yes, sir, in the field of invention we stand "superiour and alone." And here I may with due modesty observe, that perhaps your humble servant, meaning myself, may prove to be, if not the first, yet surely among the foremost of all inventors. This sir, is not that predominant figure in French rhetorick called a gasconade, as I hope you will hereafter be ready to confess, but a solid and surprising truth. What old fool of an ancient was it, who, upon some cobweb discovery, ran out of a bath stark naked, like a madman, bawling out *Eureka*? I would let him know, that there is a vast difference between discovery and invention. In discovery, you have nothing to do but to find out a thing already done: a mighty matter truly. Whereas in invention you do that which was never done before. But as I hate prolixity and egotism, I proceed to state, that I have invented the wondrous and wonderworking art of painting without canvas, colours, brush or pencil: and that I can draw the portrait of a person, whom I never saw; nor do I care in what quarter of the globe he may be found; nor does it matter whether he be fighting or

dancing, singing psalms, or playing cards! And what is equally to my credit, I impart my arcanum to my countrymen without any other fee or reward, save the honour of the invention. My method is this: I begin with examining very minutely a set of old drawings left to me by my ancestors; then I take a steady look through the telescope of Fancy, at the object, which I intend to portray, then I proceed to lay my old drawings under contribution, by borrowing from one perhaps a bust, from a second a leg, and from a third such other parts as are necessary to the completion of my work; and thus by a judicious selection of parts, I compose modern figures in ancient drapery, which gives them a venerable cast: these figures, when finished, may, without fear of damage, be put up in a port folio, and what is still more strange, even the blind derive pleasure from my performance. Could my natural modesty allow me to say more in praise of this my invention, I might add, that although the Abbé de l'Épée has done much for the deaf and the dumb, for me alone it was reserved to communicate to the blind the pleasure and advantage arising from the art of painting.

Now, to give a specimen of my workmanship, I will show you my great man: it is taken principally from a *Clodius* by *Cicero*:

Is qui plurimis cædibus in foro factis, singulari virtute et gloria *Civæ* domum vi et armis compulsi—Is qui collegarum magistratum per seditionem abrogavit—Is qui *Civem* quem populus, quem omnes gentes, urbis ac vitæ Civium conservatorem judicabant *Servorum* armis exterminavit—Is qui regna dedit ademiti; orbem terrarum quibuscunque voluit partitus est—Is cui nihil unquam nefas fuit in facinore—Is denique cui jam nulla lex, nullum civile jus, nulli possessionum termini; qui non calumniam litium, non injustis vindictis ac sacramentis alienos fundos, sed castra exercitu, signis inferendis petit.

Here sir is a minister of state: he limps a little, and looks like an uncowed monk; he also is a great man and a prince:

Hortator Scelerum ————— cui tristitia bella,

Iræque Invidiaque, et noxia Crimina cordi.

Be so good sir as to observe my Conservative Senate. Here it is:

Hic quibus injisi fratres, dum vita manebat, Pulsatusve parens, et fraus innexa Clienti; Quisque ob adulterium noti, quique arma seculi

Impia, nec virili Dominorum fallere dextras.

And, lastly, let me show you, the choicest piece of my collection: it is my little prince of B—gh—e. I would not give this miniature for a thousand eagles. Here it is, and I think a master-piece:

Iniquæ mentis asellus.

Should my pieces suit your taste, I will from time to time furnish you with some from my gallery.

APELLES.

POLITICAL SARCASM.

For The Port Folio.

NATIONAL DIFFICULTIES.

The publick are informed, that in satisfaction of the murder (as it has been called) of an American citizen, by a gun fired from a British vessel, the President of the United States issued a very bold and magnanimous proclamation, by which he resolutely put the vessels concerned in this bloody transaction under the ban of the empire, and prohibited all manner of intercourse between the American people and these wicked vessels, or the persons who might afterwards be on board of them, whether English, French, Turks, or Americans. This was a very philosophical retribution for the death of Pierce, and had the full recommendation of novelty. It was a discovery! and as such received a vote of thanks from our philosophical society, and similar votes are expected from similar societies in Europe. Now it has so happened, that the Driver sloop of war, being one of the vessels prohibited as aforesaid, lately, most audaciously made her appearance in the harbour of Charleston. The poor sloop knew no better, and probably had not a soul on board, who was present at the murder aforesaid—the pride of government—the honour of our soldiers—the dignity of the people, were deeply wounded by this defiance of the President's proclamation; and in vindication of them, the commanding officer at Fort Johnson wrote a very spirited letter. This was answered by an epistle from the British commander, which very plainly treated the President as a fool and a savage, the proclamation as an effusion of childish madness, and put not only the com-

gander of Fort Johnson bat his august master, and, indeed, the whole posse of the American people at open defiance. This was a hard return to a man, who only meant civilly to assert his nation's honour. But what could the President's officer do? He was furnished with nothing to assert our rights but pen, ink, and paper, and even this was at his own expense, and he had discovered, that the Englishman had pen, ink, and paper too, and was not to be intimidated by such weapons. An express, in this emergency, was sent to the seat of government for succour and advice, being but a few hundred miles distance. While the President was consulting his cabinet upon the propriety of calling congress together, to direct him how to get rid of this terrible sloop of war, the British Captain got tired of such baby play, and went about his business.

So far, no doubt, this threatening business came to a conclusion highly honourable to our rulers, and in perfect harmony with the peaceable principles of their administration; for Fort Johnson was not blown up, nor Charleston bombarded, as every body knows they might have been, and no blood was spilt. By the by, I think the city of Charleston should present Captain Love with a crown for his generosity and clemency, and the President with a sword as a hint of his duty on such occasions.

But the trouble was not over—a most embarrassing difficulty arose, the day after the Driver sailed. It so happened, that Captain Kalteisen's servant, as he was cleaning his master's boots and standing sentinel at the same time, discovered something of an unusual appearance floating gently into the harbour. Since the late visit of the Driver, vigilance was highly awakened, and every thing looked at with cautious suspicion. It would be so dishonourable to let any thing come into port, in violation of the President's proclamation. The alarm was immediately given—the officers were brought out to examine the intruding offender. After much consultation, it was agreed, that the floating object was nothing more nor less than the spar of a vessel, and it was instantly conjectured, and then believed, that it *might* have belonged to the murderous and insolent Driver sloop of war. It became, at once, a matter of most serious deliberation to decide whether it was within the President's proclamation, and could be permitted to enter the harbour without a violation of the national honour. It was proposed, at all events, to fire a gun from the fort, as an intimation to the enemy to proceed no further without permission. It was, however, discovered, that not a single gun in the fort was fit for use; and, indeed, a doubt was suggested, whether a load of powder could be expended without an appropriation by congress, or the special direction of the executive. The

firing of the gun was, therefore, abandoned, and it was resolved to resort to the proclamation as the most enlightened and safe guide of conduct. It was found to direct as follows:

“I (says the President) do *forever* interdict the entrance of all the harbours and waters of the United States to the said armed vessels.”

This must mean, in case these vessels should last forever. It appeared clearly to the council of war, as it must to every body else, that the Leander, the Cambrian, and the Driver were the precise and designated objects of executive justice and punishment. The persons on board held but a secondary consideration, inasmuch, as there is no interdiction to be found against them, excepting the Captains. Nay, so polluted, corrupted, and impure were these vessels in the eyes of the President, that they contaminate any person who may ever set a foot on them, while the crews actually on board at the time of the offence became wholly absolved and acquitted the moment they leave the vessel, and may be received, aided, and comforted in the harbours and waters of the United States. This being settled, what, said the council, is the Driver sloop of war? She certainly consists of her hull, masts, sails, rigging, and spars—This also was agreed *nem. con.* The question was then narrowed to this consideration, whether the anathema was intended to be thundered against the Driver sloop of war only collectively and in her character and capacity of a sloop of war, or whether it was to be extended to all and each of the parts of the said sloop, even when separated and asunder? This was a nice question; and, in such an administration as ours, of considerable importance. The words of the proclamation, that lucid expression of wisdom and prudence, were carefully scanned, weighed, considered, and reconsidered. They forgot, like most profound and philosophical disputants, that it was not yet ascertained, that this was a spar of the Driver—But the council took this for granted, and so must we. It was erring, if at all, on the side of vigilance and safety, and would certainly recommend them to the President, who had bestowed such judicious encomiums on the *patriotick* discoverers of Burr's plot—The council well judged, that their exertions and services, on this trying occasion, were equally meritorious and important, and at least as honest and as well meant. The further the council advanced in this discussion, the more were they embarrassed, until, at length, by much talking, the difficulty became inexplicable, and it was resolved to send to the great city, where the great President and his wise ones reside, for advice and instruction,

While endeavours were making to procure an express, for this was no easy matter, where there were no funds to defray the expense, the terrible object of all the bustle approached nearer to the shore, and a discovery was made, which at once settled, or rather changed the question, and seemed distinctly to point out the duty and conduct of the defenders of our coast. By the use of a spy glass it was clearly seen, that on this spar there was crawling about a poor, miserable, half-drowned rat, but still alive, and, in all human reason, directly from on board the Driver. Could they aid and comfort this animal, or permit him to land where he would probably take care of himself at the expense of our country? It was impossible—the words, the intent, the whole object and spirit of the proclamation were decidedly opposed to it.

“If (says the President) the said vessels, or any of them, shall reenter the harbours or waters aforesaid, I do, in that case, forbid all intercourse with the said armed vessels, and the officers and crew thereof; and do prohibit all supplies and aid from being furnished them, or any of them.”

Now it was observed, that this interdiction was forever, without any limitation of time, change, or circumstance; and, therefore, as long as a plank of the said vessels was to be found fast or floating, its entrance was prohibited into the waters of the United States. And as the interdiction was unlimited, as to time or change, so was it as to the persons or crew that might be on board the said vessels ever after. So, that although not a single soul, not even the unfortunate rat, might have been within a thousand miles of Pierce and his murder, they were, nevertheless, the declared enemies of the United States, and to be treated accordingly. It was not doubted, that the rat might, in law, and according to the principles of some philosophers, and certainly within the spirit of the proclamation, be considered as one of the crew of the Driver. The council was resolved the rat should not touch our shore, nor should any person be allowed to have any intercourse with him, or, in any way, to aid or succour him in his extremity.

While the necessary preparations were making for repelling the advancing foe, and a man was sent off to borrow a boat, the United States having none, the tide changed, and the spar and the rat, after tossing about in Rebellion Roads, began to take their course outward. This happy riddance excited great joy in Fort Johnson, as our honour was thus saved, and the proclamation obeyed without the necessity of bloodshed, so abhorrent to our pacific administration. It

was, however, observed, that this audacious English rat actually raised his right hind leg, and p——d, or seemed to p——, directly towards Fort Johnson as he went off. This was justly considered, as a defiance to the whole power of the country; but it was thought most prudent not to notice it, as it is the humane policy of our government to do no possible act, which may, in any possible manner, lead to a possible war with any possible thing. The wisdom and discretion of this determination cannot be doubted. In the present state of defence of the United States, an ingenious and resolute rat is no contemptible enemy. In about a month, he could devour and destroy our whole naval and military stores; a month more, with tolerable industry, would suffice for sinking the navy, as it lies rotting in the Potomack only for the admiration of the President's new friends, the Indians. Then should this rat find his way into the palace—what work among the papers! The original draft of the letter to Mazzei drawn forth; a certain correspondence with one Arnold exposed—some philosophical sublimated letters to Mr. Walker on the holiness of friendship and the lawfulness of seduction—the sheets, necessary to fill a chasm in the Life of Washington, brought to light—in short, we might behold nothing but ruin to our country, and dismay in our chief—All this may have been prevented by permitting the rat to take an uninterrupted departure. Thanks to the cool prudence of the commander of Fort Johnson.

For The Port Folio.

POLITE LITERATURE.

STORY OF ROSALBA.

From the French of Florian,

THE GALLICK GOLDSMITH.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Every one knows the difficulty of preserving, in an English version, the delicacy and sweetness of the French language. No style possesses more of this *peculiar delicacy* than that of Florian; of course, none is attended with more arduousness in the translation: but if the following offspring of a leisure hour can afford you any pleasure, I shall deem my attention well bestowed, as it has improved myself, while it amuses you. It is Dryden (I think) who observes that a translation should not be so liberal as paraphrase, or so literal as metaphrase; how far I have succeeded in an endeavour to approach this standard, “*judeo esto.*”

SALADIN.

Rosalba was born at Palermo of a powerful and illustrious family. Fortune bestowed on her many attrac-

tions, but nature many more. During her infancy, her rising beauty, her grace, her sweetness, and her vivacity, rendered her the idol of her father. The best education, superintended by instructresses the most capable, called into action the admirable talents she had received from heaven. At the age of fourteen, she surpassed all the beauties of Sicily; she understood and recited the language of Racine, of Pope, of Cervantes, and of Gessner. She wrote poetry, but only for the eyes of her father, and a few friends he wished to see it; she chanted the songs of Leo with a voice more touching than that of the famous Faustine; and when she accompanied it with her harp, the prelates and the cardinals, who considered themselves proficient in musick, declared that the angels of heaven could not surpass Rosalba.

To all these attractions and accomplishments the young Rosalba joined a splendid fortune. She was sought after, by the first Lords of Sicily. The old Count of Scanzano, wise enough to know that a brilliant marriage, is not always a happy one, was not seduced by the rank or fortune of his daughter's suitor; he refused to encourage any one, but contented himself with admitting all her admirers to his house, and invited them to the concerts and balls which he frequently gave, leaving Rosalba absolute mistress of her will.

Rosalba was for a long time undecided in her choice. She was born tender, and sanguine, like all Sicilians, but she had scarcely passed her sixteenth year, and her heart had not yet declared for any one. Yet her eyes had remarked the young Duke of Castellamare. A lofty carriage, splendour, a fine figure, vivacity, an illustrious name, and the age of nineteen, gave the duke an advantage over his more learned rivals. Deprived of his parents in infancy, the liberty he possessed of enjoying too much pleasure, might excuse the extravagancies that flowed from youthful impetuosity; besides, these excesses were not known, and the count of Scanzano who had

seen him become a candidate for the hand of Rosalba, soon learned with pleasure that he was the favourite of his daughter. He spoke to her of the duke, he bestowed on him the greatest praise and recommended to Rosalba, him who was the object of her own choice.

The marriage was soon concluded. The count of Scanzano celebrated it with the utmost magnificence. The young dutchess appeared at the court of the Vice-Roy, of which she became the brightest ornament; all were in raptures with her charms; every one envied the felicity of the duke. Rosalba entered into every pleasure, which was continually varied and repeated. Young, beautiful, rich, admired, she saw before her one uninterrupted scene of bliss. The bridegroom devoted himself entirely to love; every thing around reminded them of delight, and her old father, in transports of joy, returned thanks to heaven, embraced his son-in-law, admired his daughter, and congratulated himself that he should die, without a misfortune to disturb his happiness.

Six months after the wedding, this felicity was already at an end. The duke seduced by dangerous friends, the corrupters of youth, renewed his indulgence in those pleasure he had *quitted*, not *renounced*. He left his wife to his indignant rivals. At first indeed he laboured to conceal his violations of faith and love; but soon, throwing aside all circumspection he lavished his treasures on the detestable objects of his momentary passions, he published his follies to the world, and seemed to take a pride in the extravagance of vice.

The hapless Rosalba learned all this, from those officious beings, who delight in wounding the feelings of a neglected wife. She loved the duke, and soon perceived the dreadful change; but, indulging her distress only in private and concealing it entirely from observation, she endeavoured to deceive her father and to spare the good old man a shock, that might send him to the grave. Pre-

tending to be happy in his society, and smiling through the grief that almost suffocated her, she excused the frequent absences of the duke when the old Count complained of them; she invented motives and sought for pretexts, to excuse her profound solitude, and to account for her declining health. Her good father gave no credit to them, but feigned belief; he disguised his inquietude and alarms, and both, conquered by an useless delicacy, feared to tell what passed within their souls.

Rosalba had one friend who knew all her secrets. Laura was her most faithful servant. Better acquainted than her mistress with the follies of the duke, Laura had often tried to alienate, or at least diminish the passion of the dutchess, well knowing that her master's love was irrecoverably gone. She had beseeched her to live for herself, her father, and her friends. Rosalba was unable to follow this advice; the desire of love, the sweet satisfaction of blending her duty with her pleasure, the involuntary attachment a young innocent girl feels for the first object of her passion, all inflamed the soul of Rosalba and rendered dear to her, her criminal husband. She looked upon herself as the cause of her distress, she reproached herself for believing that to be loved it was only necessary to love, and with having neglected since her marriage those accomplishments which, though in her opinion insignificant, often seduced, soothed, and retained, more than the constancy itself, the affections of him they rendered proud. Rosalba took advantage of this, she made use of every secret method of embellishing her charms, she resumed her harp and her songs and often brought tears from her father by singing the beautiful verses of Tasso, or Armida Renaud. Her efforts all were fruitless: her sweetness, her patience, her tender cares, could not affect her inexorable lord. Lost in his shameless errors, passing his days and nights from home and from his dutchess, seeing her but seldom, and knowing her existence only from others, while

she refined into perfection the accomplishments that were cultivated for him alone.

Reduced at length to despair, Rosalba sighed for death; and Laura began to fear that grief would indeed destroy her life. "My dear mistress" said she to her one day "since you cannot cure a melancholy passion that is hastening you to the grave, since you have exhausted your spirits to reclaim him that is unworthy of you, and since you have done every thing that love and virtue can do, I entreat you to try other means rather than die. I know an old Jewess, who has been about two years at Palermo, and who is celebrated for her magick arts, particularly for the love powders she makes. Our pretended wits disbelieve and ridicule her wonders, but for my part, thank heaven! I give entire credit to them, for I cannot doubt what I have seen. Do you remember young Lisbette who came to sell you gauze last winter and who appeared to interest you so much? She was as shrewd as she was pretty: she lived with my sister who has told me a thousand times that she was an example of the power of the Jewess. A young nobleman saw her at church, and had the presumption to make love to her. Lisbette would'nt listen to him, sent back all his letters unopened, and avoided by every means in her power, a meeting. The disappointed lover had recourse to the old Jewess; he related his fruitless efforts and made her a handsome present. The enchantress put into his hands a green wax taper with directions to light it whenever he wished to see the object of his desires. I do not know whether he lighted his candle that night, but I know very well that after that time, Lisbette went regularly every evening to the house of her lover, and returned only by the light of day. When my sister discovered this, she was about to reproach her, but poor Lisbette soothed her anger by confessing ingenuously that as soon as she fell asleep, she rose, drest herself by a supernatural impulse, and in spite of herself, walked to the house of the

young lord whom she did not love at all. There, said she, a wax candle burns without being consumed, and extinguishes itself with a loud noise as soon as day appears. I then resume my reason, seem to wake from a terrible dream, and return home full of horror. You may judge, my dear mistress from this circumstance (which I assure you is completely true) of the force of the Jewess's magick. Why not consult her then? If you would not be known, disguise yourself in my dress; if you are afraid to go to her house, I will engage to bring her to you."

The dutchess heard Laura with a melancholy smile: she rejected her offer, and would not practice a remedy, her reason told her was ridiculous; but reason avails little when opposed to love, and nothing seems fruitless that may possibly contribute to our felicity. Rosalba reflected perpetually on the Jewess, and her fancy naturally warm became once more inflamed with love. Credulous as she was amiable, she paid to the custom of her country, like all Sicilians, the tribute of superstition: she had no other hope, and Laura was continually repeating some new miracle of the sorceress. Rosalbo at length decided, and desired Laura to seek her.

The old woman would appear only at night. She was conducted into a secret chamber, faintly illumined with wax tapers. The dutchess soon appeared accompanied only by Laura. She thought she would have fainted with terror, on beholding a little figure leaning on a stick of black thorn, and dressed in a red gown tied with a yellow string; on her head which was constantly trembling, an old cap pulled down, but half concealed her grey hairs: a pointed bone covered with shrivelled skin, which had once been a nose, approached another bone like itself, that ages before had served for a chin; her fiery eyes, all over blood shot, were covered with a few white lashes, and two wrinkled cavities pointed out the place where in former times her cheeks had been.

The dutchess after conquering in some degree her fears, addressed the Pythoness, and without attempting to conceal any thing, "I adore my husband" said she throwing away her terror "and he did love me, yes! I am sure he did love me: he has now abandoned me for objects unworthy of him; if you can restore him, if you can make me what I was,—my gold, my diamonds,—all that I have, shall be yours."

The sorceress hung down her head, contracted her brows, and rubbed her forehead with a withered hand. After a little silence "madam" said she with a hoarse voice "I have medicines whose potency in restoring wandering lovers, is infallible, but I know no remedies sufficiently powerful for husbands. However last winter I was called upon by a young princess of your own rank; her husband was in love with a Roman opera singer, who was both ugly and old. I tried two powders in vain. Surprised at this want of success, I began to suspect that there were magick arts opposed to mine. Piqued at length at this affair, that defied my power, I introduced myself into the woman's house; I went to the granary and found it closed with triple doors. You will believe I did not want keys to open them. On entering I soon discovered the cause of the failure of my love powders. I observed a beautiful chicken fastened by his neck, his wings, and his feet; he had two pieces of thick leather over his eyes, which entirely deprived him of his sight. I smiled with pity, and seizing the chicken, tore the leather from his eyes, and returned home well satisfied that my desire would now be gratified. Indeed, at the very moment, when I took the bandage from the cock, the husband of the young princess deserted the object of his guilty passion; he beheld her as she was, ugly, old, wretched and perfidious, and viewing his princess beautiful, young, faithful and charming; he returned to her with increasing love.

Today, we are to effect a cure more arduous. You do not pretend to point

out any one in particular who holds the affections of your husband. Since there are so many, my divided enchantments will surely lose their efficacy. But we will not despair; I am mistress of a horrible secret, and if I could but gain possession of two hairs cut by your own hand from a criminal now dead upon a gibbet, I would make sure to you for life, the love of him you adore."

The dutchess shuddered at these words, and dismissed the sorceress; but before she had gone, Laura ran to her and called her back. Rosalba despaired of other means, and vanquished at last by the perseverance of the Jewess, who persisted in declaring, that this was the only infallible remedy, Rosalba anxiously inquired how she could obtain these horrible hairs. "Listen," said the sorceress.

"At the distance of half a league from Palermo, on the road to Corlione, is a small chapel surrounded by a deep ditch; a wooden bridge leads to the chapel, about which, low down, is a stone ledge half a foot in breadth. Underneath this ledge are suspended against the wall, the bodies of criminals executed at Palermo. They remain there until they fall into the ditch, which becomes a sepulchre for their bones. If you have courage, or rather, if you have love enough to go to this chapel at midnight, alone, place yourself on the stone ledge, and with your left hand cut the hair from the body nearest to you, I will answer for the rest: but remember, no one accompanies you—you must go alone, and at midnight."

Rosalba was pensive for a few moments, then, seizing with violence the hand of the old Jewess, she exclaimed, "I will go!" Eleven o'clock struck. Rosalba, anxious to be gone, called for her cloak: Laura trembled as she reached it. She took a dark lantern, armed herself with a poinard and her scissors, ordered the enchantress to prevent Laura from following, and, escaping through a garden gate, she went through the town. She soon was on the road to Corlione, and found herself in the country,

alone, in midnight darkness, walking with a firm and rapid pace, and expelling every thought but that of her husband.

She arrived—she beheld the chapel; a tremor seized every limb; yet without pausing she sought by the light of her lantern to find the passage over the wooden bridge. She discovered it—walked on and coming near the stone ledge, she stooped to look for it, by the glimmering of her expiring taper. This ledge was scarcely half a foot wide, considerably sloped, and inclined towards the ditch: the dutchess held out the lantern, and casting a look down the precipice, discerned at the distance of twenty toises, white mouldering bones.

Rosalba almost fainting, now reanimated herself, made one great effort and placed her foot on the narrow ledge: at the next step, she slipped; she reached out her hand, intending to take hold of the wall; she encountered the leg of one of the gibbeted bodies—she seized it, and made it her support: then taking the lantern from her left hand, and putting her scissors in that, which held the legs, she fearfully raised herself and endeavoured to reach the head to cut off the wished for hairs.

While thus horribly employed, a carriage and six horses passed along the great road. In the coach was a young man with two opera girls whom he was taking to his country seat. He perceived from the road, a glimmering light and a woman, who seemed to be taking a body from the gibbet. Filled with fear and horror the young man concluded, that the woman was a sorceress, engaged in some of her evil deeds. He stopped the horses and getting out of his carriage advanced towards the place. Superstitious even in the midst of crimes, he called with a voice of thunder "infamous witch! leave the dead in peace, or fear the living; tremble, least I tear away your horrid booty, and deliver your person to the holy inquisition."

How astonished was the dutchess at these words! It was the voice of her husband! in her terror and surprise

She had lost the lantern, which fell, rolled along the ditch and was extinguished; whilst Rosalba, in utter darkness, continued to be supported by the dead body—almost breathless, and fearful lest her strength should entirely fail.

The duke repeated his threats while he was crossing the bridge: and Rosalba forced to speak, cried, with a faint and feeble voice “stop! stop! I intended no crime; my God and my heart are my witnesses. Do not destroy a wretch that merits only your pity, Come! oh! come to my assistance if you would save me from falling down the precipice!”

At these words, on hearing this voice the duke knew his wife: he uttered a deep groan: and calling out, endeavoured to encourage her; he even used expressions of love, which the danger of Rosalba elicited from him. He approached and taking her in his arms, bore her insensible, to the coach. He hurried out his former companions—flew towards the city, and frozen with horror and surprise arrived at his palace before Rosalba had recovered her senses.

Laura seeing her mistress senseless in the arms of her husband filled the air with her lamentations: she shook her to restore her life; while the half frantick duke could not believe what he saw; he endeavoured in vain to comprehend it and demanded of every one an explanation. The old woman thus addressed him with a serious air:

“Insensible and cruel man! fall on your knees before your wife; adore that divine model of amiable and constant hearts. Never did lover, never did husband receive a mark of affection more lively, more striking, or more forcible than this given to you, today. Learn, perfidious man! learn what Rosalba has done for you; blush for having reduced her to the necessity, and devote the whole of your future life to compensate her for the sacrifice she has this moment made.”

The Jewess proceeded to relate her conversation with the dutchess, and the horrible proof of love she had exacted from her. The duke did not

suffer the old woman to conclude; he threw himself at the feet of his wife and shed tears of admiration, of tenderness, and of repentance; he swore he would atone by everlasting fidelity for the faults he abhorred; and he implored her forgiveness while he acknowledged his own unworthiness. The tender Rosalba raised him with a smile. She pressed him to her heart and bathed his cheeks with tears of ecstasy, and they united in returning thanks to heaven for the felicity they enjoyed.

From this moment the young Castellamare abandoned the companions who had not entirely corrupted him; happy in an enjoyment he never knew before, gained by virtue, pure affection and tranquillity of soul. Castellamare continually increasing in the love of Rosalba passed his unclouded days in the society of his adored wife, his lovely children, and the good old Scanzano. The Jewess enriched by the gifts that had been lavished on her by the dutchess, renounced by her advice, her dangerous profession. She has often been heard to declare, that when she proposed to Rosalba a visit to the chapel, she knew that the duke always passed by at midnight; and perhaps had calculated on the effects of a meeting there; but this does not sully her glory, and should not diminish the faith we owe to the ability of enchantresses.

HOURS OF LEISURE,

Or Essays, in the manner of Goldsmith.

(Continued from page 391.)

And they that are most galled with my folly
They most must laugh. SHAKESPEARE.

There appears to be a constant effort in the human mind to elevate itself above its true and proper standard. We are extremely fond of appreciating our own talents and condition in life to the world, and generally set a tolerably high value upon each. The Man of Learning is desirous of being thought wiser, the man of fortune richer, and the great man greater, than he really is. This species of vanity increases in proportion to what

is wanting to make a man satisfied with himself; the dashing tradesman is fond of being called Esquire, the apothecary Doctor, and Mrs. Mangle, the laundress, would be extremely offended with her customers' servants, if they did not entitle her Ma'am.

This desire of appearing to stand an inch or two higher in the world than is really the case, is mostly observable among the lower classes; for as to any *deficit* in talent or merit among upper people, it is scarcely worthy of mention, being so admirably supplied by the usual succedaneums of rank or riches; the scrutiny ends as soon as the object of our inquiry is known to be of title or condition; and the same man who holds a contemptuous superiority over the next inferior, bows with infinite complaisance to the blockhead whom chance has placed above him.

The chief reason why we so seldom find character, talents, or fortune duly appreciated, is, that we judge rather from accidental circumstances than from a candid examination of facts. This species of sophism logicians call *fallacia accidentis*, where we pronounce concerning the nature and essential properties of any subject, according to something which is merely accidental to it; thus we decide, that the well-dressed man is a person of condition, the man in the big wig a prodigy of learning, and the walking physician a fellow of no merit at all. It is by the strength of this sophism, that we acquire an utter aversion to the canine race, because we knew an instance of a dog having gone mad; and that we cannot bear the name of laudanum because Betty Bluestocking almost killed herself by taking an ounce phial-full, in a fit of despair, occasioned by her lover's not meeting her to take a walk on a Whitsunday. It is from the same species of vanity that the vulgar make their cousin the attorney a counsellor, their old friend the lieutenant a captain, and their neighbour the country esquire, who has the good luck to possess fifteen hundred per annum, to be worth at least double the sum. The ingenuity

of the artful involves us still more in these errors of judgment; as they are constantly establishing false propositions, to confound and dazzle the weak and credulous.

Taking the common conclusions of men, upon the appearances of dress, equipage, and manners, it is a wonder that they are not oftener deceived; when they are, it is a just punishment that they meet for the judgments which they sometimes too hastily form against the modest and humble.

Let a man go forth on his journey through life without the accidental acquirements, ornaments, or decorations of rank or riches, in a plain unfashionable coat; and though his face expressed the noblest characters of genius and worth ever described by a Lavater, it is a hundred to one that not a single creature would find it out.

From the above reasoning it appears, that how ever easy it may be at times to set *ourselves* off to advantage, it is much easier to depreciate *ourselves* whenever we choose. To be sure, the latter species of vanity is but rarely found, and is harmless enough in its consequences; yet, having no better principle than deception, it is not altogether without blame. There is, however, a secret satisfaction in laughing at the *important crowd*; and no man can do this more effectually than he who, from divers circumstances, contingencies, and vicissitudes, has laid up a store of that kind of knowledge which may be justly called *materia experientia*: in short, that he who has been upon almost every step of the ladder of life, up and down alternately, without getting much of a fall.

Perhaps few people could be better qualified in this respect than myself. I had received a tolerable education, had been several years in the sea service, had studied the law, was a bit of an authour, something of a painter, and knew a little of what is called the world. With this stock in trade for carrying on the business of philosophy, I arose one fine summer's morning in the month of July, full of gaiety and good humour, directed my

steps towards Billingsgate, went in a wherry on board the Margate packet, and took my place among the other passengers.

The first object that attracted my notice in the vessel was, naturally enough, the man at the helm, whose hard-inflexible features set the whole science of physiognomy at defiance. Next to the helmsman, in the place of preeminence, was seated a little genteel woman, reading the tale of Paul and Virginia; and on her right hand a corpulent dame, in whose round red face you might discover ignorance and happiness blended together. On the opposite seat was a lady of a very different description, who assumed an air of infinite superiority over the rest; she was dressed in white muslin, and seldom deigned to look at the people round her; and for her, the beauty of the rising sun, and the delightful landscape of the Kentish hills, had no charms. She was going to Margate to see the fine people, and to say that she had been there. A thin pale-faced gentleman, with a well-powdered head, and most unmeaning face, was placed next her, who, I afterwards found, was her husband. The rest of the company consisted of a young man of important air, dressed in a green coat and hussar boots; a little bustling gentleman in black, who had his share of consequence also; and a lieutenant in the navy; who, together with a plain dressed old man, that took no notice of any body, made up the group.

As soon as I stepped upon deck, I made my *debut* by entreating the ladies to take care of *the lines and pulleys*; which caution obtained me, exactly what I expected, a contemptuous sneer from the boatman, and a broad satirical grin from the lieutenant. I was, however, determined to establish in their minds the opinion that I justly conceived they had formed, by saying I should go *down stairs*, for fear I should catch cold from the morning air.

At my return on deck, I seated myself next the fat lady with the good-humoured face, who, by the by,

was the only one that gave me the least encouragement. I told her, I was afraid that I should be sea-sick, and recommended her to taste a drop of brandy, which I produced in a small bottle from my pocket. I next offered the inspiring fluid to the lady opposite, who rejected it with a look of ineffable scorn. By this time, however, the fat lady's tongue went, as seamen call it, at the rate of eleven knots an hour. She told me about her son Jacky, who was gone abroad, and who she was afraid *she should never see no more*; that she had been very bad with the *rheumatise*; that it was a terrible thing, for all the *sinners* were drawn up, and that she was going to Margate to bathe. My good tempered companion then inquired the names of the sails, yards, and rigging, on all which points I answered with appropriate ignorance. I now completed my character, by desiring the master to stop the ship for a boat that I saw making towards us, and by calling a West Indian man lying at Long Reach a seventy-four gun man of war. This effectually answered my design: the lieutenant whispered the boatman, that I was some lubber of a man-milliner; and asked me, significantly, how long it was since I had last weathered the point off Bond-street.

The company had now descended to partake of the refreshment they had respectively provided; and here I was admitted by producing some cold ham and chicken. I now addressed myself particularly to the lady in the white muslin, by observing, that I shouldn't like to be a sailor; and that I thought it a much pleasanter thing to be serving customers behind a counter, than in a storm at sea. The *counter* proposition answered completely; the lady shrunk like the sensitive plant, turned up her nose, muttered some indistinct syllables, and scornfully averted her head. The important gentleman in the green coat joined conversation with the other important gentleman in black; and my last attempt was with the sentimental lady, of whom I inquired,

whether she had ever read Jack the Giant Killer.

I now began to find, that I had got to low water mark, and resolved in my own mind to turn the tide of opinion. Luckily, as soon as we had re-ascended the deck, an opportunity offered: the fat lady happened to ask the name of the main-sheet, which works the main-boom, to the great annoyance of the genteel passengers of a hoy. I answered, with an appearance of great sagacity, that it was the *jigger tackle*. I had intended to raise myself up by degrees into estimation, but the *jigger tackle* did the business at once; the boatman gave me a leer and a wink; the lieutenant, after consulting my face with some attention, took me by the hand, "I say, shipmate, none of your tricks upon old travellers. I say what ship?" To this I answer'd, "The Merrydon of Dover, the largest man of war in the service. Don't you remember that a frigate sailed into one of her port-holes at Torbay, and was kicked overboard by Tom Tightfoot, the boat-swain, who happened at the time to be dancing a hornpipe?" This joke was a good trap for applause; the lieutenant handed me some bottled porter, and the boatman honoured me with a grin of approbation.

We had got some way beyond Gravesend, when I discovered a new character in the hoy; this was a tall thin man, in a black coat and tie wig, stooping over the side of the vessel, drawing up buckets of sea water one after another, and industriously examining the contents with a microscope. I thought this a good opportunity, and putting on a learned face, inquired if he was not seeking for animalculi; to which he politely replied, "Yes;" and that it was a question among the learned, whether the luminous appearance of sea water at night was occasioned by numerous animalculi, or the viscous spawn of fish. In this conversation the gentleman in the plain coat joined, whom I found to be a very intelligent man. One subject introduced another, and we discoursed successively upon natural philosophy,

ethicks, jurisprudence, and theology; in the course of which investigation, I took care to introduce some passages from the ancient authours. The sentimental lady stared with astonishment: the consequential lady ventured a look, but (I imagine, upon summing up my dress, the counter, and other circumstances) relapsed into her former reserve: her husband, however, ventured to speak, and, upon my mentioning Tully, asked whether I did not mean Mr. Tully, the cheese-monger, in Carnaby Market?

We had now arrived at the Pier of Margate, when an old acquaintance came on board, and welcomed my arrival, in the hearing of the consequential lady, in the following way: "My dear George, your old friends Colonel Morgan and Lady Maxwell are here; they have just sat down to dinner, and we will join them." His servant was ordered to take my trunk, and a blush of conscious shame overspread the cheek of the lady in white muslin. By this time, I had discovered the different conditions in life of my fellow passengers:

Mr. Vacant, a grocer near the Haymarket.

Mrs. Vacant, the lady in the white muslin.

Miss Williams, the sentimental lady, a teacher at a school.

Lieut. Windlass, a navy officer.

Mrs. Pumpkin, the fat lady, a market gardener's wife.

Mr. Frizzle, the important gentleman in green, a hair-dresser.

Dr. Vitriol, the searcher for animalculi, a great naturalist, chymist, philosopher, and authour.

The important gentleman in black, an attorney.

The gentleman in brown, *non descript*.

Being about to take my leave, Dr. Vitriol gave me a card to attend his lectures on chymistry; the lieutenant shook me by the hand; the boatman styled me, "Your Honour;" the gardener's wife gave me a low courtesy; and the lady in the white muslin favoured me with a most graceful bow; upon which I addressed them nearly

as follows: "My good friends, don't be displeased if I have amused myself a little at your expense. I would have you know, that wherever we travel we should endeavour to be pleased with one another. All have not the same endowments of mind or fortune; but what is wanting of one quality is perhaps supplied by another; and reciprocal advantages and comforts are created from the variety of characters and conditions which Providence has thrown together in life. In a hoy, therefore, as well as any where else, we should bring forward our best talents and dispositions, be they what they may, like our provisions, into the common stock; there would then be something to please all palates; by which means we should make our passage pleasant, and our meeting together a feast of good humour and instruction."

As I walked along the pier, I meditated on the occurrences of my little voyage; nor did I feel thoroughly satisfied with myself. Good nature and urbanity checked my exultation, and whispered, "Away with you! you are rightly served; henceforth appear in your true character, and try to make it as valuable to your fellow-passengers as you can. Increase the stock of plain honesty, and throw away the dregs of pride and folly; you may appear in what character you choose to the world, but will never be able to impose on the judge within your own breast."

(To be continued.)

For The Port Folio.

POLITICAL PARAGRAPHS.

From that classical and truly independent Journal, The Providence Gazette, which is one of the best politico-literary papers in America, we copy, with delight, the following article. On the subject of Mr. Selfridge, we have already spoken with emphasis; from the impulse of a generous friendship, and from the dictates of the clearest conviction. Of the *place**, where a factious, sedi-

* On this occasion, a criminal supineness, or a despicable timidity was conspicuous. The rabble raged, but Justice was, indeed, blind, and the press a mute. In consequence of some provocation, which we do not re-

tious, and rebellious mob, without animadversion and without punishment, bullied and overawed a court of justice, riotously disturbed the publick peace, and ferociously menaced domestick tranquillity, we shall soon speak with indignation. We are patiently waiting for some additional evidence, and carefully collecting all the facts.

These things fully and fairly accomplished, Boston shall have justice done to her, though she fail to do justice to others.

The signs of the present times are truly alarming. Every Goshawk now feels himself an Eagle—and thinks himself competent to decide, peremptorily, on all questions which are brought before a court of justice; nay, to arraign and condemn the decisions of those courts. The affair of Mr. SELF-PRIDGE, in Boston, has been made a party business—and because he was acquitted, after a most solemn and impartial trial, his political adversaries have taken upon them to condemn the constitutional authority which administers the law, and the laws themselves—Indeed one jacobin goes so far as to tell us, that the people will not much longer submit to such laws. The laws of

member, Mr. Cobbett alluding to the timid and abject spirit of *some* in the capital of New England, once branded them with the disgraceful appellation of the Boston slaves. Of this ignominy we will not partake; no, not in the worst of times. The Editor of The Port Folio had the fortune or the misfortune to be born in Boston. But as his ancestors were men of honour and spirit, they left him these qualities as a legacy. They form his inheritance, and therefore he is nothing like a slave. Pledged to no party, asking no advice, and receiving no lessons, he is in subservience to nothing but reason and truth. The conductor of a publick Journal should be a free, sovereign and independent man. He ought not to be blown about by the popular gale, nor suffer, nor not for a moment, considerations of gain or convenience to change him to a "creeping thing." Careless of consequences, magnanimous, and yet prudent, consistent, and yet adventurous, he should always speak the truth with all boldness, nothing doubting. Without inquiring who is pleased, or who is displeased, a BAVARIAN Editor must feel nothing so ardently, as

an honest zeal
To rouse the watchman of the publick weal.

† There are honourable exceptions. The Editor of the Repository is a gallant Editor, he has a tongue of boldness, the pen of a scribe, and a heart of honour. We feel great pleasure in commending Dr. Park a man of genius, a man of spirit, and a man of principle.

England, and the laws of this country, say, that *no man shall be tried twice for the same offence*—but it might be supposed that the jacobins, by all this clamour, expect to bring Mr. Selfridge to a new trial, before a jury *packed by themselves*. Such a proceeding as this would not be any way inconsistent with their principles and practices. We learn that one of the jacobin judges in Pennsylvania, has passed *two or three different sentences* on a person for the *same offence*. We learn, moreover, that the good republican citizens of Nashville, in Tennessee, have hanged an African, *absque judicio*, who was guilty of a barbarous and horrible crime. But neither his being black nor the magnitude of his offence, will justify *hanging* him, otherwise than by *due course of law*; for if the practice of executing summary justice on the blacks is given into, the transition is easy from *blacks* to *whites*. It lately happened, that a white man was taken up for horse-stealing at Savannah. The owner of the horse deliberately loaded his rifle, and shot the thief through the body. The murderer carries on his business in Savannah, and has never been called to account for this execrable deed. These examples show, that the jacobins, like their prototype Robespierre, are zealous for the liberty of practising summary justice *themselves*—and, right or wrong, they would consign their political adversaries to the gibbet. But let these *blood-hounds* desist from their attempts to bring into disrepute and contempt the constituted authorities of their country—and let them respect the unalterable decision of *one of the most respectable courts in the Union*, instead of torturing *law and gospel* to make them the vehicles of their rancorous malice. *If the yeomanry can be duped a few years longer*, to put the power and revenues of the country into the hands of the jacobins, we have every reason to fear, that both *life and property* will be on a very precarious footing.

—
In the Boston Repertory, which is decidedly the first federal paper in America, is

an extract from the life of My Lord Bacon, which is applied, with great accuracy, to the timid character of the Chief Magistrate of a majority of cowards.

That a republican president should strongly resemble a very corrupt king, is not so impossible as would seem by the terms. Let us compare Mr. Jefferson's administration and the reign of James the Sixth of Scotland, and First of England. No person can read the following extracts from the life of Lord Bacon, prefixed to his works, without admiring the points of coincidence. Speaking of King James, the writer says—

The whole sum of his politicks ~~was to~~ distaste and alienate his subjects at home; to dishonour both himself and them abroad. It was a reign of embassies and negotiations, alike fruitless and expensive; a reign of favourites and *proclamations*, of idle amusements and arbitrary impositions. It was, besides, the great era of flattery. The arts of governing a kingdom in peace, he either did not or would not understand; and his hor-our for war was constitutional and un-governable. He had been told, that England was neither to be exhausted nor provoked: and his actions showed, that he believed so according to the letter. The truth is, that as Pusillanimity will talk bigger, on all occasions, than true valour on any, he aimed at appearing formidable, that it might not be seen how much he was afraid. His favourite maxim was, that he who knows not how to dissemble knows not how to reign; but he seems not to have heard of a second maxim, without which, the first cannot be successful, even for a time; to conceal every appearance of cunning, and to deceive under the guise of candour and good faith. He, on the contrary, showed his whole game, to his subjects and to foreigners alike; so that in his attempt upon the former, in his negotiations with the latter, this Solomon was the only dupe. A great share of learning he certainly had, but of learning that a king ought not to be acquainted with; the very refuse of the schools, which serve for little else but to furnish him with an impertinent fluency, on every subject, and he indulged himself in the sovereign pedantry of setting it to show on every occasion. On all these occasions he was extolled, without measure, by the most pestilent of flatterers."

Never was picture more correct than this of the "greatest man in America."

In an animated epistle, a federal friend thus deprecates the prevalence of the mad politicks of the day.

In our country, in general, and certainly in that quarter, whence I address you, there seems to exist an indifference upon publick and literary concerns, which is truly astonishing. This undoubtedly arises from the hopelessness of ameliorating our systems, or giving them even that degree of energy, of which their frail and rickety existence is susceptible. These d—d neutral rights, which are, of late, so much talked of, and so little understood, will, in all probability, involve us in a war with the only nation, which for the last twelve years, has stood between us and destruction. A weak, abject, popularity-seeking administration, having neither the prudence to avoid, nor the spirit to encounter difficulties, has had the pitiful address to array the prejudices of the mariner, the cupidity of the merchant, the honest antipathies of the ignorant, and the rapacious spirit of the unprincipled against the integrity of a *just right*, claimed by Great Britain. Our chimerical *neutral* claim could never have been set up, but by men, who cherished a deep rooted hatred to one nation, and who were governed by a servile submission to another. Men, who *float upon the surface of the occasion*, who are afflicted with mental weakness, or who are warped by moral obliquity, seem not only to be incapable of reasoning themselves, but incapable of receiving any just impression, from the reasoning of others.

MERRIMENT.

An Irishman meeting an acquaintance, thus accosted him: "Ah! my dear, who do you think I have just been speaking to? Your old friend Patrick; fait, and he is grown so thin, I hardly knew him; to be sure, *you* are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

A Frenchman being in company at a tea-drinking party, did not observe that it was customary to put the spoon into the tea-cup when any body had drank enough; and the mistress of the house imagining he was fond of tea, by the omission, sent him cup after cup, till he had drank above a dozen dishes of tea, which he, with the politeness so peculiar to his countrymen, could not refuse. At length, however, seeing the servant approach

with more, he rose, and exclaimed, "*Helas, Madame, j'ai bu quatorze, et je n'en puis plus.*"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The authour of the Political Sarcasm, to which, for its elegant and pungent satire, we have assigned a conspicuous place in this day's Port Folio, is very earnestly and respectfully requested to be liberal of communications of such a character. With his great and splendid abilities, with his knowledge of the temper of the times, and with his peculiar powers of wit and argumentation, he is eminently qualified to instruct, and, perhaps, to convince and reform the deluded portion of the American people. In the intervals of leisure, which he can find, or make, amid the various cares of a NOBLE PROFESSION, to which he dedicates his genius and industry, with high honour to himself and signal benefit to others, let him sometimes sit at the political desk, and give his speculations to his country.

"SALADIN" is a very agreeable essayist, and today he has shown himself an adroit translator. His version of Florian's interesting romance of Rosalba will be perused with pleasure. But we shall be peculiarly gratified to receive his *original* communications.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

To Miss S—n W—d.

In the manner of Jacobi.

Have you seen the love of May,
Her dewy lip adorning,
Glow awhile with sweetest ray,
And droop amid the morning?
That Rose, so perishing and fair,
Has a likeness every where.
Did dreams of hope your couch entwine,
Infant joys carressing,
Soft as mothers' eyes recline
Upon the laugh they're blessing?
The vision once so warm and bright
Was rudely wak'd, and oh, 'twas night!
Love'd forms of faded hours,
Did you see them bleeding—
Did they quit their bosom bowers,

Fall of night wheeking?
 Scarce could Hope with wintry smile
 Sinking Memory's cries beguile.
 Where's the mantling life stream fled?
 O'er its desert traces
 Was the hanging lily shed,
 That every tinge effaces?
 No dimpling charms their new-lights
 play,
 And claim their minstrel's votive lay.
 H. L.

For The Port Folio

**ON READING GAY'S "PAINTER, WHO
 PLEASED NOBODY AND EVERY BODY."**

That flattery in the painters' art
 Can sway the mind or touch the heart,
 Was Gay's opinion—or he drew
 His portrait only for a few.
 Vain task to flatter! who can do it?
 I never heard of one, nor knew it—
 For, he who would be generous must,
 Ere this, endeavour to be just;
 Must catch the eyes' irradiate fire
 Which life and sentiment inspire.
 The speaking mouth, whose varied grace
 Extends its magick o'er the face,
 In paint is motionless—nor can
 In aught full justice come from man!
 Yet grant some partial flattery might,
 Perchance, afford the vain delight;
 'Twere just for each omitted grace
 Some spot or blemish to efface,
 And balance the account—then view,
 The piece as robb'd of half its due!
 No one loves flattery, but all
 For some small mark of deference call;
 Good will at least, that fain would tell
 Of virtues, not on errors dwell.
 Each object has its shade; then mark
 How mad to view it in the dark—
 Go to the fairest side, there gaze
 On form and features in amaze!
 Can flattery then, the path scarce trod,
 Equal the noblest work of God?

R. P.

For The Port Folio.
ADDRESSED TO CARA.

Soon as Aurora wakes the day
 Across the dewy fields I stray;
 I see the ruddy streaks of light
 Disperse the sullen gloom of night;
 I hear the birds on every thorn
 With musick wild, salute the morn:
 But morning has no charms for me;
 Dear Cara, when away from thee!

When Night in awful silence reigns,
 And spreads her mantle o'er the plains,
 I wander o'er the sloping green,
 Where Minim's father's ghost was seen,
 Myself, amid the murky gloom,
 Like some lone spirit from the tomb!
 But Night has lost her charms for me,
 Dear, Cara, when away from thee!

My Horace now, no longer read,
 Sleeps on the table near my head;
 My Lucian too neglected lies,
 A helpless prey to dust and flies;
 Romantick tales and witty plays
 Are undisturbed these many days:
 For books have lost their charms for me
 Unless the books were read with thee!

On Helicon's delightful mount,
 Assembled round the sacred fount,
 Apollo and the Muses were,
 They bade me come and join them there,
 They showed to me a laurel crown,
 But sorrow kept my spirit down!
 The Muses have no charms for me,
 Unless they tune their lays to thee!

ANNIUS.

For The Port Folio.

TO MR. G. STUART,

On sitting to Mr. Peale for his Portrait.
 Tho' thy fame, like a current, extended its
 force,
 No less pure though still deeper and wider
 its course:
 Yet a debt still remained to *future due*.
 As thy name fill'd the ear, that thy form
 should the view—
 Now 'tis done—and each lover of nature and
 art
 Will forever revere what so reigns in his
 heart;
 Nor shall Fame its proportion to *PEALE* e'er
 deny,
 For united with *STUART*'s it never can die.

EPITAPHS.

On a Sexton.

I that had carried a hundred bodies brave,
 Was carried by a fever to my grave:
 I carried and was carried, so that's even;
 May I be porter to the gates of heaven.

On Dr. Fuller.

Here lies *Fuller's* earth.

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